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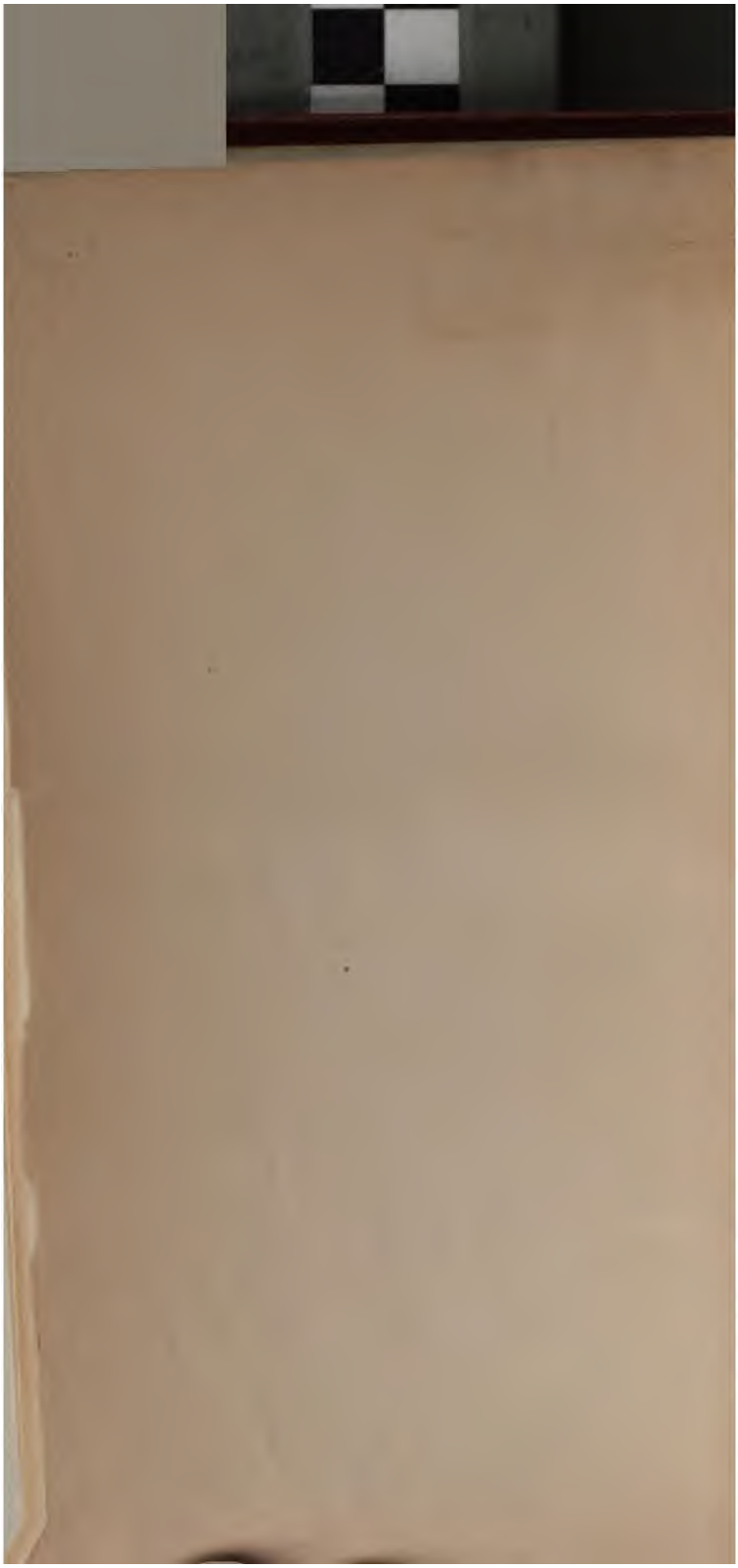

THE WORKS

OF

THOMAS MIDDLETON.

VOL. III.

CONTAINING

THE HONEST WHORE. (PART I.)
THE HONEST WHORE. (PART II.)
THE WITCH.
THE WIDOW.
A FAIR QUARREL.
MORE DISSEMBLERS BESIDES WOMEN.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY ROBSON, LEVEY, AND FRANKLYN,
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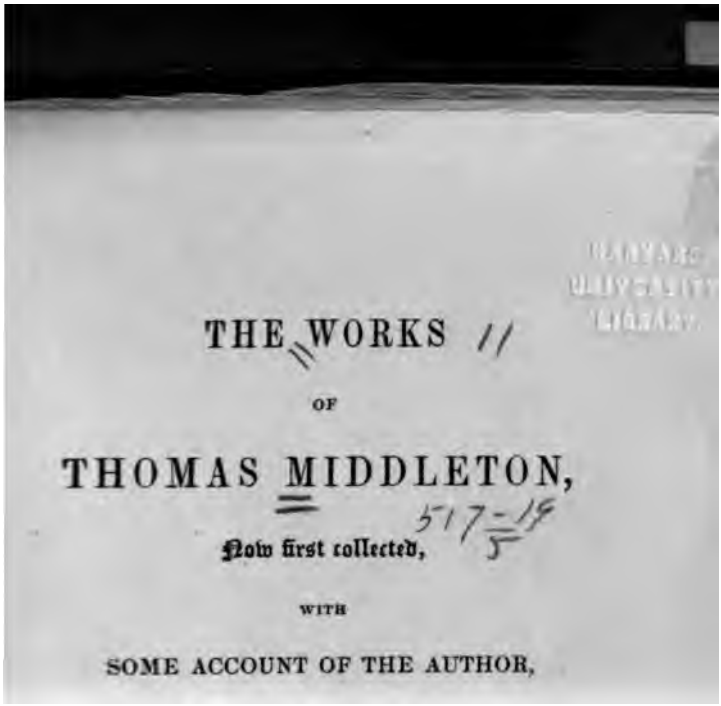

THE WORKS

OF

THOMAS MIDDLETON,

Now first collected,

WITH

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR,

AND

NOTES,

BY

THE REVEREND ALEXANDER DYCE.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

EDWARD LUMLEY, CHANCERY LANE.

1840.

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1842, Dec. 30.
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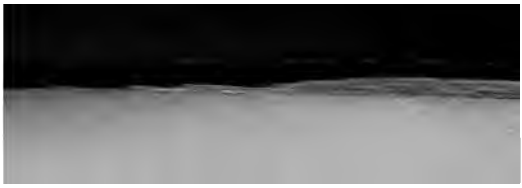
THE HONEST WHORE.

(PART FIRST.)



The Honest Whore, with, The Humours of the Patient Man, and the Longing Wife. The: Dekker. London Printed by V. S. for John Hodgets, and are to be solde at his shop in Paules church-yard. 1604. 4to. Other edn. in 1605,[a] 1615, 1616, 1635, 4to.

It has also been reprinted (with the grossest and most unpardonable incorrectness) in the various editions of Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. iii.

This drama (both First and Second Parts) ought to have occupied an earlier station among our author's works. I originally rejected it, because the name of Dekker alone appears on the title-page; but I have since felt convinced that, with such authority for ascribing a portion of it to Middleton as that of Henslowe in the following entry, I should not be justified in excluding it from the present collection:

"March 1602-3. The Patient Man and Honest Whore, by Thomas Dekker and *Thomas Middleton*."

Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), vol. iii. p. 328.

---

[a] Of the ed. of 1605, I have met with no other copy except that in my own possession, which formerly belonged to Mr. Heber.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GASPARO TREBAZZI, *duke of Milan.*
HIPPOLITO, *a count.*
CASTRUCHIO.
SINEZI.
PIORATTO.
FLUELLO.
MATHEO.
BENEDICT, *a doctor.*
ANSELMO, *a friar.*
FUSTIGO, *brother to Viola.*
CANDIDO, *a linen-draper.*
GEORGE, *his servant.*
First Prentice.
Second Prentice.
CRAMBO.
POH.
ROGER, *servant to Bellafront.*
Porter.
Sweeper.
Madmen, Servants, &c.

INFELICE, *daughter to the duke.*
BELLAFRONT, *a harlot.*
VIOLA, *wife to Candido.*
MISTRESS FINGERLOCK, *a bawd.*

Scene, MILAN, and the neighbourhood.

THE HONEST WHORE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter a funeral, a coronet lying on the hearse, scutcheons and garlands hanging on the sides, attended by GASPARO TREBAZZI, *Duke of Milan,* CASTRUCHIO, SINEZI, PIORATTO, FLUELLO, *and others:* HIPPOLITO *meeting them, and* MATHEO *labouring to hold him back.*

DUKE. Behold, yon comet shews his head again!
Twice hath he thus at cross-turns thrown on us
Prodigious[a] looks; twice hath he troubled
The waters of our eyes: see, he's turn'd wild:—
Go on, in God's name.

CAS. } On afore there, ho!
SIN., *&c.* }

DUKE. Kinsmen and friends, take from your manly sides
Your weapons, to keep back the desperate boy
From doing violence to the innocent dead.

HIP. I prithee, dear Matheo ——

MAT. Come, you're mad!

HIP. I do arrest thee, murderer! Set down,
Villains, set down that sorrow, 'tis all mine!

[a] *Prodigious*] "That is, *portentous*, so deformed as to be taken for a *foretoken of evil*." REED.

DUKE. I do beseech you all, for my blood's sake,
Send hence your milder spirits, and let wrath
Join in confederacy with your weapons' points;
If he proceed to vex us, let your swords
Seek out his bowels; funeral grief loathes words.
CAS. } Set on.
SIN., &c. }
HIP. Set down the body!
MAT. O my lord,
You're wrong! i' th' open street? you see she's dead.
HIP. I know she is not dead.
DUKE. Frantic young man,
Wilt thou believe these gentlemen?—Pray, speak—
Thou dost abuse my child, and mock'st the tears
That here are shed for her: if to behold
Those roses wither'd that set out her cheeks;
That pair of stars that gave her body light
Darken'd and dim for ever; all those rivers
That fed her veins with warm and crimson streams
Frozen and dried up; if these be signs of death,
Then is she dead. Thou unreligious youth,
Art not asham'd to empty all these eyes
Of funeral tears, a debt due to the dead,
As mirth is to the living? sham'st thou not
To have them stare on thee? Hark, thou art curs'd
Even to thy face, by those that scarce can speak!
HIP. My lord ——
DUKE. What wouldst thou have? is she not dead?
HIP. O, you ha' kill'd her by your cruelty!
DUKE. Admit I had, thou kill'st her now again,
And art more savage than a barbarous Moor.
HIP. Let me but kiss her pale and bloodless lip.
DUKE. O fie, fie, fie!
HIP. Or if not touch her, let me look on her.

Mat. As you regard your honour ——
Hip. Honour? smoke!
Mat. Or if you lov'd her living, spare her now.
Duke. Ay, well done, sir; you play the gentleman——
Steal hence;—'tis nobly done;—away;—I'll join
My force to yours, to stop this violent torrent[b]——
Pass on.

[*Exeunt with hearse, all except the Duke,* Hippolito, *and* Matheo.

Hip. Matheo, thou dost wound me more.
Mat. I give you physic, noble friend, not wounds.
Duke. O, well said, well done, a true gentleman!
Alack, I know the sea of lovers' rage
Comes rushing with so strong a tide, it beats
And bears down all respects of life, of honour,
Of friends, of foes! Forget her, gallant youth.
Hip. Forget her?
Duke. Nay, nay, be but patient;
For why death's hand hath sued a strict divorce
'Twixt her and thee: what's beauty but a corse?
What but fair sand-dust are earth's purest forms?
Queens' bodies are but trunks to put in worms.

Mat. Speak no more sentences, my good lord, but slip hence; you see they are but fits; I'll rule him, I warrant ye. Ay, so, tread gingerly; your grace is here somewhat too long already. [*Exit Duke.*]—'Sblood, the jest were now, if, having ta'en some knocks o' th' pate already, he should get loose again, and, like a mad ox, toss my new black cloaks into the kennel. I must humour his lordship. [*Aside.*]—My lord Hippolito, is it in your stomach to go to dinner?

Hip. Where is the body?

[b] *torrent*] Old eds. "torment."

MAT. The body, as the duke spake very wisely, is gone to be wormed.

HIP. I cannot rest; I'll meet it at next turn: I'll see how my love looks.

[MATHEO *holds* HIPPOLITO *back.*

MAT. How your love looks? worse than a scare-crow. Wrestle not with me; the great fellow gives the fall, for a ducat.

HIP. I shall forget myself.

MAT. Pray, do so; leave yourself behind your-self, and go whither you will. 'Sfoot, do you long to have base rogues, that maintain a Saint Anthony's fire in their noses by nothing but twopenny ale, make ballads of you? If the duke had but so much metal in him as is in a cobbler's awl, he would ha' been a vexed thing; he and his train had blown you up, but that their powder has taken the wet of cowards: you'll bleed three pottles of Aligant,[c] by this light, if you follow 'em; and then we shall have a hole made in a wrong place, to have surgeons roll thee up, like a baby, in swaddling clouts.

HIP. What day is to-day, Matheo?

MAT. Yea, marry, this is an easy question: why, to-day is—let me see—Thursday.

HIP. O, Thursday.

MAT. Here's a coil for a dead commodity! 'sfoot, women when they are alive are but dead commo-dities, for you shall have one woman lie upon many men's hands.

HIP. She died on Monday then!

MAT. And that's the most villanous day of al the week to die in: and she was well and eat a mess of water-gruel on Monday morning.

[c] *Aligant*] As our early writers commonly spell the word-i. e. a red wine of Alicant, in the province of Valencia.

Hip. Ay? it cannot be
Such a bright taper should burn out so soon.
Mat. O yes, my lord. So soon? why, I ha' known them that at dinner have been as well, and had so much health that they were glad to pledge it, yet before three a'clock have been found dead drunk.
Hip. On Thursday buried, and on Monday died!
Quick haste, byrlady;[d] sure her winding-sheet
Was laid out 'fore her body; and the worms,
That now must feast with her, were even bespoke,
And solemnly invited, like strange guests.
Mat. Strange feeders they are indeed, my lord, and like your jester, or young courtier, will enter upon any man's trencher without bidding.
Hip. Curs'd be that day for ever that robb'd her
Of breath and me of bliss! henceforth let it stand
Within the wizard's book, the calendar,
Mark'd with a marginal finger,[e] to be chosen
By thieves, by villains, and black murderers,
As the best day for them to labour in.
If henceforth this adulterous, bawdy world
Be got with child with treason, sacrilege,
Atheism, rapes, treacherous friendship, perjury,
Slander, the beggar's sin, lies, sin of fools,
Or any other damn'd impieties,
On Monday let 'em be deliverèd.
I swear to thee, Matheo, by my soul,
Hereafter weekly on that day I'll glue
Mine eyelids down, because they shall not gaze
On any female cheek; and being lock'd up
In my close chamber, there I'll meditate

[d] *byrlady*] i. e. By our lady.
[e] *marginal finger*] i. e. the index (☞) on the margins of old books, to direct the reader's attention to particular passages.

On nothing but my Infelice's end,
Or on a dead man's scull draw out mine own.

MAT. You'll do all these good works now every Monday, because it is so bad; but I hope upon Tuesday morning I shall take you with a wench.

HIP. If ever, whilst frail blood through my veins run,
On woman's beams I throw affection,
Save her that's dead; or that I loosely fly
To th' shore of any other wafting eye,
Let me not prosper, heaven! I will be true
Even to her dust and ashes: could her tomb
Stand, whilst I liv'd, so long that it might rot,
That should fall down, but she be ne'er forgot.

MAT. If you have this strange monster, honesty, in your belly, why, so, jig-makers[f] and chroniclers shall pick something out of you; but and[g] I smell not you and a bawdyhouse out within these ten days, let my nose be as big as an English bag-pudding. I'll follow your lordship, though it be to the place afore named. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Street.

Enter FUSTIGO *in some fantastic sea-suit, meeting a Porter.*

FUS. How now, porter, will she come?

POR. If I may trust a woman, sir, she will come

FUS. There's for thy pains [*gives money*]: God amercy, if ever I stand in need of a wench that wi come with a wet finger,[h] porter, thou shalt earn m

[f] *jig-makers*] "i. e. ballad-makers." REED.
[g] *and*] i. e. if.
[h] *with a wet finger*] i. e. easily, readily.

money before any clarissimo['s][1] in Milan: yet so, God sa' me, she's mine own sister, body and soul, as I am a Christian gentleman: farewell; I'll ponder till she come: thou hast been no bawd in fetching this woman, I assure thee.

Por. No matter if I had, sir; better men than porters are bawds.

Fus. O God, sir, many that have borne offices. But, porter, art sure thou went'st into a true house?

Por. I think so, for I met with no thieves.[2]

Fus. Nay, but art sure it was my sister Viola?

Por. I am sure, by all superscriptions, it was the party you ciphered.

Fus. Not very tall?

Por. Nor very low; a middling woman.

Fus. 'Twas she, faith, 'twas she: a pretty plump cheek, like mine?

Por. At a blush a little, very much like you.

Fus. Godso, I would not for a ducat she had kicked up her heels, for I ha' spent an abomination this voyage; marry, I did it amongst sailors and gentlemen. There's a little modicum more, porter, for making thee stay [*gives money*]: farewell, honest porter.

Por. I am in your debt, sir; God preserve you.

Fus. Not so neither, good porter. [*Exit porter.*] God's lid, yonder she comes.

Enter Viola.

Sister Viola, I am glad to see you stirring: it's news to have me here, is't not, sister?

Vio. Yes, trust me: I wondered who should

[1] *clarissimo's*] i. e. grandee's.

[2] *true house . . . no thieves*] *True men* being a cant term for honest men — in opposition to *thieves*.

be so bold to send for me. You are welcome to Milan, brother.

Fus. Troth, sister, I heard you were married to a very rich chuff, and I was very sorry for it that I had no better clothes, and that made me send; for you know we Milaners love to strut upon Spanish leather. And how do[k] all our friends?

Vio. Very well. You ha' travelled enough now, I trow, to sow your wild oats.

Fus. A pox on 'em! wild oats? I ha' not an oat to throw at a horse. Troth, sister, I ha' sowed my oats, and reaped two hundred ducats, if I had 'em here. Marry, I must entreat you to lend me some thirty or forty till the ship come: by this hand, I'll discharge at my day, by this hand.

Vio. These are your old oaths.

Fus. Why, sister, do you think I'll forswear my hand?

Vio. Well, well, you shall have them. Put yourself into better fashion, because I must employ you in a serious matter.

Fus. I'll sweat like a horse, if I like the matter.

Vio. You ha' cast off all your old swaggering humours?

Fus. I had not sailed a league in that great fish-pond, the sea, but I cast up my very gall.

Vio. I am the more sorry, for I must employ a true swaggerer.

Fus. Nay, by this iron, sister, they shall find I am powder and touch-box, if they put fire once into me.

Vio. Then lend me your ears.

Fus. Mine ears are yours, dear sister.

[k] *do*] Old eds. "does."

Vio. I am married to a man that has wealth enough and wit enough.

Fus. A linen-draper, I was told, sister.

Vio. Very true; a grave citizen. I want nothing that a wife can wish from a husband; but here's the spite, he has not all things belonging to a man.

Fus. God's my life, he's a very mandrake;[l] or else, God bless us, one a' these whiblins,[m] and that's worse; and then all the children that he gets lawfully of your body, sister, are bastards by a statute.

Vio. O, you run over me too fast, brother. I have heard it often said, that he who cannot be angry is no man: I am sure my husband is a man in print[n] for all things else save only in this, no tempest can move him.

Fus. 'Slid, would he had been at sea with us! he should ha' been moved and moved again; for I'll be sworn, la, our drunken ship reeled like a Dutchman.

Vio. No loss of goods can increase in him a wrinkle; no crabbed language make his countenance sour; the stubbornness of no servant shake him: he has no more gall in him than a dove, no more sting than an ant; musician will he never be, yet I find much music in him, but he loves no frets; and is so free from anger, that many times I am ready to bite off my tongue, because it wants that virtue which all women's tongues have, to

[l] *mandrake*] "The root of it is great and white like a radish-root, and is divided into two or more parts, growing sometimes like the legs of a man." Blount's *Glossographia*. REED. —According to the old superstitious notions, the mandrake possessed an inferior degree of animal life, &c.

[m] *whiblins*] i. e., perhaps, eunuchs, says Nares, *Gloss.* in v.

[n] *in print*] "Exactly, perfectly." REED.

anger their husbands: brother, mine can by no thunder turn him into a sharpness.

Fus. Belike his blood, sister, is well brewed then.

Vio. I protest to thee, Fustigo, I love him most affectionately; but I know not—I ha' such a tickling within me—such a strange longing; nay, verily, I do long.

Fus. Then you're with child, sister, by all signs and tokens: nay, I am partly a physician, and partly something else; I ha' read Albertus Magnus[o] and Aristotle's Problems.[p]

Vio. You're wide a' th' bow-hand[q] still, brother: my longings are not wanton, but wayward; I long to have my patient husband eat up a whole porcupine, to the intent the bristling quills may stick about his lips like a Flemish mustachio, and be shot at me: I shall be leaner than the new moon, unless I can make him horn-mad.

Fus. 'Sfoot, half a quarter of an hour does that; make him a cuckold.

Vio. Pooh, he would count such a cut no unkindness.

Fus. The honester citizen he. Then make him drunk and cut off his beard.[r]

Vio. Fie, fie, idle, idle! he's no Frenchman, to

[o] *Albertus Magnus*] "i. e. de Secretis Mulierum." STEEVENS.

[p] *Problems*] Old eds. "Emblemes," which in Dodsley's *Old Plays* is rightly altered to *Problems*. An absurd book, called *The Problems of Aristotle, with other Philosophers and Physitions*, &c., was printed at London, in 1595, 1607, &c.

[q] *wide a' th' bow-hand*] i. e. your arrow has flown a good way from the mark, on the left hand (in which the bow was held).

[r] *cut off his beard*] "To cut off the hair of any person was, in our author's time, a mark of disgrace, and esteemed a very great indignity." REED.

fret at the loss of a little scald hair.[s] No, brother, thus it shall be — you must be secret.

Fus. As your midwife, I protest, sister, or a barber-surgeon.

Vio. Repair to the Tortoise here in St. Christopher's street; I will send you money; turn yourself into a brave[t] man; instead of the arms of your mistress, let your sword and your military scarf hang about your neck.

Fus. I must have a great horseman's French feather too, sister.

Vio. O, by any means, to shew your light head, else your hat will sit like a coxcomb: to be brief, you must be in all points a most terrible wide-mouthed swaggerer.

Fus. Nay, for swaggering points let me alone.

Vio. Resort then to our shop, and, in my husband's presence, kiss me, snatch rings, jewels, or any thing, so you give it back again, brother, in secret.

Fus. By this hand, sister.

Vio. Swear as if you came but new from knighting.

Fus. Nay, I'll swear after 400 a-year.

Vio. Swagger worse than a lieutenant among fresh-water soldiers; call me your love, your ingle,[u] your cousin, or so, but sister at no hand.

Fus. No, no, it shall be cousin, or rather coz; that's the gulling word between the citizens' wives and their madcaps[v] that man 'em to the garden:

[s] *scald hair*] "i. e. scattered or dispersed hair. Mr. Lambe, in his notes on *Flodden Field*, observes, that the word *scale* is used in the North in the above-mentioned sense." REED. Nonsense! *scald* is scabby—paltry.

[t] *brave*] i. e. finely dressed—a quibble.

[u] *ingle*] i. e. bosom friend: see note, vol. ii. p. 498.

[v] *madcaps*] So ed. 1605. Other eds. "old dames."

to call you one a' mine aunts,[w] sister, were as good as call you arrant whore: no, no, let me alone to cozen you rarely.

Vio. Has heard I have a brother, but never saw him; therefore put on a good face.

Fus. The best in Milan, I warrant.

Vio. Take up wares, but pay nothing; rifle my bosom, my pocket, my purse, the boxes for money to dice withal; but, brother, you must give all back again in secret.

Fus. By this welkin[x] that here roars, I will, or else let me never know what a secret is. Why, sister, do you think I'll cony-catch[y] you, when you are my cousin? God's my life, then I were a stark ass. If I fret not his guts, beg me for a fool.[z]

Vio. Be circumspect, and do so then. Farewell.

Fus. The Tortoise, sister! I'll stay there; forty ducats!

Vio. Thither I'll send. [*Exit* Fustigo.] This law can none deny,
Women must have their longings, or they die. [*Exit.*

[w] *one a' mine aunts*] Ed. 1605, "*one a'* my naunts."—*Aunt* was a cant term for a prostitute, as in the present passage, and more frequently (see vol. ii. p. 21, line 1) for a bawd.

[x] *welkin*] i. e. sky.

[y] *cony-catch*] i. e. cheat, deceive: see note, vol. i. p. 290.

[z] *beg me for a fool*] "Sir William Blackstone, in his *Commentaries*, vol. i. p. 303, says,—'By the old common law there is a writ *de idiota inquirendo*, to inquire whether a man be an idiot or not; which must be tried by a jury of twelve men: and if they find him *purus idiota*, the profits of his lands, and the custody of his person, may be granted by the king to some subject who has interest enough to obtain them.' And he observes, that this power, though of late very rarely exerted, is still alluded to in common speech by that usual expression of *begging* a man for a fool." Reed.

SCENE III.

A Chamber in the Duke's Palace.

Enter the Duke, BENE[illegible] *and two Servants.*

DUKE. Give charge that [illegible] do enter, lock the doors — [illegible]*aking as he enters.*
And, fellows, what your eyes [illegible] ears receive,
Upon your lives trust not the gadding air
To carry the least part of it. The glass, the hour-glass!

BEN. Here, my lord. [*Brings hour-glass.*

DUKE. Ah, 'tis near[b] spent!
But, doctor Benedict, does your art speak truth?
Art sure the soporiferous stream will ebb,
And leave the crystal banks of her white body
Pure as they were at first, just at the hour?

BEN. Just at the hour, my lord.

DUKE. Uncurtain her:

[*A curtain is drawn back, and* INFELICE *discovered lying on a couch.*

Softly!—See, doctor, what[c] a coldish heat
Spreads over all her body!

BEN. Now it works:
The vital spirits, that by a sleepy charm
Were bound up fast, and threw an icy rust[d]
On her exterior parts, now 'gin to break:
Trouble her not, my lord.

DUKE. Some stools! [*Servants set stools.*] You call'd
For music, did you not? O ho, it speaks, [*Music.*

[a] *Benedict*] So ed. 1605. Other eds. "Benedick."
[b] *near*] Old eds. "meere."
[c] *Softly!—See, doctor, what*, &c.] So ed. 1605. Other eds. "*Softly* sweet *Doctor: what*," &c.
[d] *rust*] Qy. "crust?"

It speaks! Watch, sirs, her waking; note those sands.
Doctor, sit down: a dukedom that should weigh
Mine own down twice being put into one scale,
And that fond[e] desperate boy Hippolito
Making the weight up, should not at my hands
Buy her i' th' other, were her state more light
Than her's who makes a dowry up with alms.
Doctor, I'll starve her on the Apennine,
Ere he shall marry her. I must confess
Hippolito is nobly born; a man,
Did not mine enemies' blood boil in his veins,
Whom I would court to be my son-in-law;
But princes, whose high spleens for empery swell,
Are not with easy art made parallel.

SERVANTS. She wakes, my lord.

DUKE. Look, doctor Benedict!—
I charge you, on your lives, maintain for truth
Whate'er the doctor or myself aver,
For you shall bear her hence to Bergamo.

INF. O God, what fearful dreams! [*Waking.*

BEN. Lady.

INF. Ha!

DUKE. Girl!
Why, Infelice, how is't now, ha, speak?

INF. I'm well—what makes this doctor here?—
I'm well.

DUKE. Thou wert not so even now: sickness' pale hand
Laid hold on thee even in the midst[f] of feasting;

[e] *fond*] i. e. foolish.

[f] *the midst*] So the excellent ed. of 1605. Other eds. "*the deadst*," which is given in Dodsley's *Old Plays*, and which, as Nares (*Gloss.* in v.) remarks, is "but awkwardly applied to the height or meridian of feasting, which surely has nothing *dead* in it." Perhaps the misprint arose from the compositor's eye having caught the word *death* in the next line but two.

And when a cup, crown'd with thy lover's health,
Had touch'd thy lips, a sensible cold dew
Stood on thy cheeks, as if that death had wept
To see such beauty alter.[g]

INF. I remember
I sate at banquet, but felt no such change.

DUKE. Thou hast forgot, then, how a messenger
Came wildly in, with this unsavoury news,
That he was dead?

INF. What messenger? who's dead?

DUKE. Hippolito. Alack, wring not thy hands!

INF. I saw no messenger, heard no such news.

BEN. Trust me you did, sweet lady.

DUKE. La, you now!

SERVANTS. Yes, indeed, madam.

DUKE. La, you now!—'Tis well, good knaves![h]

INF. You ha' slain him, and now you'll murder me.

DUKE. Good Infelice, vex not thus thyself:
Of this the bad report before did strike
So coldly to thy[i] heart, that the swift currents
Of life were all frozen up —

INF. It is untrue,
'Tis most untrue, O most unnatural father!

DUKE. And we had much to do, by art's best cunning,
To fetch life back again.

BEN. Most certain, lady.

DUKE. Why, la, you now, you'll not believe me.
—Friends,
Sweat we not all? had we not much to do?

SERVANTS. Yes, indeed, my lord, much.

DUKE. Death drew such fearful pictures in thy face,

[g] *alter*] So ed. 1605. Other eds. "alterd."
[h] *good knaves*] So ed. 1605. Other eds. "God knowes."
[i] *thy*] So ed. 1605. Other eds. "the."

That, were Hippolito alive again,
I'd[k] kneel and woo the noble gentleman
To be thy husband: now I sore repent
My sharpness to him and his family.
Nay, do not weep for him; we all must die.—
Doctor, this place, where she so oft hath seen
His lively presence, hurts[l] her, does it not?

BEN. Doubtless, my lord, it does.

DUKE. It does, it does;
Therefore, sweet girl, thou shalt to Bergamo.

INF. Even where you will; in any place there's woe.

DUKE. A coach is ready; Bergamo doth stand
In a most wholesome air, sweet walks; there's deer—
Ay, thou shalt hunt, and send us venison,
Which, like some goddess in the Cyprian[m] groves,
Thine own fair hand shall strike.—Sirs, you shall teach her
To stand, and how to shoot; ay, she shall hunt.—
Cast off this sorrow: in, girl, and prepare
This night to ride away to Bergamo.

INF. O most unhappy maid! [*Exit.*

DUKE. Follow her[n] close:
No words that she was buried, on your lives,
Or that her ghost walks now after she's dead;
I'll hang you if you name a funeral.

FIRST SER. I'll speak Greek, my lord, ere I speak that deadly word.

SEC. SER. And I'll speak Welsh, which is harder than Greek.

DUKE. Away; look to her. [*Exeunt Servants.*]—
Doctor Benedict,

[k] *I'd*] So ed. 1605. Other eds. "Ile."
[l] *hurts*] Ed. 1605, "hnrts." Other eds. "haunts."
[m] *goddess in the Cyprian*] So ed. 1605. Other eds. "gods *in the* Coprian."
[n] *her*] So ed. 1605. Other eds. "it."

Did you observe how her complexion alter'd
Upon his name and death? O, would 'twere true!
BEN. It may, my lord.
DUKE. May! how? I wish his death.
BEN. And you may have your wish: say but the word,
And 'tis a strong spell to rip up his grave.
I have good knowledge with Hippolito;
He calls me friend: I'll creep into his bosom,
And sting him there to death; poison can do't.
DUKE. Perform it, I'll create thee half mine heir.
BEN. It shall be done, although the fact be foul.
DUKE. Greatness hides sin; the guilt upon my soul! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Street.

Enter CASTRUCHIO, PIORATTO, *and* FLUELLO.

CAS. Signor Pioratto, signor Fluello, shall's be merry? shall's play the wags now?

FLU. Ay, any thing that may beget the child of laughter.

CAS. Truth, I have a pretty sportive conceit new crept into my brain, will move excellent mirth.

PIO. Let's ha't, let's ha't; and where shall the scene of mirth lie?

CAS. At signor Candido's house, the patient man, nay, the monstrous patient man: they say his blood is immoveable; that he has taken all patience from a man, and all constancy from a woman.

FLU. That makes so many whores now-a-days.

CAS. Ay, and so many knaves too.

PIO. Well, sir.

CAS. To conclude,—the report goes, he's so mild, so affable, so suffering, that nothing indeed can

move him: now do but think what sport it will be to make this fellow, the mirror of patience, as angry, as vexed, and as mad as an English cuckold.

Flu. O, 'twere admirable mirth that! but how will't be done, signor?

Cas. Let me alone; I have a trick, a conceit, a thing, a device will sting him, i'faith, if he have but a thimbleful of blood in's belly, or a spleen not so big as a tavern-token.[o]

Pio. Thou stir him, thou move him, thou anger him? alas, I know his approved temper! thou vex him? why, he has a patience above man's injuries; thou mayest sooner raise a spleen in an angel than rough humour in him. Why, I'll give you instance for it. This wonderfully tempered signor Candido upon a time invited home to his house certain Neapolitan lords of curious taste and no mean palates, conjuring his wife, of all loves,[p] to prepare cheer fitting for such honourable trencher-men. She—just of a woman's nature, covetous to try the uttermost of vexation, and thinking at last to get the start of his humour—willingly neglected the preparation, and became unfurnished not only of dainty, but of ordinary dishes. He, according to the mildness of his breast, entertained the lords,

[o] *a tavern-token*] "During the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and from thenceforward to that of Charles the Second, very little brass or copper money was coined by authority. For the convenience of trade, victuallers and other tradesmen, without any restriction, were therefore permitted to coin small money, or *tokens*, as they were called, which were used for change. These *tokens* were very small pieces, and, probably, at first coined chiefly by tavern-keepers; from whence the expression a *tavern-token* might have been originally derived." Reed. "That most of them would travel to the *tavern*, may be easily supposed, and hence, perhaps, the name. Their usual value seems to have been a farthing." Gifford, note on B. Jonson's *Works*, vol. i. p. 30.

[p] *of all loves*] i. e. for the sake of all love—by all means.

and with courtly discourse beguiled the time, as much as a citizen might do. To conclude: they were hungry lords, for there came no meat in; their stomachs were plainly gulled, and their teeth deluded; and, if anger could have seized a man, there was matter enough, i'faith, to vex any citizen in the world, if he were not too much made a fool by his wife.

Flu. Ay, I'll swear for't: 'sfoot, had it been my case, I should ha' played mad tricks with my wife and family; first, I would ha' spitted the men, stewed the maids, and baked the mistress, and so served them in.

Pio. Why, 'twould ha' tempted[q] any blood but his.

And thou to vex him! thou to anger him
With some poor, shallow jest!

Cas. 'Sblood, signor Pioratto, you that disparage my conceit, I'll wage a hundred ducats upon the head on't, that it moves him, frets him, and galls him.

Pio. Done; 'tis a lay;[r] join golls[s] on't. Witness, signor Fluello.

Cas. Witness: 'tis done.

Come, follow me; the house is not far off.
I'll thrust him from his humour, vex his breast,
And win a hundred ducats by one jest. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Candido's *Shop.*

George *and two Prentices discovered: enter* **Viola**

Vio. Come, you put up your wares in good order

[q] *tempted*] So other eds. First ed. "tempred."
[r] *lay*] i. e. wager.
[s] *golls*] A cant term for hands—fists, paws.

here, do you not, think you? one piece cast this way, another that way! you had need have a patient master indeed.

Geo. Ay, I'll be sworn, for we have a curst mistress. [*Aside.*

Vio. You mumble, do you? mumble? I would your master or I could be a note more angry! for two patient folks in a house spoil all the servants that ever shall come under them.

First P. You patient! ay, so is the devil when he is horn-mad. [*Aside.*

Enter Castruchio, Fluello, *and* Pioratto.

Geo. Gentlemen, what do you lack?

First P. What is't you buy?

Sec. P. See fine hollands, fine cambrics, fine lawns.[1]

Geo. What is't you lack?

Sec. P. What is't you buy?

Cas. Where's signor Candido, thy master?

Geo. Faith, signor, he's a little negotiated; he'll appear presently.

Cas. Fellow, let's see a lawn, a choice one, sirrah.

Geo. The best in all Milan, gentlemen, and this is the piece. I can fit you, gentlemen, with fine callicoes too for doublets; the only sweet fashion now, most delicate and courtly, a meek gentle callico, cut upon two double affable taffetas—ah, most neat, feat, and unmatchable!

Flu. A notable voluble-tongued villain!

Pio. I warrant this fellow was never begot without much prating.

[1] *Gentlemen, what,* &c., *fine cambrics, fine lawns*] Is one speech in old eds., with the prefix "*All Three.*"—*What do you lack?* was the constant address of shopkeepers to customers: see note, vol. i. p. 447.

Cas. What, and is this she, sayest thou?

Geo. Ay, and the purest she that ever you fingered since you were a gentleman: look how even she is; look how clean she is, ha! as even as the brow of Cynthia, and as clean as your sons and heirs when they ha' spent all.

Cas. Pooh! thou talkest—pox on't, 'tis rough.

Geo. How? is she rough? but if you bid pox on't, sir, 'twill take away the roughness presently.

Flu. Ha, signor, has he fitted your French curse?

Geo. Look you, gentleman, here's another; compare them, I pray, *compara Virgilium cum Homero*, compare virgins with harlots.

Cas. Pooh! I ha' seen better, and, as you term them, evener and cleaner.

Geo. You may see further for your mind, but trust me you shall not find better for your body.

Enter Candido.

Cas. O, here he comes: let's make as though we pass.
Come, come, we'll try in some other shop.

Can. How now? what's the matter?

Geo. The gentlemen find fault with this lawn, fall out with it, and without a cause too.

Can. Without a cause?
And that makes you to let 'em pass away.—
Ah, may I crave a word with you, gentlemen?

Flu. He calls us.

Cas. Makes the better for the jest.

Can. I pray come near. You're very welcome, gallants;
Pray pardon my man's rudeness, for I fear me
Has talk'd above a prentice with you. Lawns!
[*Shewing lawns.*

Look you, kind gentlemen, this—no—ay, this;
Take this, upon my honest-dealing faith,
To be a true weave; not too hard, nor slack,
But e'en as far from falsehood as from black.

Cas. Well, how do you rate it?

Can. Very conscionably; eighteen shillings a yard.

Cas. That's too dear. How many yards does the whole piece contain, think you?

Can. Why, some seventeen yards, I think, or thereabouts. How much would serve your turn, I pray?

Cas. Why, let me see—would it were better too!

Can. Truth, 'tis the best in Milan, at few words.

Cas. Well, let me have then—a whole penny-worth.

Can. Ha, ha! you're a merry gentleman.

Cas. A penn'orth, I say.

Can. Of lawn?

Cas. Of lawn? ay, of lawn; a penn'orth. 'Sblood, dost not hear? a whole penn'orth: are you deaf?

Can. Deaf? no, sir; but I must tell you,
Our wares do seldom meet such customers.

Cas. Nay, and[1] you and your lawns be so squeamish, fare you well.

Can. Pray stay; a word, pray, signor: for what purpose is it, I beseech you?

Cas. 'Sblood, what's that to you? I'll have a pennyworth.

Can. A pennyworth! why you shall: I'll serve you presently.

Sec. P. 'Sfoot, a pennyworth, mistress!

Vio. A pennyworth! call you these gentlemen?

Cas. No, no; not there.

[1] *and*] i. e. if.

CAN. What then, kind gentleman!
What, at this corner here?
CAS. No, nor there neither;
I'll have it just in the middle, or else not.
CAN. Just in the middle!—ha—you shall too: what,
Have you a single penny?
CAS. Yes, here's one.
CAN. Lend it me, I pray.
FLU. An excellent followed jest!
VIO. What, will he spoil the lawn now?
CAN. Patience, good wife.
VIO. Ay, that patience makes a fool of you.—Gentlemen, you might ha' found some other citizen to have made a kind gull on besides my husband.
CAN. Pray, gentlemen, take her to be a woman; Do not regard her language.—O, kind soul, Such words will drive away my customers.
VIO. Customers with a' murrain! call you these customers?
CAN. Patience, good wife. [*Cuts the lawn.*
VIO. Pax[k] a' your patience!
GEO. 'Sfoot, mistress, I warrant these are some cheating companions.[l]
CAN. Look you, gentleman, there's your ware; I thank you,
I have your money here; pray know my shop, Pray let me have your custom.
VIO. Custom, quoth 'a?
CAN. Let me take more of your money.
VIO. You had need so.
PIO. Hark in thine ear; thou'st lost an hundred ducats.

[k] *Pax*] See note, vol. iii. p. 24.
[l] *companions*] i. e. fellows.

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Cas. A penn'orth, I say.

Can. Of lawn?

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Vio. A pennyworth! call you thes

Cas. No, no; not there.

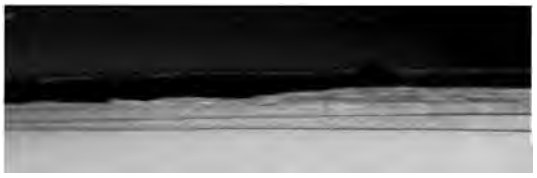
[1] *and*] i. e. if.

CAN. What then, kind gentleman?
What, at this corner here?
CAS. No, nor there neither;
I'll have it just in the middle, or else not.
CAN. Just in the middle!—ha—you shall too: what,
Have you a single penny?
CAS. Yes, here's one.
CAN. Lend it me, I pray.
FLU. An excellent followed jest!
VIO. What, will he spoil the lawn now?
CAN. Patience, good wife.
VIO. Ay, that patience makes a fool of you.—Gentlemen, you might ha' found some other citizen to have made a kind gull on besides my husband.
CAN. Pray, gentlemen, take her to be a woman; Do not regard her language.—O, kind soul, Such words will drive away my customers.
VIO. Customers with a murrain! call you these customers?
CAN. Patience, good wife. [*Cuts the lawn.*
VIO. Pax[k] a' your patience!
GIO. 'Sfoot, mistress, I warrant these are some cheating companions.[l]
CAN. Look you, gentleman, there's your ware; I thank you,
I have your money here; pray know my shop,
Pray let me have your custom.
VIO. Custom, quoth 'a?
CAN. Let me take more of your money.
VIO. You had need so.
PIO. Hark in thine ear; thou'st lost an hundred ducats.

[k] *Pax*] See note, vol. ii. p. 24.
[l] *companions*] i. e. fellows.

Cas. Well, well, I know't: is't possible that *homo*
Should be nor man nor woman? not once mov'd,
No, not at such an injury, not at all?
Sure he's a pigeon, for he has no gall.
Flu. Come, come, you're angry, though you smother it;
You're vex'd, i'faith; confess.
Can. Why, gentlemen,
Should you conceit me to be vex'd or mov'd?
He has my ware, I have his money for't,
And that's no argument I'm angry; no,
The best logician cannot prove me so.
Flu. O, but the hateful name of a penn'orth of lawn!
And then cut out i' th' middle of the piece!
Pah, I guess it by myself, ['t]would move a lamb,
Were he a linen-draper, 'twould, i'faith.
Can. Well, give me leave to answer you for that:
We are set here to please all customers,
Their humours and their fancies; offend none:
We get by many, if we leese[m] by one.
May be his mind stood to no more than that;
A penn'orth serves him: and 'mongst trades 'tis found,
Deny a penn'orth, it may cross a pound.
O, he that means to thrive, with patient eye
Must please the devil, if he come to buy!
Flu. O wond'rous man, patient 'bove wrong or woe!
How blest were men, if women could be so!
Can. And to express how well my breast is pleas'd
And satisfied in all—George, fill a beaker:
[*Exit* George.

[m] *leese*] i. e. lose.



I'll drink unto that gentleman who lately
Bestow'd his money with me.
Vio. God's my life,
We shall have all our gains drunk out in beakers,
To make amends for pennyworths of lawn!

Re-enter GEORGE *with beaker.*

CAN. Here, wife, begin you to the gentleman.
Vio. I begin to him! [*Spills the wine.*
CAN. George, fill't up again:
'Twas my fault, my hand shook. [*Exit* GEORGE.
PHI. How strangely this doth show,
A patient man link'd with a waspish shrow![a]
FLU. A silver and gilt beaker! I've a trick
To work upon that beaker; sure 'twill fret him;
It cannot choose but vex him. [*Aside.*]—Signor Castruchio,
In pity to thee, I have a conceit
Will save thy hundred ducats yet; 'twill do't,
And work him to impatience.
CAS. Sweet Fluello,
I should be bountiful to that conceit.
FLU. Well, 'tis enough.

Re-enter GEORGE *with beaker.*

CAN. Here, gentleman, to you;
I wish your custom; you're exceeding welcome.
[*Drinks.*
CAS. I pledge you,[b] signor Candido.— [*Drinks.*
Here you that must receive a hundred ducats.

[a] *shrow*] i. e. shrew.

[b] *I pledge you*] "The following account of the forms prescribed in bealth-drinking in our author's time, is taken from *The Irish Hubbub, or the English Hue and Crie*, by Barnaby Rich, 1623, p. 24. He calls it *The Ruffingly Order of drinking Healths used by the Spendalls of this age.* 'He that beginnes

Pio. I'll pledge them deep, i'faith, Castruchio.—
Signor Fluello. [*Drinks.*

Flu. Come, play't off to me;
I am your last man.

Can. George, supply the cup.

[*Exit* George, *who returns with beaker filled.*

Flu. So, so, good, honest George.—
Here, signor Candido, all this to you.

Can. O, you must pardon me; I use it not.

Flu. Will you not pledge me then?

Can. Yes, but not that:
Great love is shewn in little.

Flu. Blurt[P] on your sentences!
'Sfoot, you shall pledge me all.

Can. Indeed I shall not.

Flu. Not pledge me? 'Sblood, I'll carry away the beaker then.

the health hath his prescribed orders: first uncovering his head, hee takes a full cup in his hand, and setting his countenance with a grave aspect, hee craves for audience: silence being once obtained, hee beginnes to breath out the name peradventure of some honourable personage, that is worthy of a better regard, then to have his name polluted at so unfitting a time amongst a company of Drunkards: but his health is drunke to, and he that pledgeth must likewise off with his cap, kisse his fingers, and bowing himselfe in signe of a reverent acceptance; when the Leader sees his follower thus prepared, hee sups up his broath, turnes the bottom of the cup upward, and in ostentation of his dexteritie, gives the cup a phillip to make it cry *Twango*. And thus the first scene is acted. The cup being newly replenished to the breadth of an haire, he that is the pledger must now beginne his part, and thus it goes round throughout the whole company, provided alwayes, by a canon set downe by the Founder, there must be three at the least still uncovered, till the health hath had the full passage: which is no sooner ended, but another begins againe, and hee drinkes an Health to his *Lady of little worth*, or peradventure to his *light-hele'd mistres*.'" Reed.

[P] *Blurt*] An exclamation of contempt, equal to—a fig for.

CAN. The beaker! O, that at your pleasure, sir.
FLU. Now, by this drink, I will. [*Drinks.*
CAS. Pledge him; he'll do't else.
FLU. So: I ha' done you right on my thumb-nail.[q]
What, will you pledge me now?
CAN. You know me, sir,
I am not of that sin.
FLU. Why, then, farewell:
I'll bear away the beaker, by this light.
CAN. That's as you please; 'tis very good.
FLU. Nay, it doth please me; and, as you say, 'tis a very good one: farewell, signor Candido.
PIO. Farewell, Candido.
CAN. You're welcome, gentlemen.
CAS. Heart, not mov'd yet?
I think his patience is above our wit.
[*Exeunt* CASTRUCHIO, FLUELLO *carrying off the beaker, and* PIORATTO.
GEO. I told you before, mistress, they were all cheaters.
VIO. Why, fool! why, husband! why, madman! I hope you will not let 'em sneak away so with a silver and gilt beaker, the best in the house too.—Go, fellows, make hue and cry after them.
CAN. Pray, let your tongue lie still; all will be well.—
Come hither, George; hie to the constable,
And in calm order wish[r] him to attach them;

[q] *on my thumb-nail*] In Nash's *Pierce Pennilesse*, a marginal note explains the words "drinke *super nagulum*" to be "a deuise of drinking new come out of Fraunce, which is, after a man hath turnd vp the bottome of the cup, to drop it on his naile and make a pearle with that is left, which if it shed and he cannot make stand on, by reason there's too much, he must drinke againe for his penance." Sig. F. ed. 1595.
[r] *wish*] i. e. desire.

Make no great stir, because they're gentlemen,
And a thing partly done in merriment:
'Tis but a size above a jest, thou knowest;
Therefore pursue it mildly. Go, begone;
The constable's hard by, bring him along;
Make haste again. [*Exit* George.

Vio. O, you're a goodly patient woodcock, are you not now? See what your patience comes to! every one saddles you, and rides you; you'll be shortly the common stone-horse of Milan: a woman's well holped up with such a meacock.[s] I had rather have a husband that would swaddle[t] me thrice a-day, than such a one that will be gulled twice in half an hour. O, I could burn all the wares in my shop for anger!

Can. Pray, wear a peaceful temper; be my wife,
That is, be patient; for a wife and husband
Share but one soul between them: this being known,
Why should not one soul then agree in one?

Vio. Hang your agreements! but if my beaker be gone —— [*Exit.*

Re-enter Castruchio, Fluello, Pioratto, *and* George.

Can. O, here they come.

Geo. The constable, sir, let 'em come along with me, because there should be no wondering: he stays at door.

Cas. Constable, goodman Abra'm![u]

Flu. Now, signor Candido, 'sblood, why do you attach us?

[s] *meacock*] "i. e. a timorous, dastardly creature." Reed.
[t] *swaddle*] i. e. strap, beat soundly.
[u] *goodman Abra'm*] A sort of cant term: Bellafront applies it to Roger at p. 36.

Cas. 'Sheart, attach us!
Can. Nay, swear not, gallants;
Your oaths may move your souls, but not move me:
You have a silver beaker of my wife's.
Flu. You say not true; 'tis gilt.
Can. Then you say true;
And being gilt, the guilt lies more on you.
Cas. I hope you're not angry, sir.
Can. Then you hope right;
For I'm not angry.
Pio. No, but a little mov'd.
Can. I mov'd? 'twas you were mov'd, you were brought hither.
Cas. But you, out of your anger and impatience,
Caus'd us to be attach'd.
Can. Nay, you misplace it:
Out of my quiet sufferance I did that,
And not of any wrath. Had I shewn anger,
I should have then pursu'd you with the law,
And hunted you to shame; as many worldlings
Do build their anger upon feebler grounds;
The more's the pity! many lose their lives
For scarce so much coin as will hide their palm;
Which is most cruel. Those have vexed spirits
That pursue lives. In this opinion rest,
The loss of millions could not move my breast.
Flu. Thou art a blest man, and with peace dost deal;
Such a meek spirit can bless a commonweal.
Can. Gentlemen, now 'tis upon eating-time;
Pray, part not hence, but dine with me to-day.
Cas. I never heard a carter yet say nay
To such a motion: I'll not be the first.
Pio. Nor I.
Flu. Nor I.
Can. The constable shall bear you company—

George, call him in.—Let the world say what it can,
Nothing can drive me from a patient man.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A chamber in BELLAFRONT'S *house.*

Enter ROGER *with a stool, cushion, looking-glass, and chafing-dish :*[v] *those being set down, he pulls out of his pocket a phial with white colour in it, and two boxes, one with white, another with red paint; he places all things in order, and a candle by them, singing the ends of old ballads as he does it. At last* BELLAFRONT, *as he rubs his cheek with the colours, whistles within.*

ROG. Anon, forsooth.

BEL. [*within*] What are you playing the rogue about?

ROG. About you, forsooth; I'm drawing up a hole in your white silk stocking.

BEL. Is my glass there? and my boxes of complexion?

ROG. Yes, forsooth; your boxes of complexion are here, I think; yes, 'tis here; here's your two complexions, and if I had all the four complexions, I should ne'er set a good face upon't. Some men, I see, are born under hard-favoured planets, as well as women. Zounds, I look worse now than I did before! and it makes her face glister most damnably. There's knavery in daubing, I hold my life; or else this is only female pomatum.

[v] *chafing-dish*] "To heat the poking-irons." REED.

Enter BELLAFRONT *not full ready,*[a] *without a glass; she sits down; curls her hair*[b] *with her bodkin, and colours her lips.*

BEL. Where's my ruff and poker,[c] you block-head?

ROG. Your ruff, your poker, are engendering together upon the cupboard of the court, or the court-cupboard.[d]

BEL. Fetch 'em: is the pox in your hams, you can go no faster? [*Strikes him.*

ROG. Would the pox were in your fingers, unless you could leave flinging! catch—— [*Exit.*

BEL. I'll catch you, you dog, by and by: do you grumble?

Cupid is a god as naked as my nail; [*Sings.*
I'll whip him with a rod, if he my true love fail.

Re-enter ROGER, *with ruff and poker.*

ROG. There's your ruff; shall I poke it?

BEL. Yes, honest Roger:—no, stay; prithee, good boy, hold here.

[ROGER *holds the glass and candle.*

[*Sings*] *Down, down, down, down, I fall down and arise,—down,—I never shall arise.*

[a] *ready*] i. e. dressed: compare vol. ii. pp. 57, 226, and notes.

[b] *curls her hair*, &c.] This direction perhaps applies to what Bellafront is to do presently—when Roger holds the glass and candle for her.

[c] *poker*] "This instrument, of which mention is frequently made in contemporary writers, is sometimes called *poking stick*, and at others a *puking stick*. It was used to adjust the plaits of ruffs, which were then generally worn by the ladies. Stowe says, that these *puking sticks* were made of wood or bone until about the 16th year of Queen Elizabeth, when they began to be made of steel," [that they might be used hot.] REED.

[d] *court-cupboard*] A sort of buffet: see note, vol. ii. p. 346.

Roc. Troth, mistress, then leave the trade, if you shall never rise.

Bel. What trade, goodman Abra'm?[a]

Roc. Why, that of[b] down and arise, or the falling trade.

Bel. I'll fall with you by and by.

Roc. If you do, I know who shall smart for't. Troth, mistress, what do I look like now?

Bel. Like as you are; a panderly sixpenny rascal.

Roc. I may thank you for that: in faith, I look like an old proverb, Hold the candle before the devil.

Bel. Ud's life, I'll stick my knife in your guts and[c] you prate to me so! What? [*Sings.*

Well met, pug, the pearl of beauty, umh, umh.
How now, sir knave? you forget your duty, umh, umh.
Marry muff,[d] *sir, are you grown so dainty? fa, la, la, &c.*
Is it you, sir? the worst of twenty, fa, la, la, leera, la.

Pox on you, how dost thou hold my glass?

Roc. Why, as I hold your door, with my fingers.

Bel. Nay, pray thee, sweet honey Roger, hold up handsomely. [*Sings.*[e]

Pretty wantons warble, &c.

We shall ha' guests to-day, I lay my little maidenhead, my nose itches so.

Roc. I said so too last night, when our fleas twinged me.

[a] *goodman Abra'm*] See note, p. 32.

[b] *of*] Old eds. "if." [c] *and*] i. e. if.

[d] *Marry muff*] An expression of contempt, which frequently occurs in our early writers: compare vol. i. p. 258, and note.

[e] *Sings*] "This word has hitherto been printed as part of the text [" *Sing pretty*," &c.]; but it is clearly a stage-direction, referring to the ballad Bellafront commences." Collier.

Bel. So, poke my ruff now. My gown, my gown! have I my fall? where's my fall,[f] Roger?

Rog. Your fall, forsooth, is behind.

[*Knocking within.*

Bel. God's my pittikins![g] some fool or other knocks.

Rog. Shall I open to the fool, mistress?

Bel. And all these baubles lying thus? away with it quickly.—Ay, ay, knock and be damned, whosoever you be!—So; give the fresh salmon line now; let him come ashore. [*Exit* Roger.]—He shall serve for my breakfast, though he go against my stomach.

Enter Fluello, Castruchio, Pioratto, *and* Roger.

Flu. Morrow, coz.

Cas. How does my sweet acquaintance?

Pio. Save thee, little marmoset;[h] how dost thou, good, pretty rogue?

Bel. Well, Godamercy, good, pretty rascal.

Flu. Roger, some light, I prithee.

Rog. You shall, signor; for we that live here in this vale of misery are as dark as hell. [*Exit.*[i]

Cas. Good tobacco, Fluello?

Flu. Smell.

Pio. It may be tickling gear, for it plays with my nose already.

[f] *fall*] i. e. falling band, which lay flat upon the dress from the neck.

[g] *God's my pittikins*] A corruption of *God's my pity*, an expression which Bellafront afterwards makes use of in this scene (p. 40). Shakespeare puts *ods-pittikins* into the mouth of a lady of very different character: see *Cymbeline*, act iv. sc. 2.

[h] *marmoset*] i. e. monkey.

[i] *Exit*] Old eds. "Exit *for a candle.*"

Re-enter Roger *with candle.*

Rog. Here's another light angel,[k] signor.

Bel. What, you pied curtal,[l] what's that you are neighing?

Rog. I say, God send us the light of heaven, or some more angels!

Bel. Go fetch some wine, and drink half of it.

Rog. I must fetch some wine, gentlemen, and drink half of it.

Flu. Here, Roger.

Cas. No, let me send, prithee.

Flu. Hold, you canker-worm.

Rog. You shall send both, if you please, signors.

Pio. Stay, what's best to drink a' mornings?

Rog. Hippocras,[m] sir, for my mistress, if I fetch it, is most dear to her.

Flu. Hippocras? there then, here's a teston[n] for you, you snake. [*They give money.*

Rog. Right, sir; here's three shillings sixpence for a pottle and a manchet.[o] [*Exit.*

Cas. Here's most Herculanean tobacco: ha' some, acquaintance?

Bel. Faugh, not I! makes your breath stink like the piss of a fox. Acquaintance, where supped you last night?

Cas. At a place, sweet acquaintance, where your

[k] *another light angel*] Angel was a gold coin worth about 10 shillings. Compare Dekker's *Satiromastix*, 1602, "I markt, by *this Candle, which is none of God's Angels.*" Sig. c.

[l] *curtal*] i. e. docked horse.

[m] *Hippocras*] A beverage composed generally of red wine, but sometimes of white, with spices and sugar,—strained through a woollen bag.

[n] *teston*] See note, vol. i. p. 258.

[o] *manchet*] i. e. a roll of the finest bread.

health danced the canaries,[e] i'faith; you should ha' been there.

Bel. I there among your punks! marry faugh, hang 'em; scorn't:[p] will you never leave sucking of eggs in other folk's hens' nests!

Cas. Why, in good troth, if you'll trust me, acquaintance, there was not one hen at the board; ask Fluello.

Flu. No, faith, coz, none but cocks; signor Malavella drunk to thee.

Bel. O, a pure beagle; that horseleech there?

Flu. And the knight, sir Oliver Lollio, swore he would bestow a taffeta petticoat on thee, but to break his fast with thee.

Bel. With me? I'll choke him then; hang him, mole-catcher! it's the dreamingest snotty-nose.

Pio. Well, many took that Lollio for a fool, but he's a subtle fool.

Bel. Ay, and he has fellows: of all filthy, dry-fisted knights,[q] I cannot abide that he should touch me.

Cas. Why, wench? is he scabbed?

Bel. Hang him, he'll not live to be so honest, nor to the credit to have scabs about him: his betters have 'em: but I hate to wear out any of his coarse knighthood, because he's made like an alderman's night-gown, faced all with cony[r] before, and

[e] *the canaries*] A quick and lively dance, frequently mentioned by our early writers: "As to the air itself, it appears, by the example in the Opera of *Dioclesian* [set to music by Purcell, and containing a dance called the *Canaries*], to be a very sprightly movement of two reprises or strains, with eight bars in each," &c. Hawkins's *Hist. of Music*, vol. iv. p. 391—cited by Reed.

[p] *scorn't*] Several eds. "I *scorn't*."

[q] *of all filthy, dry-fisted knights*] "A moist hand is vulgarly accounted a sign of an amorous constitution." Reed.

[r] *cony*] i. e. rabbit-skin.

within nothing but fox: this sweet Oliver[r] will eat mutton till he be ready to burst, but the lean-jawed slave will not pay for the scraping of his trencher.

Pio. Plague him; set him beneath the salt,[s] and let him not touch a bit till every one has had his full cut.

Flu. Lord Ello, the gentleman-usher, came into us too: marry, 'twas in our cheese, for he had been to borrow money for his lord of a citizen.

Cas. What an ass is that lord to borrow money of a citizen!

Bel. Nay, God's my pity, what an ass is that citizen to lend money to[t] a lord!

Enter Matheo *and* Hippolito; Hippolito, *saluting the company as a stranger, walks off.*[u] Roger *comes in sadly behind them with a pottle-pot, and stands aloof off.*[v]

Mat. Save you, gallants. Signor Fluello, exceedingly well met, as I may say.

Flu. Signor Matheo, exceedingly well met too, as I may say.

[r] *sweet Oliver*] "It may be just worth noticing, that this epithet almost always accompanies the mention of this gentle rival of the mad Orlando in fame." Gifford's note on B. Jonson's *Works*, vol. i. p. 98.

[s] *set him beneath the salt*] "This refers to the manner in which our ancestors were seated at their meals. 'The tables being long,' says Mr. Whalley, note to *Cynthia's Revels*, act ii. sc. 2. [sc. 1.], 'the salt [i. e. salt-cellar—of a very large size] was commonly placed about the middle, and served as a kind of boundary to the different quality of the guests invited. Those of distinction were ranked above; the space below was assigned to the dependents or inferior relations of the master of the house.'" Reed.

[t] *to*] So some eds. First ed. "of."

[u] *walks off*] i. e. retires behind.

[v] *aloof off*] This expression is twice used by Middleton in *Michaelmas Term* (see vol. i. pp. 427, 469), and its repetition

Mar. And how fares my little pretty mistress?

Bel. E'en as my little pretty servant; sees three court-dishes before her, and not one good bit in them.—How now? why the devil standest thou so? art in a trance?

Roc. Yes, forsooth.

Bel. Why dost not fill out their wine?

Roc. Forsooth, 'tis filled out already: all the wine that the signors have[v] bestowed upon you is cast away; a porter ran a little[w] at me, and so faced me down that I had not a drop.

Bel. I'm accursed to let such a withered artichoke-faced rascal grow under my nose: now you look like an old he-cat going to the gallows. I'll be hanged if he ha' not put up the money to cony-catch[x] us all.

Roc. No, truly, forsooth, 'tis not put up yet.

Bel. How many gentlemen hast thou served thus?

Roc. None but five hundred, besides prentices and serving-men.

Bel. Dost think I'll pocket it up at thy hands?

Roc. Yes, forsooth, I fear you will pocket it up.

Bel. Fie, fie, cut my lace, good servant; I shall ha' the mother[y] presently, I'm so vexed at this horse-plumb.

Flu. Plague, not for a scald[z] pottle of wine!

here is a slight confirmation (if any were needed) of the correctness of Henslowe's statement: vide p. 3.

[v] *signors have*] First two eds. "signior." Others, "signiors." All, "has."

[w] *little*] Spelt in the first two eds. "litle:" therefore qy. "tilt?"

[x] *cony-catch*] See note, p. 16.

[y] *mother*] i. e. hysterical passion.

[z] *scald*] i. e. paltry: see note, p. 15.

MAT. Nay, sweet Bellafront, for a little pig's wash!

CAS. Here, Roger, fetch more. [*Gives money to* ROGER.]—A mischance, i'faith, acquaintance.

BEL. Out of my sight, thou ungodly, puritanical creature!

ROG. For the t'other pottle? yes, forsooth.

BEL. Spill that too. [*Exit* ROGER.]—What gentleman[a] is that, servant? your friend?

MAT. Gods so; a stool, a stool! If you love me, mistress, entertain this gentleman respectively,[b] and bid him welcome.

BEL. He's very welcome.—Pray, sir, sit.

HIP. Thanks, lady.

FLU. Count Hippolito, is't not? Cry you mercy, signor; you walk here all this while, and we not heard you! Let me bestow a stool upon you, beseech you; you are a stranger here, we know the fashions a' th' house.

CAS. Please you be here, my lord? [*Offers tobacco.*

HIP. No, good Castruchio.

FLU. You have abandoned the court, I see, my lord, since the death of your mistress: well, she was a delicate piece—Beseech you,[c] sweet, come, let us serve under the colours of your acquaintance still for all that—Please you to meet here at the[d] lodging of my coz, I shall bestow a banquet upon you.

HIP. I never can deserve this kindness, sir. What may this lady be whom you call coz?

FLU. Faith, sir, a poor gentlewoman, of passing

[a] *What gentleman*] Here the last editor of Dodsley inserted a stage-direction, "*Enter Hippolito,*" which he says is absolutely necessary: but see note, p. 40.

[b] *respectively*] i. e. respectfully: compare vol. i. p. 425.

[c] *Beseech you,* &c.] Bellafront, I suppose, having shewn some displeasure at the commendation of Infelice.

[d] *the*] Old eds. "my."

pod carriage; one that has some suits in law, and lies here in an attorney's house.

Hip. Is she married?

Flu. Ha, as all your punks are; a captain's wife or so: never saw her before, my lord?

Hip. Never, trust me: a goodly creature!

Flu. By god, when you know her as we do, you'll swear she is the prettiest, kindest, sweetest, most bewitching, honest ape under the pale: a skin, your satin is not more soft, nor lawn whiter.

Hip. Belike, then, she's some sale courtesan.

Flu. Troth, as all your best faces are, a good wench.

Hip. Great pity that she's a good wench.

Mat. Thou shalt ha', i'faith, mistress.—How now, signors? what, whispering?—Did not I lay a wager I should take you, within seven days, in a house of vanity?

Hip. You did; and I beshrew your heart, you've won.

Mat. How do you like my mistress?

Hip. Well, for such a mistress; better, if your mistress be not your master—I must break manners, gentlemen; fare you well.

Mat. 'Sfoot, you shall not leave us.

Bes. The gentleman likes not the taste of our company.

Flu. } Beseech you, stay.
Cas., &c. }

Hip. Trust me, my affairs beckon for me; pardon me.

Mat. Will you call for me half an hour hence here?

Hip. Perhaps I shall.

Mat. Perhaps? faugh! I know you can swear to me you will.

Hip. Since you will press me, on my word, I will. [*Exit.*

Bel. What sullen picture is this, servant?

Mat. It's count Hippolito, the brave count.

Pio. As gallant a spirit as any in Milan, you sweet Jew.

Flu. O, he's a most essential gentleman, coz!

Cas. Did you never hear of count Hippolito, acquaintance?[d]

Bel. Marry muff[e] a' your counts, and[f] be no more life in 'em.

Mat. He's so malcontent, sirrah[g] Bellafront.—And[f] you be honest gallants, let's sup together, and have the count with us:—thou shalt sit at the upper end, punk.

Bel. Punk? you soused gurnet![h]

Mat. King's truce: come, I'll bestow the supper to have him but laugh.

Cas. He betrays his youth too grossly to that tyrant melancholy.

Mat. All this is for a woman.

Bel. A woman? some whore! what sweet jewel is't?

Pio. Would she heard you!

Flu. Troth, so would I.

Cas. And I, by heaven.

Bel. Nay, good servant, what woman?

Mat. Pah!

Bel. Prithee, tell me; a buss, and tell me: I warrant he's an honest fellow, if he take on thus for a wench: good rogue, who?

[d] *Hippolito, acquaintance*] Old eds. "Hipolitos acquaintance."
[e] *Marry muff*] See note, p. 36. [f] *and*] i. e. if.
[g] *sirrah*] Often applied to women: compare vol. ii. p. 491.
[h] *you soused gurnet*] "An appellation of contempt very frequently employed in the old comedies." Reed.

Mat. By th' lord, I will not, must not, faith, mistress.—Is't a match, sirs? this night at th' Antelope; ay, for there's best wine and good boys.

Flu. }
Cas. } It's done; at th' Antelope.
Pio. }

Bel. I cannot be there to-night.

Mat. Cannot? by th' lord, you shall.

Bel. By the lady, I will not: shaall![h]

Flu. Why, then, put it off till Friday: wu't come then, coz?

Bel. Well.

Re-enter Roger.

Mat. You're the waspishest ape!—Roger, put your mistress in mind to sup with us on Friday next.—You're best come like a madwoman, without a band, in your waistcoat,[i] and the linings of your kirtle outward, like every common hackney that steals out at the back gate of her sweet knight's lodging.

Bel. Go, go, hang yourself!

Cas. It's dinner-time, Matheo; shall's hence?

Mat. }
Flu. } Yes, yes.—Farewell, wench.
Pio. }

Bel. Farewell, boys. [*Exeunt all except* Bellafront *and* Roger.]—Roger, what wine sent they for?

Rog. Bastard wine;[j] for if it had been truly be-

[h] *shaall*] So spelt in the first two eds., to mark the prolonged emphasis.

[i] *in your waistcoat*] i. e. (as Nares rightly explains the passage, *Gloss.* in v.) in that alone, without a gown or upper dress. Low prostitutes were generally so attired, and were hence called *waistcoateers*.

[j] *Bastard wine*] In a note, vol. ii. p. 347, I have said that bastard was "a sweet *Spanish* wine:" "That it was a sweetish wine, there can be no doubt; and that it came from some

gotten, it would not ha' been ashamed to come in. Here's six shillings, to pay for nursing the bastard.

Bel. A company of rooks! O good, sweet Roger, run to the poulter's,[j] and buy me some fine larks!

Rog. No woodcocks?

Bel. Yes, faith, a couple, if they be not dear.

Rog. I'll buy but one; there's one[k] already here. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Hippolito.

Hip. Is the gentleman my friend departed, mistress?

Bel. His back is but new turn'd, sir.

Hip. Fare you well.

Bel. I can direct you to him.

Hip. Can you, pray?

Bel. If you please, stay, he'll not be absent long.

Hip. I care not much.

Bel. Pray sit, forsooth.

Hip. I'm hot: [*Lays aside his sword.*
If I[l] may use your room, I'll rather walk.

Bel. At your best pleasure—Whew—some rubbers there!

Hip. Indeed, I'll none, indeed I will not: thanks. Pretty fine lodging. I perceive my friend
Is old in your acquaintance.

Bel. Troth, sir, he comes
As other gentlemen, to spend spare hours:

of the countries which border the Mediterranean, appears equally certain," observes Henderson; who supposes that it approached to the muscadel wine in flavour, and was made from a *bastard* species of muscadine grape. *Hist. of Wines*, pp. 290-1.

[j] *poulter's*] i. e. poulterer's.

[k] *one*] He means Hippolito: *woodcock* was a cant term for a foolish fellow.

[l] *I*] So several eds. Not in first ed.

If yourself like our roof, such as it is,
Your own acquaintance may be as old as his.
Hip. Say I did like, what welcome should I find?
Bel. Such as my present fortunes can afford.
Hip. But would you let me play Matheo's part?
Bel. What part?
Hip. Why, embrace you, dally with you, kiss:
Faith, tell me, will you leave him, and love me?
Bel. I am in bonds to no man, sir.
Hip. Why then
You're free for any man; if any, me.
But I must tell you, lady, were you mine,
You should be all mine; I could brook no sharers;
I should be covetous, and sweep up all;
I should be pleasure's usurer, faith, I should.
Bel. O fate!
Hip. Why sigh you, lady? may I know?
Bel. 'Thas never been my fortune yet to single
Out that one man whose love could fellow mine,
As I have ever wish'd it. O my stars!
Had I but met with one kind gentleman
That would have purchas'd sin alone to himself
For his own private use, although scarce proper,[1]
Indifferent handsome, meetly legg'd and thigh'd,
And my allowance reasonable, i'faith,
According to my body, by my troth,
I would have been as true unto his pleasures,
Yea and as loyal to his afternoons,
As ever a poor gentlewoman could be.
Hip. This were well now to one but newly fledg'd,
And scarce a day old in this subtle world;
'Twere pretty art, good bird-lime, cunning net.
But come, come, faith, confess; how many men

[1] *proper*] i. e. personable.

Have drunk this self-same protestation
From that red 'ticing lip?
BEL. Indeed, not any.
HIP. *Indeed*, and blush not?
BEL. No, in truth, not any.
HIP. Indeed? in truth?—how warily you swear!
'Tis well, if ill it be not; yet had I
The ruffian in me, and were drawn before you
But in light colours, I do know indeed,
You could not swear *indeed*, but thunder oaths
That should shake heaven, drown the harmonious spheres,
And pierce a soul that lov'd her maker's honour
With horror and amazement.
BEL. Shall I swear?
Will you believe me then?
HIP. Worst then of all;
Our sins by custom seem at last but small.
Were I but o'er your threshold, a next man,
And after him a next, and then a fourth,
Should have this golden hook and lascivious bait
Thrown out to the full length. Why, let me tell you,
I ha' seen letters sent from that white hand,
Tuning such music to Matheo's ear.
BEL. Matheo? that's true; but, believe it, I
No sooner had laid hold upon your presence,
But straight mine eye convey'd you to my heart.
HIP. O, you cannot feign with me! Why, I know, lady,
This is the common passion of you all,
To hook in a kind gentleman, and then
Abuse his coin, conveying it to your lover,
And in the end you shew him a French trick,
And so you leave him, that a coach may run
Between his legs for breadth.
BEL. O, by my soul,

Not I! therein I'll prove an honest whore,
In being true to one, and to no more.
Hip. If any be dispos'd to trust your oath,
Let him; I'll not be he: I know you feign
All that you speak; ay, for a mingled harlot
Is true in nothing but in being false.
What, shall I teach you how to loathe yourself,
And mildly too, not without sense or reason?
Bel. I am content; I would fain loathe myself,
If you not love me.
Hip. Then if your gracious blood
Be not all wasted, I shall assay to do't:
Lend me your silence and attention.
You have no soul, that makes you weigh so light;
Heaven's treasure bought it,
And half-a-crown hath sold it; for your body
Is like the common-shore, that still receives
All the town's filth; the sin of many men
Is within you: and thus much I suppose,
That if all your committers stood in rank,
They'd make a lane, in which your shame might dwell,
And with their spaces reach from hence to hell.
Nay, shall I urge it more? there have[m] been known
As many by one harlot maim'd and dismember'd
As would ha' stuff'd an hospital: this I might
Apply to you, and perhaps do you right.
O, you're as base as any beast that bears!
Your body is e'en hir'd, and so are theirs:
For gold and sparkling jewels, if he can,
You'll let a Jew get you with Christian;
Be he a Moor, a Tartar, though his face
Look uglier than [doth] a dead man's skull;
Could the devil put on a human shape,

[m] *have*] Old eds. "has."

If his purse shake out crowns, up then he gets:
Whores will be rid to hell with golden bits:
So that you're crueller than Turks, for they
Sell Christians only, you sell yourselves away.
Why, those that love you hate you, and will term you
Liquorish damnation; wish themselves half-sunk
After the sin is laid out, and e'en curse
Their fruitless riot; for what one begets,
Another poisons; lust and murder hit:
A tree being often shook, what fruit can knit?

BEL. O me unhappy!

HIP. I can vex you more:
A harlot is like Dunkirk, true to none;
Swallows both English, Spanish, fulsome Dutch,
Back[m]-door'd Italian, last of all, the French,
And he sticks to you, faith, gives you your diet,
Brings you acquainted first with monsieur doctor,
And then you know what follows.

BEL. Misery,
Rank, stinking, and most loathsome misery!

HIP. Methinks a toad is happier than a whore;
That with one poison swells, with thousands more
The other stocks her veins. Harlot? fie, fie!
You are the miserablest creatures breathing,
The very slaves of nature; mark me else:
You put on rich attires, others' eyes wear them;
You eat but to supply your blood with sin;
And this strange curse e'en haunts you to your graves,
From fools you get, and spend it upon slaves:
Like bears and apes, you're baited and shew tricks
For money; but your bawd the sweetness licks:
Indeed, you are their journeywomen, and do
All base and damn'd works they list set you to;

[m] *Back*] Old eds. "Black."

So that you ne'er are rich: for do but shew me,
In present memory or in ages past,
The fairest and most famous courtesan,
Whose flesh was dear'st; that rais'd the price of sin
And held it up; to whose intemperate bosom
Princes, earls, lords—the worst has been a knight,
The mean'st a gentleman—have offer'd up
Whole hecatombs of sighs, and rain'd in showers
Handfuls of gold; yet for all this, at last
Diseases suck'd her marrow; then grew so poor,
That she has begg'd e'en at a beggar's door:
And (wherein heaven has a finger) when this idol
From coast to coast has leap'd on foreign shores,
And had more worship than th' outlandish whores;
When several nations have gone over her;
When for each several city she has seen,
Her maidenhead has been new, and been sold dear,
Did live well there, and might have died unknown
And undefam'd; back comes she to her own,
And there both miserably lives and dies,
Scorn'd even of those that once ador'd her eyes; [n]

[n] *ador'd her eyes*] "In a pamphlet attributed to Robert Greene, called *Theeves falling out Truemen come by their goods*, printed in 1615, and probably earlier, there is a story entitled 'The Conversion of an English Curtezan,' which, in some points, bears a resemblance to a main incident in this play. Her conversion is wrought by a young man who visits her as in 'the way of her trade:' at his request she takes him into a dark loft, under pretence that he cannot bear to commit 'the act of sin' in the light; but still the day peeps in through a hole in the roof: on his complaining that it was not quite dark, she replies, that 'none but God could see them.' Hence he takes occasion to read her a lecture very similar to that of Hippolito in Dekker. 'Oh! thou art made beautiful, fair, and well formed, and wilt thou then by thy filthy lust make thy body, which if thou be honest is the temple of God, the habitation of the Devil?' In one place he says,—'But suppose while thou art young thou art favoured of thy companions; when thou waxest old, and that thy beauty is faded, then thou

As if her fatal-circled life thus ran,—
Her pride should end there where it first began.
What, do you weep to hear your story read?
Nay, if you spoil your cheeks, I'll read no more.
BEL. O yes,[n] I pray, proceed!
Indeed 'twill do me good to weep, indeed!
HIP. To give those tears a relish, this I add:
You're like the Jews scatter'd, in no place certain;
Your days are tedious, your hours burdensome;
And were't not for full suppers, midnight revels,
Dancing, wine, riotous meetings, which do drown
And bury quite in you all virtuous thoughts,
And on your eyelids hang so heavily
They have no power to look so high as heaven,
You'd sit and muse on nothing but despair,
Curse that devil lust that so burns up your blood,
And in ten thousand shivers break your glass
For his temptation. Say you taste delight,
To have a golden gull from rise to set
To mete[o] you in his hot luxurious[p] arms;
Yet your nights pay for all: I know you dream
Of warrants, whips, and beadles; and then start
At a door's windy creak; think every weasel
To be a constable, and every rat
A long-tail'd officer. Are you now not slaves?
O, you've damnation without pleasure for it!
Such is the state of harlots. To conclude:
When you are old, and can well paint no more,
You turn bawd, and are then worse than before.
Make use of this: farewell.
BEL. O, I pray, stay!

shalt be loathed and despised even of them that professed most love unto thee.' After she has been thoroughly reformed, he marries her." COLLIER.

[n] *O yes*, &c.] An imperfect couplet: see notes, vol. i. p. 424, vol. ii. pp. 7, 307.

[o] *mete*] i. e. measure, embrace.

[p] *luxurious*] i. e. lascivious.

Hip. If see Matheo comes not: time hath barr'd me:
Would all the harlots in the town had heard me!
[*Exit.*

Bel. Stay yet a little longer! No? quite gone?
Curs'd be that minute—for it was no more,
So soon a maid is chang'd into a whore—
Wherein I first fell! be it for ever black!
Yet why should sweet Hippolito shun mine eyes?
For whose true love I would become pure-honest,
Hate the world's mixtures and the smiles of gold.
Am I not fair? why should he fly me then?
Fair creatures are desir'd, not scorn'd of men.
How many gallants have drunk healths to me
Out of their dagger'd arms,[q] and thought them blest,
Enjoying but mine eyes at prodigal feasts!
And does Hippolito detest my love?
O sure their heedless lusts but flatter'd me!
I am not pleasing, beautiful, nor young:
Hippolito hath spied some ugly blemish,
Eclipsing all my beauties; I am foul:
Harlot? ay, that's the spot that taints my soul.
What, has he left his weapon here behind him,
And gone forgetful? O fit instrument[r]
To let forth all the poison of my flesh!
Thy master hates me 'cause my blood hath rang'd;
But when 'tis forth, then he'll believe I'm chang'd.

As she is about to stab herself re-enter Hippolito.

Hip. Mad woman, what art doing?
Bel. Either love me,

[p] *I*] So ed. 1605. Not in other eds.
[q] *dagger'd arms*] See note, vol. ii. p. 99.
[r] *What, has he left his weapon here behind him, And gone forgetful? O fit instrument*] Ed. 1605 has only "*His weapon left heere? O fit instrument.*"

Or split my heart upon[q] thy rapier's point.
Yet do not neither; for thou then destroy'st
That which I love thee for, thy virtues. Here, here;
[*Gives sword to* Hippolito.
Thou'rt crueller, and kill'st me with disdain:
To die so sheds no blood, yet 'tis worse pain.
[*Exit* Hippolito.
Not speak to me?[r] not bid farewell? a scorn?
Hated? this must not be; some means I'll try.
Would all whores were as honest now as I! [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Candido's *Shop.*

Candido, Viola, George, *and two Prentices discovered:* Fustigo *enters, walking by.*[s]

Geo. See, gentlemen, what you lack?[t] a fine holland, a fine cambric: see what you buy.

First P. Holland for shirts, cambric for bands; what is't you lack?

Fus. 'Sfoot, I lack 'em all; nay, more, I lack money to buy 'em. Let me see, let me look again: mass, this is the shop. [*Aside.*]—What, coz, sweet coz! how dost, i'faith, since last night after candlelight? we had good sport, i'faith, had we not? and when shall's laugh again?

Vio. When you will, cousin.

Fus. Spoke like a kind Lacedemonian! I see yonder's thy husband.

[q] *split my heart upon*] Ed. 1605, "cleaue my bosome on."

[r] *Not speak to me? not bid farewell? a scorn?*] Ed. 1605, "*Not speake to me! not* looke! not bid farewell!"

[s] *walking by*] It must be remembered that the shops in London (and of London only our authors thought) were formerly "open" (see stage-direction, vol. ii. p. 453), and resembled booths or stalls at a fair.

[t] *what you lack*] See note, p. 24.

Vio. Ay, there's the sweet youth, God bless him!

Fus. And how is't, cousin? and how, how is't, thou squall?[u]

Vio. Well, cousin: how fare you?

Fus. How fare I? troth, for sixpence a-meal, wench, as well as heart can wish, with calves' chaldrons[v] and chitterlings; besides, I have a punk after supper, as good as a roasted apple.

Can. Are you my wife's cousin?

Fus. I am, sir: what hast thou to do with that?

Can. O, nothing, but you're welcome.

Fus. The devil's dung in thy teeth! I'll be welcome whether thou wilt or no, I.—What ring's this, coz? very pretty and fantastical, i'faith; let's see it.

Vio. Pooh! nay, you wrench my finger.

Fus. I ha' sworn I'll ha't, and I hope you will not let my oaths be cracked in the ring,[w] will you? [*Seizes the ring.*]—I hope, sir, you are not malicholly[x] at this, for all your great looks: are you angry?

Can. Angry? not I, sir: nay, if she can part
So easily with her ring, 'tis with my heart.

Geo. Suffer this, sir, and suffer all: a whoreson gull to ——

Can. Peace, George: when she has reap'd what I have sown,
She'll say one grain tastes better of her own
Than whole sheaves gather'd from another's land:
Wit's never good till bought at a dear hand.

[u] *squall*] This word, which seems to be equivalent to wench, is by no means common: Middleton uses it several times (see, for instance, vol. i. p. 431); and its occurrence here is another proof (see note, p. 40) that he was concerned in the composition of the present drama.

[v] *chaldrons*] Or *chaudrons*—i. e. particular entrails.

[w] *cracked in the ring*] See note, vol. ii. p. 253.

[x] *malicholly*] A corruption of *melancholy*.

Geo. But in the mean time she makes an ass of somebody.

Sec. P. See, see, see, sir, as you turn your back they do nothing but kiss.

Can. No matter, let 'em: when I touch her lip
I shall not feel his kisses,[5] no, nor miss
Any of her lip: no harm in kissing is.
Look to your business, pray, make up your wares.

Fus. Troth, coz, and well remembered; I would thou wouldst give me five yards of lawn, to make my punk some falling-bands[7] a' the fashion; three falling one upon another, for that's the new edition now: she's out of linen horribly too; troth, sha's never a good smock to her back neither, but one that has a great many patches in't, and that I'm fain to wear myself for want of shift too: prithee, put me into wholesome napery,[8] and bestow some clean commodities upon us.

Vio. Reach me those cambrics and the lawns hither.

Can. What to do, wife?
To lavish out my goods upon a fool?

Fus. Fool? 'Snails, eat the fool, or I'll so batter your crown that it shall scarce go for five shillings.

[5] *— when I touch her lip*
I shall not feel his kisses] "Imitated by Shakespeare in *Othello*, act iii. sc. 3.

'I slept the next night well, was free and merry;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips.'" Reed.

If there be any imitation in the case, I believe it to be on the part of Dekker or Middleton. Malone ultimately assigned the production of *Othello* to 1604, having ascertained (on what evidence we know not) that it was acted in that year: but if it be imitated in the present passage, it must have been produced at an earlier period: see p. 3.

[7] *falling-bands*] Or *falls*: see note, p. 37.

[8] *napery*] i. e. linen.

Sec. P. Do you hear, sir? you're best be quiet, and say a fool tells you so.

Fus. Nails, I think so, for thou tellest me.

Can. Are you angry, sir, because I nam'd the fool?
Trust me, you are not wise, in mine own house
And to my face to play the antic thus:
If you'll needs play the madman, choose a stage
Of lesser compass, where few eyes may note
Your action's error; but if still you miss,
As here you do, for one clap, ten will hiss.

Fus. Zounds, cousin, he talks to me as if I were a scurvy tragedian!

Sec. P. Sirrah George, I ha' thought upon a device, how to break his pate, beat him soundly, and ship him away.

Geo. Do't.

Sec. P. I'll go in, pass thorough the house, give some of our fellow-prentices the watch-word when they shall enter; then come and fetch my master in by a wile, and place one in the hall to hold him in conference whilst we cudgel the gull out of his coxcomb.

Geo. Do't; away, do't. [*Exit Second Prentice.*

Vio. Must I call twice for these cambrics and lawns?

Can. Nay, see, you anger her; George, prithee, despatch.

First P. Two of the choicest pieces are in the warehouse, sir.

Can. Go fetch them presently.

Fus. Ay, do; make haste, sirrah.
[*Exit First Prentice.*

Can. Why were you such a stranger all this while,
Being my wife's cousin?

Fus. Stranger? no, sir, I'm a natural Milaner born.

Can. I perceive still it is your natural guise
To mistake me: but you're welcome, sir; I much
Wish your acquaintance.

Fus. My acquaintance? I scorn that, i'faith. I hope my acquaintance goes in chains of gold three and fifty times double:—you know who I mean, coz; the posts of his gate are a-painting too.[a]

Re-enter Second Prentice.

Sec. P. Signor Pandulfo the merchant desires conference with you.

Can. Signor Pandulfo? I'll be with him straight. Attend your mistress and the gentleman. [*Exit.*

Vio. When do you shew those pieces?

Fus. Ay, when do you shew those pieces?

Prentices [*within*].[b] Presently, sir, presently; we are but charging them.

Fus. Come, sirrah, you flat-cap,[c] where be these whites?

Re-enter First Prentice, with pieces.

Geo. Flat-cap? hark in your ear, sir; you're a flat fool, an ass, a gull, and I'll thrum you:—do you see this cambric, sir?

Fus. 'Sfoot, coz, a good jest; did you hear him? he told me in my ear I was *a flat fool, an ass, a*

[a] *the posts of his gate are a-painting too*] "i. e. he will soon be sheriff. At the door of that officer large posts, on which it was customary to stick proclamations, were always set up." Steevens.

[b] *Prentices within*] Old eds. here and afterwards, "*Omnes.*"

[c] *flat-cap*] The citizens of London, both masters and journeymen, continued to wear flat round caps long after they had ceased to be fashionable, and were hence in derision termed *flat-caps.*

gull, and I'll thrum you:—do you see this cambric, sir?

Vio. What, not my men, I hope?

Fus. No, not your men, but one of your men, 'faith.

First P. I pray, sir, come hither: what say you to this? here's[c] an excellent good one.

Fus. Ay, marry, this likes[d] me well; cut me off some half-score yards.

Sec. P. Let your whores cut; you're an impudent coxcomb; you get none, and yet I'll thrum you:—a very good cambric, sir.

Fus. Again, again, as God judge me! 'sfoot, sir, they stand thrumming here with me all day, and yet I get nothing.

First P. A word, I pray, sir; you must not be angry; prentices have hot bloods, young fellows—what say you to this piece? look you, 'tis so delicate, so soft, so even, so fine a thread, that a lady may wear it.

Fus. 'Sfoot, I think so; if a knight marry my punk, a lady shall wear it: cut me off twenty yards; thou'rt an honest lad.

First P. Not without money, gull, and I'll thrum you too.

Prentices [*within*]. Gull, we'll thrum you!

Fus. O lord, sister, did you not hear something cry thrum? zounds, your men here make a plain ass of me.

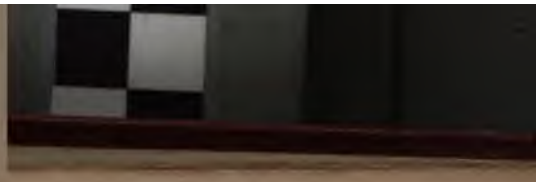
Vio. What, to my face so impudent?

Geo. Ay, in a cause so honest; we'll not suffer Our master's goods to vanish moneyless.

Vio. You will not suffer them!

Sec. P. No; and you may blush,

[c] *here's*] So ed. 1605. Other eds. "here."
[d] *likes*] i. e. pleases.



In going about to vex so mild a breast
As is our master's.

Vio. Take away those pieces,
Cousin, I give them freely.

Fus. Mass, and I'll take 'em as freely.

Geo., First and Sec. P., and other Prentices rushing in. We'll make you lay 'em down again more freely.

[*They all attack* Fustigo *with their clubs.*

Vio. Help, help! my brother will be murdered.

Re-enter Candido.

Can. How now, what coil is here? forbear, I say!

[*Exeunt all the Prentices except the First and Second.*

Geo. He calls us flat-caps, and abuses us.

Can. Why, sirs, do such examples flow from me?

Vio. They're of your keeping sir.—Alas, poor brother!

Fus. I'faith, they ha' peppered me, sister; look, dost not spin? call you these prentices? I'll ne'er play at cards more when clubs is trump: I have a goodly coxcomb, sister, have I not?

Can. Sister, and brother? brother to my wife?

Fus. If you have any skill in heraldry, you may soon know that; break but her pate, and you shall see her blood and mine is all one.

Can. A surgeon! run, a surgeon! [*Exit First Prentice.*]—Why then wore you
That forged name of cousin?

Fus. Because it's a common thing to call coz[e] and ningle[f] now-a-days all the world over.

[e] *to call coz*] This passage, and what Fustigo says to the same purpose, p. 15, seem to confirm my remark on the word *cousin*, vol. i. p. 499.

[f] *ningle*] i. e. bosom friend: see note, vol. ii. p. 498.—So ed. 1605. Other eds. "mingle."

CAN. Cousin!
A name of much deceit, folly, and sin;
For under that common, abused word,
Many an honest-temper'd citizen
Is made a monster, and his wife train'd out
To foul adulterous action, full of fraud:
I may well call that word a city's bawd.

FUS. Troth, brother, my sister would needs ha' me take upon me to gull your patience a little; but it has made double gules[g] on my coxcomb.

VIO. What, playing the woman? blabbing now, you fool?

CAN. O, my wife did but exercise a jest
Upon your wit.

FUS. 'Sfoot, my wit bleeds for't, methinks.

CAN. Then let this warning more of sense afford;
The name of cousin is a bloody word.

FUS. I'll ne'er call coz again whilst I live, to have such a coil about it: this should be a coronation-day, for my head runs claret lustily. [*Exit.*

CAN. Go, wish[h] the surgeon to have great respect— [*Exit Second Prentice.*

Enter an Officer.

How now, my friend? what, do they sit to-day?

OFF. Yes, sir; they expect you at the senate-house.

CAN. I thank your pains; I'll not be last man there.— [*Exit Officer.*
My gown, George; go, my gown. [*Exit* GEORGE.]
—A happy land,
Where grave men meet each cause to understand;
Whose consciences are not cut out in bribes

[g] *gules*] i. e. red—an heraldic term.
[h] *wish*] i. e. desire.

To gull the poor man's right; but in even scales
Peize[1] rich and poor, without corruption's veils.—

Re-enter GEORGE.

Come, where's the gown?
GEO. I cannot find the key, sir.
CAN. Request it of your mistress.
VIO. Come not to me for any key;
I'll not be troubled to deliver it.
CAN. Good wife, kind wife, it is a needful trouble;
But for my gown.
VIO. Moths swallow down your gown!
You set my teeth on[2] edge with talking on't.
CAN. Nay, prithee, sweet,—I cannot meet without it;
I should have a great fine set on my head.
VIO. Set on your coxcomb; tush, fine me no fines!
CAN. Believe me, sweet, none greets the senate-house
Without his robe of reverence,—that's his gown.
VIO. Well, then, you're like to cross that custom once;
You get nor key nor gown; and so depart.—
This trick will vex him sure, and fret his heart.
[*Aside, and exit.*
CAN. Stay, let me see, I must have some device,—
My cloak's too short; fie, fie, no cloak will do't;
It must be something fashion'd like a gown,
With my arms out.—O, George, come hither, George;
I prithee, lend me thine advice.
GEO. Troth, sir,
Were't any but you, they would break open chest.

[1] *Peize*] i. e. weigh.
[2] *on*] So ed. 1635. Other eds. "an."

CAN. O no! break open chest? that's a thief's office;
Therein you counsel me against my blood;
'Twould shew impatience that: any meek means
I would be glad to embrace. Mass, I have got it:
Go, step up, fetch me down one of the carpets,[j]
The saddest-colour'd carpet, honest George;
Cut thou a hole i' th' middle for my neck,
Two for mine arms. Nay, prithee, look not strange.
GEO. I hope you do not think, sir, as you mean.
CAN. Prithee, about it quickly, the hour chides me:
Warily, George, softly; take heed of eyes.
[*Exit* GEORGE.
Out of two evils he's accounted wise
That can pick out the least: the fine impos'd
For an ungowned senator is about
Forty cruzadoes,[k] the carpet not 'bove four.
Thus have I chosen the lesser evil yet,
Preserv'd my patience, foil'd her desperate wit.

Re-enter GEORGE *with carpet.*

GEO. Here, sir, here's the carpet.
CAN. O, well done, George! we'll cut it just i' th' midst. [*They cut the carpet.*
'Tis very well; I thank thee: help it on.
GEO. It must come over your head, sir, like a wench's petticoat. [*Helping to put it on.*

[j] *carpets*] i. e. table-covers: see note, vol. i. p. 385.
[k] *cruzadoes*] "A cruzado is a Portuguese coin, struck under Alphonsus V. about the year 1457, at the time when Pope Calixtus sent thither a bull for a croisade against the infidels. It had its name from a cross which it bears on one side, the arms of Portugal being on the other. The value of it is 40 French sols, or upwards of 2*s.* 10*d.* sterling." REED. It varied in value at different times.

CAN. Thou'rt in the right, good George; it must indeed.
Fetch me a nightcap, for I'll gird it close,
As if my health were queasy; 'twill shew well
For a rude, careless nightgown; will't not, think'st?

GEO. Indifferent well, sir, for a nightgown, being girt and plaited.

CAN. Ay, and a nightcap on my head.

GEO. That's true, sir; I'll run and fetch one, and a staff. [*Exit.*

CAN. For thus they cannot choose but conster[k] it:
One that is out of health takes no delight,
Wears his apparel without appetite,
And puts on heedless raiment without form.—

Re-enter GEORGE *with nightcap and staff.*

So, so, [*puts on the nightcap*] kind George; be secret now; and, prithee,
Do not laugh at me till I'm out of sight.

GEO. I laugh? not I, sir.

CAN. Now to the senate-house.
Methinks I'd rather wear, without a frown,
A patient carpet than an angry gown. [*Exit.*

GEO. Now looks my master just like one of our carpet knights,[l] only he's somewhat the honester of the two.

Re-enter VIOLA.

VIO. What, is your master gone?

GEO. Yes, forsooth, his back is but new turned.

[k] *conster*] i. e. construe.

[l] *carpet knights*] On these words Reed has a note of formidable length, and very little to the purpose. *Carpet knights* (repeatedly mentioned with great contempt by our early writers) were knights dubbed on a carpet, not on the field of battle,—on occasion of public festivities, not after a victory. See Gifford's note on Massinger's *Works*, vol. iii. p. 47. ed. 1813.

Vio. And in his cloak? did he not vex and swear?

Geo. [*aside*] No; but he'll make you swear anon. —No, indeed, he went away like a lamb.

Vio. Key, sink to hell! still patient, patient still? I am with child[1] to vex him. Prithee, George, If e'er thou look'st for favour at my hands, Uphold one jest for me.

Geo. Against my master?

Vio. 'Tis a mere jest, in faith: say, wilt thou do't?

Geo. Well, what is't?

Vio. Here, take this key; thou know'st where all things lie;
Put on thy master's best apparel, gown,
Chain, cap, ruff, every thing; be like himself;
And, 'gainst his coming home, walk in the shop;
Feign the same carriage and his patient look:
'Twill breed but a jest, thou know'st: speak, wilt thou?

Geo. 'Twill wrong my master's patience.

Vio. Prithee, George ——

Geo. Well, if you'll save me harmless, and put me under covert barn,[m] I am content to please you, provided it may breed no wrong against him.

Vio. No wrong at all: here, take the key, be gone.
If any vex him, this; if not this, none. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *I am with child*] i. e. I long greatly.
[m] *covert barn*] See note, vol. i. p. 370.

SCENE II.

An outer Apartment in BELLAFRONT'S *House.*

Enter MISTRESS FINGERLOCK *and* ROGER.

MIS. F. O Roger, Roger, where's your mistress, where's your mistress? there's the finest, neatest gentleman at my house, but newly come over: O where is she, where is she, where is she?

ROG. My mistress is abroad, but not amongst 'em: my mistress is not the whore now that you take her for.

MIS. F. How? is she not a whore? do you go about to take away her good name, Roger? you are a fine pander indeed!

ROG. I tell you, madonna Fingerlock, I am not sad for nothing; I ha' not eaten one good meal this three and thirty days: I had wont to get sixteen pence by fetching a pottle of hippocras;[n] but now those days are past: we had as good doings, madonna Fingerlock, she within doors, and I without, as any poor young couple in Milan.

MIS. F. God's my life, and is she changed now?

ROG. I ha' lost by her squeamishness more than would have builded twelve bawdy-houses.

MIS. F. And had she no time to turn honest but now? what a vile woman is this! twenty pound a-night, I'll be sworn, Roger, in good gold and no silver: why, here was a time! if she should ha' picked out a time, it could not be better: gold enough stirring; choice of men, choice of hair, choice of beards, choice of legs, and choice of every, every, every thing: it cannot sink into my head that she should be such an ass; Roger, I never believe it.

[n] *hippocras*] See note, p. 38.

Roc. Here she comes now.

Enter BELLAFRONT.

Mis. F. O sweet madonna, on with your loose gown,[o] your felt,[p] and your feather! there's the sweetest, properest,[q] gallantest gentleman at my house; he smells all of musk and ambergrise, his pocket full of crowns, flame-coloured doublet, red satin hose,[r] carnation silk stockings, and a leg and a body,—O!

Bel. Hence thou, our sex's monster, poisonous bawd,
Lust's factor and damnation's orator,
Gossip of hell! Were all the harlots' sins,
Which the whole world contains, number'd together,
Thine far exceeds them all: of all the creatures
That ever were created, thou art basest.
What serpent would beguile thee of thy office?
It is detestable; for thou livest
Upon the dregs of harlots, guard'st the door
Whilst couples go to dancing. O coarse devil!
Thou art the bastard's curse, thou brand'st his birth;
The lecher's French disease, for thou dry-suck'st him;
The harlot's poison, and thine own confusion.

Mis. F. Marry come up, with a pox! have you nobody to rail against but your bawd now?

Bel. And you, knave pander, kinsman to a bawd!

Roc. You and I, madonna, are cousins.

Bel. Of the same blood and making, near allied;

[o] *loose gown*] The common dress of courtesans: see note, vol. i. p. 431.
[p] *felt*] i. e. hat.
[q] *properest*] i. e. handsomest.
[r] *hose*] i. e. breeches.

Thou that [art] slave to sixpence, base-metall'd villain!

Rog. Sixpence? nay, that's not so; I never took under two shillings fourpence: I hope I know my fee.

Bel. I know not against which most to inveigh,
For both of you are damn'd so equally.
Thou never spar'st for oaths, swear'st any thing,
As if thy soul were made of shoe-leather:
God damn me, gentleman, if she be within!
When in the next room she's found dallying.

Rog. If it be my vocation to swear, every man in his vocation: I hope my betters swear, and damn themselves; and why should not I?

Bel. Roger, you cheat kind gentlemen.

Rog. The more gulls they.

Bel. Slave, I cashier thee.

Mis. F. And[r] you do cashier him, he shall be entertained.

Rog. Shall I? then blurt[s] a' your service!

Bel. As hell would have it, entertain'd by you! I dare the devil himself to match those two. [*Exit.*

Mis. F. Marry gup, are you grown so holy, so pure, so honest, with a pox?

Rog. Scurvy, honest punk! But stay, madonna, how must our agreement be now? for, you know, I am to have all the comings-in at the hall-door, and you at the chamber-door.

Mis. F. True, Roger, except my vails.

Rog. Vails? what vails?

Mis. F. Why as thus: if a couple come in a coach, and light to lie down a little, then, Roger, that's my fee, and you may walk abroad, for the coachman himself is their pander.

[r] *And*] i. e. if. [s] *blurt*] See note, p. 30.

Roc. Is 'a so? in truth, I have almost forgot, for want of exercise. But how if I fetch this citizen's wife to that gull, and that madonna to that gallant, how then?

Mis. F. Why then, Roger, you are to have six-pence a lane; so many lanes, so many sixpences.

Roc. Is't so? then I see we two shall agree, and live together.

Mis. F. Ay, Roger, so long as there be any taverns and bawdy-houses in Milan. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Chamber in BELLAFRONT'S *House.*

BELLAFRONT *discovered sitting, with a lute; pen, ink, and paper on a table before her.*

BEL. *The courtier's flattering jewels,* [*Sings.*
Temptation's only fuels,
The lawyer's ill-got moneys,
That suck up poor bees' honeys,
The citizen's son's riot,
The gallant['s] costly diet,
Silks and velvets, pearls and ambers,
Shall not draw me to their chambers.
Silks and velvets, &c. [*She writes.*

O 'tis in vain to write! it will not please.
Ink on this paper would ha' but presented
The foul black spots that stick upon my soul,
And rather made[1] me loathsomer, than wrought
My love's impression in Hippolito's thought:
No, I must turn the chaste leaves of my breast,
And pick out some sweet means to breed my rest.
Hippolito, believe me, I will be
As true unto thy heart as thy heart to thee,
And hate all men, their gifts and company!

[1] *made*] Old eds. "make."

Enter MATHEO, CASTRUCHIO, FLUELLO, *and* PIORATTO.

MAT. You, goody punk, *subaudi* cockatrice,[1] O you're a sweet whore of your promise, are you not, think you? how well you came to supper to us last night! mew, a whore, and break her word! nay, you may blush and hold down your head at it well enough: 'sfoot, ask these gallants if we stayed not till we were as hungry as sergeants.

FLU. Ay, and their yeomen too.

CAS. Nay, faith, acquaintance, let me tell you, you forgat yourself too much: we had excellent cheer, rare vintage, and were drunk after supper.

PIO. And when we were in our woodcocks, sweet rogue, a brace of gulls, dwelling here in the city, came in and paid all the shot.

MAT. Pox on her! let her alone.

BEL. O, I pray, do, if you be gentlemen!
I pray, depart the house: beshrew the door
For being so easily entreated! faith,
I lent but little ear unto your talk;
My mind was busied otherwise, in troth,
And so your words did unregarded pass:
Let this suffice,—I am not as I was.

FLU. I am not what I was? no, I'll be sworn thou art not; for thou wert honest at five, and now thou'rt a punk at fifteen; thou wert yesterday a simple whore, and now thou'rt a cunning, cony-catching[2] baggage to-day.

BEL. I'll say I'm worse; I pray, forsake me then: I do desire you leave me, gentlemen,

[1] *cockatrice*] A cant term for a harlot: so in *The Family of Love*, vol. ii. p. 148, "Love, *subaudi* lust"—another parallelism which shews the hand of Middleton in the present play: see notes, pp. 40, 55.

[2] *cony-catching*] See note, p. 16.

And leave yourselves: O be not what you are,
Spendthrifts of soul and body!
Let me persuade you to forsake all harlots,
Worse than the deadliest poisons; they are worse,
For o'er their souls hangs an eternal curse.
In being slaves to slaves, their labours perish;
They're seldom blest with fruit, for ere it blossoms
Many a worm confounds it;
They have no issue but foul ugly ones,
That run along with them e'en to their graves,
For, 'stead of children, they breed rank diseases;
And all you gallants can bestow on them
Is that French infant, which ne'er acts, but speaks.
What shallow son and heir, then, foolish gallant[s],
Would waste all his inheritance to purchase
A filthy, loath'd disease, and pawn his body
To a dry evil? that usury's worst of all,
When th' interest will eat out the principal.

MAT. 'Sfoot, she gulls 'em the best! this is always her fashion when she would be rid of any company that she cares not for, to enjoy mine alone. [*Aside.*

FLU. What's here? instructions, admonitions, and caveats? come out, you scabbard of vengeance!

MAT. Fluello, spurn your hounds when they fist,[v] you shall not spurn my punk, I can tell you: my blood is vexed.

FLU. Pox a' your blood! make it a quarrel.

MAT. You're a slave! will that serve turn?

PIO.[w] 'Sblood, hold, hold!

CAS. Matheo, Fluello, for shame, put up!

MAT. Spurn my sweet varlet?

[v] *fist*]—or, as several eds. have, *foist*—i. e. stink.

[w] *Pio.*] Old eds. "*Omnes:*" but Castruchio is the next speaker; and Bellafront, it should seem, has no share in the present speech.

Bel. O how many thus,
Mov'd with a little folly, have let out
Their souls in brothel-houses! fell down and died
Just at their harlot's foot, as 'twere in pride!

Flu. Matheo, we shall meet.

Mat. Ay, ay; any where saving at church; pray, take heed we meet not there.

Flu. Adieu, damnation!

Cas. Cockatrice, farewell!

Pio. There's more deceit in women than in hell.

[*Exeunt* Castruchio, Fluello, *and* Pioratto.

Mat. Ha, ha, thou dost gull 'em so rarely, so naturally! if I did not think thou hadst been in earnest! thou art a sweet rogue for't, i'faith.

Bel. Why are not you gone too, signor Matheo? I pray, depart my house: you may believe me; In troth, I have no part of harlot in me.

Mat. How's this?

Bel. Indeed, I love you not, but hate you worse Than any man, because you were the first Gave money for my soul: you brake the ice, Which after turn'd a puddle; I was led By your temptation to be miserable. I pray, seek out some other that will fall, Or rather, I pray, seek out none at all.

Mat. Is't possible to be impossible—an honest whore? I have heard many honest wenches turn strumpets with a wet finger:[x] but for a harlot to turn honest is one of Hercules' labours; it was more easy for him in one night to make fifty queans, than to make one of them honest again in fifty years. Come, I hope thou dost but jest.

Bel. 'Tis time to leave off jesting; I had almost

[x] *wet finger*] See note, p. 10.

Jested away salvation: I shall love you,
If you will soon forsake me.

MAT. God be wi' thee![7]

BEL. O, tempt no more women! shun their weighty curse!
Women at best are bad, make them not worse.
You gladly seek our sex's overthrow,
But not to raise our states. For all your wrongs,
Will you vouchsafe me but due recompense,
To marry with me?

MAT. How, marry with a punk, a cockatrice, a harlot? marry, foh; I'll be burnt thorough the nose first.

BEL. Why, la, these are your oaths! you love to undo us,
To put heaven from us, whilst our best hours waste;
You love to make us lewd, but never chaste.

MAT. I'll hear no more of this, this ground upon,
Thou'rt damn'd for altering thy religion. [*Exit.*

BEL. Thy lust and sin speak so much: go thou, my ruin,
The first fall my soul took! By my example,
I hope few maidens now will put their heads
Under men's girdles: who least trusts is most wise:
Men's oaths do cast a mist before our eyes.
My best of wit be ready! now I go
By some device to greet Hippolito. [*Exit.*

[7] *God be wi' thee*] Old eds. "God buy thee," and "God bwith thee."

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Chamber in HIPPOLITO's *House.*

Enter a Servant.

SER. So, this is Monday morning; and now must I to my huswifery. [*Sets out a table, and places on it a skull, a picture of* INFELICE, *a book, and a taper.*] Would I had been created a shoemaker! for all the gentle craft are gentlemen every Monday by their copy, and scorn then to work one true stitch. My master means sure to turn me into a student; for here's my book, here my desk, here my light, this my close chamber, and here my punk: so that this dull drowzy first day of the week makes me half a priest, half a chandler, half a painter, half a sexton, ay, and half a bawd; for all this day my office is to do nothing but keep the door. To prove it, look you, this good face and yonder gentleman, so soon as ever my back's turned, will be naught together.

Enter HIPPOLITO.

HIP. Are all the windows shut?

SER. Close, sir, as the fist of a courtier that hath stood in three reigns.

HIP. Thou art a faithful servant, and observ'st
The calendar both of my solemn vows
And ceremonious sorrow. Get thee gone:
I charge thee on thy life, let not the sound
Of any woman's voice pierce through that door.

SER. If they do, my lord, I'll pierce some of them. What will your lordship have to breakfast?

HIP. Sighs.

SER. What to dinner?

Hip. Tears.

Ser. The one of them, my lord, will fill you too full of wind, the other wet you too much. What to supper?

Hip. That which now thou canst not get me, the constancy of a woman.

Ser. Indeed, that's harder to come by than ever was Ostend.[z]

Hip. Prithee, away.

Ser. I'll make away myself presently, which few servants will do for their lords, but rather help to make them away.—Now to my door-keeping; I hope to pick something out of it. [*Aside, and exit.*

Hip. [*taking up* Infelice's *picture.*] My Infelice's face, her brow, her eye,
The dimple on her cheek! and such sweet skill
Hath from the cunning workman's pencil flown,
These lips look fresh and lively as her own,
Seeming to move and speak. 'Las, now I see
The reason why fond[a] women love to buy
Adulterate complexion! here 'tis read;
False colours last after the true be dead:
Of all the roses grafted on her cheeks,
Of all the graces dancing in her eyes,
Of all the music set upon her tongue,
Of all that was past woman's excellence
In her white bosom, look, a painted board
Circumscribes all! earth can no bliss afford,
Nothing of her, but this: this cannot speak;

[z] *Ostend*] "The siege of this place is frequently alluded to in our ancient writers. It was taken by the Marquis of Spinola on the 8th of September, 1604, after it had held out three years and ten weeks. See '*A True History of the memorable Siege of* Ostend, *and what passed on either side from the beginning of the Siege unto the yielding up of the town.*' 4to. 1604." Reed.

[a] *fond*] i. e. foolish.

It has no lap for me to rest upon,
No lip worth tasting; here the worms will feed,
As in her coffin: hence then, idle art!
True love's best pictur'd in a true-love's heart:
Here art thou drawn, sweet maid, till this be dead;
So that thou liv'st twice, twice art buried:
Thou figure of my friend, lie there. What's here?
[*Takes up the skull.*
Perhaps this shrewd pate was mine enemy's:
'Las, say it were, I need not fear him now!
For all his braves, his contumelious breath,
His frowns, though dagger-pointed, all his plot[s],
Though ne'er so mischievous, his Italian pills,
His quarrels, and that common fence, his law,
See, see, they're all eaten out! here's not left one:
How clean they're pick'd away to the bare bone!
How mad are mortals, then, to rear great names
On tops of swelling houses! or to wear out
Their fingers' ends in dirt, to scrape up gold!
Not caring, so that sumpter-horse the back
Be hung with gaudy trappings, with what coarse,
Yea, rags most beggarly, they clothe the soul:
Yet, after all, their gayness looks thus foul.
What fools are men to build a garish tomb,
Only to save the carcass whilst it rots,
To maintain't long in stinking, make good carrion,
But leave no good deeds to preserve them sound!
For good deeds keep men sweet long above ground.
And must all come to this? fools, wise, all hither?
Must all heads thus at last be laid together?
Draw me my picture then, thou grave neat workman,
After this fashion, not like this; these colours,
In time, kissing but air will be kiss'd off;
But here's a fellow, that which he lays on
Till doomsday alters not complexion:

Death's the best painter then: they that draw shapes,
And live by wicked faces, are but God's apes;
They come but near the life, and there they stay:
This fellow draws life too; his art is fuller,
The pictures which he makes are without colour.

Re-enter Servant.

SER. Here's a person would speak with you, sir.

HIP. Hah!

SER. A parson,[b] sir, would speak with you.

HIP. Vicar?

SER. Vicar! no, sir, has too good a face to be a vicar yet; a youth, a very youth.

HIP. What youth? of man or woman? lock the doors.

SER. If it be a woman, marrow-bones and potato-pies[c] keep me from[d] meddling with her, for the thing has got the breeches! 'tis a male varlet[e] sure, my lord, for a woman's tailor ne'er measured him.

HIP. Let him give thee his message, and be gone.

SER. He says he's signor Matheo's man; but I know he lies.

HIP. How dost thou know it?

SER. 'Cause he has ne'er a beard: 'tis his boy, I think, sir, whosoe'er paid for his nursing.

HIP. Send him, and keep the door.

[*Exit Servant.*

[b] *parson*] So old eds.—to mark how the servant was to pronounce the word.

[c] *potato-pies*] Potatoes were formerly esteemed a strong provocative: see the long and *instructive* note of Collins (i. e. Steevens) appended to *Troilus and Cressida*—Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), vol. viii. p. 450.

[d] *from*] Old eds. "for."

[e] *male varlet*] "So in *Troilus and Cressida*, act v. sc. 1: 'Thou art thought to be Achilles' *male varlet*.'" REED.

Fata[e] *si liceat mihi* [*Reads.*
Fingere arbitrio meo,
Temperem zephyro levi
Vela—

I'd sail, were I to choose, not in the ocean;
Cedars are shaken when shrubs do feel no bruise—

Enter BELLAFRONT *dressed as a page, with a letter.*

How, from Matheo?

BEL. Yes, my lord.

HIP. Art sick?

BEL. Not all in health, my lord.

HIP. Keep off.

BEL. I do.—

Hard fate when women are compell'd to woo! [*Aside.*

HIP. This paper does speak nothing.

BEL. Yes, my lord,
Matter of life it speaks, and therefore writ
In hidden character: to me instruction
My master gives, and, 'less you please to stay
Till you both meet, I can the text display.

HIP. Do so; read out.

BEL. I am already out:
Look on my face, and read the strangest story!

HIP. What, villain, ho!

Re-enter Servant.

SER. Call you, my lord?

HIP. Thou slave, thou hast let in the devil!

SER. Lord bless us, where? he's not cloven, my lord, that I can see; besides, the devil goes more like a gentleman than a page: good my lord, *buon coraggio!*

[e] *Fata*, &c.] From Seneca,—*Œdipus*, 882.

Hip. Thou hast let in a woman in man's shape,
And thou art damned for't.
Ser. Not damn'd, I hope,
For putting in a woman to a lord.
Hip. Fetch me my rapier—do not; I shall kill thee.
Purge this infected chamber of that plague
That runs upon me thus; slave, thrust her hence.
Ser. Alas, my lord, I shall never be able to thrust her hence without help!—Come, mermaid, you must to sea again.
Bel. Hear me but speak, my words shall be all music;
Hear me but speak. [*Knocking within.*
Hip. Another beats the door;
T'other she-devil! look.
Ser. Why, then, hell's broke loose.
Hip. Hence; guard the chamber; let no more come on; [*Exit Servant.*
One woman serves for man's damnation.—
Beshrew thee, thou dost make me violate
The chastest and most sanctimonious vow
That e'er was enter'd in the court of heaven!
I was, on meditation's spotless wings,[f]
Upon my journey thither: like a storm
Thou beats my ripen'd cogitations
Flat to the ground; and like a thief dost stand,
To steal devotion from the holy land.
Bel. If woman were thy mother—if thy heart
Be not all marble, or if't marble be,
Let my tears soften it, to pity me—
I do beseech thee, do not thus with scorn
Destroy a woman!

[f] *meditation's spotless wings*] "So in *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 1.
'Haste, let me know it; that I, with *wings* as swift
As *meditation*,'" &c. Reed.

Hip. Woman, I beseech thee,
Get thee some other suit, this fits thee not;
I would not grant it to a kneeling queen.
I cannot love thee, nor I must not: see
[*Points to* Infelice's *picture.*
The copy of that obligation,
Where my soul's bound in heavy penalties.
Bel. She's dead, you told me; she'll let fall her suit.
Hip. My vows to her fled after her to heaven:
Were thine eyes clear as mine, thou might'st behold her
Watching upon yon battlements of stars,
How I observe them. Should I break my bond,
This board would rive in twain, these wooden lips
Call me most perjur'd villain. Let it suffice,
I ha' set thee in the path: is't not a sign
I love thee, when with one so most most dear
I'll have thee fellow?[f] all are fellows there.
Bel. Be greater than a king; save not a body,
But from eternal shipwreck keep a soul:
If not, and that again sin's path I tread,
The grief be mine, the guilt fall on thy head!
Hip. Stay, and take physic for it; read this book;
Ask counsel of this head, what's to be done;
He'll strike it dead, that 'tis damnation
If you turn Turk again.[g] O do it not!
Though[h] heaven can not allure you to do well,
From doing ill let hell fright you: and learn this,
The soul whose bosom lust did never touch
Is God's fair bride, and maidens' souls are such:
The soul that, leaving chastity's white shore,
Swims in hot sensual streams, is the devil's whore.—

[f] *fellow*] Old eds. "fellowes."
[g] *turn Turk again*] "To turn *Turk* seems to have been a cant phrase for departing from the rules of chastity." Reed.
[h] *Though*] So some eds. First ed. "The."

Re-enter Servant with letter.

How now? who comes?

Ser. No more knaves,[i] my lord, that wear smocks: here's a letter from doctor Benedict; I would not enter his man, though he had hairs at his mouth, for fear he should be a woman, for some women have beards; marry, they are half witches.[j]—'Slid, you are a sweet youth to wear a codpiece,[k] and have no pins to stick upon't!

Hip. I'll meet the doctor, tell him: yet to-night I cannot; but at morrow rising sun
I will not fail. [*Exit Servant.*]—Go, woman; fare thee well. [*Exit.*

Bel. The lowest fall can be but into hell.
It does not move him; I must therefore fly
From this undoing city, and with tears
Wash off all anger from my father's brow:
He cannot sure but joy seeing me new born.
A woman honest first, and then turn whore,
Is, as with me, common to thousands more;
But from a strumpet to turn chaste, that sound
Has oft been heard, that woman hardly found.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter Fustigo, Crambo, *and* Poh.[l]

Fus. Hold up your hands, gentlemen: here's one, two, three [*giving money*]—nay, I warrant

[i] *knaves*, &c.] See note, vol. i. p. 436.

[j] *half witches*] "One of the distinguishing qualities of a witch is supposed to have been hair on her chin." Reed.

[k] *codpiece*, &c.] The custom of sticking pins in this part of the male dress is often mentioned by our early writers.

[l] *Poh*] "The name is *Poh*, as it is generally printed in the

they are sound pistols,[m] and without flaws; I had them of my sister, and I know she uses to put [up] nothing that's cracked—three, four, five, six, seven, eight, and nine: by this hand, bring me but a piece of his blood, and you shall have nine more. I'll lurk in a tavern not far off, and provide supper to close up the end of the tragedy. The linen-draper's, remember. Stand to't, I beseech you, and play your parts perfectly.

Cram. Look you, signor, 'tis not your gold that we weigh ——

Fus. Nay, nay, weigh it, and spare not; if it lack one grain of corn, I'll give you a bushel of wheat to make it up.

Cram. But by your favour, signor, which of the servants is it? because we'll punish justly.

Fus. Marry, 'tis the head man; you shall taste him by his tongue; a pretty, tall, prating fellow, with a Tuscalonian beard.

Poh. Tuscalonian? very good.

Fus. Cod's life, I was ne'er so thrummed since I was a gentleman; my coxcomb was dry-beaten, as if my hair had been hemp.

Cram. We'll dry-beat some of them.

Fus. Nay, it grew so high, that my sister cried murder out very manfully: I have her consent, in a manner, to have him peppered, else I'll not do't to win more than ten cheaters do at a rifling:[n]

edition of 1604, and as is evident from the way in which Fustigo plays upon it at the end of the scene. It has hitherto been misprinted *Poli.*" Collier.—In the first ed. of Dodsley's *Old Plays*, "*Puff.*"

[m] *sound pistols*] "I suppose Fustigo means the Spanish coin *pistoles.*" Steevens. What else could he mean? see Todd's Johnson's *Dict.* in v. *pistol.*

[n] *cheaters do at a rifling*] Minsheu, in his *Guide into the Tongues*, explains *rifling* to be "a kinde of game, where he

break but his pate or so, only his mazer,[o] because I'll have his head in a cloth as well as mine; he's a linen-draper, and may take enough. I could enter mine action of battery against him, but we may 'haps be both dead and rotten before the lawyers would end it.

Cram. No more to do but ensconce yourself i' th' tavern; provide no great cheer, a[p] couple of capons, some pheasants, plovers, an orangado pie, or so: but how bloody soe'er the day be, sally you not forth.

Fus. No, no; nay, if I stir, somebody shall stink; I'll not budge; I'll lie like a dog in a manger.

Cram. Well, well, to the tavern; let not our supper be raw, for you shall have blood enough, your bellyful.

Fus. That's all, so God sa' me, I thirst after; blood for blood, bump for bump, nose for nose, head for head, plaster for plaster; and so farewell. What shall I call your names? because I'll leave word, if any such come to the bar.

Cram. My name is corporal Crambo.

Poh. And mine, lieutenant Poh.

Cram. Poh is as tall[q] a man as ever opened oyster: I would not be the devil to meet Poh: farewell.

Fus. Nor I, by this light, if Poh be such a Poh.

[*Exeunt.*

that in casting doth throw most on the dice, takes up all that is laid down:" see note on Webster's *Works*, vol. iii. p. 246, where I have shewn that our old writers used *rifle* in the sense of *raffle*.

[o] *mazer*] i. e. head.

[p] *a*] So some eds. Not in first ed.

[q] *tall*] i. e. valiant.

SCENE III.

CANDIDO'S *Shop.*

Enter VIOLA *and two Prentices.*

VIO. What's a' clock now?

SEC. P. 'Tis almost twelve.

VIO. That's well;
The senate will leave wording presently:
But is George ready?

SEC. P. Yes, forsooth, he's furbish'd.

VIO. Now as you ever hope to win my favour,
Throw both your duties and respects on him
With the like awe as if he were your master:
Let not your looks betray it with a smile
Or jeering glance to any customer;
Keep a true settled countenance, and beware
You laugh not, whatsoe'er you hear or see.

SEC. P. I warrant you, mistress, let us alone for keeping our countenance; for, if I list, there's never a fool in all Milan shall make me laugh, let him play the fool never so like an ass, whether it be the fat court-fool or the lean city-fool.

VIO. Enough then; call down George.

SEC. P. I hear him coming.

VIO. Be ready with your legs[r] then, let me see
How courtesy would become him.—

Enter GEORGE *in* CANDIDO'S *apparel.*

Gallantly!
Beshrew my blood, a proper seemly man,
Of a choice carriage, walks with a good port!

GEO. I thank you, mistress; my back's broad enough, now my master's gown's on.

[r] *legs*] "i. e. bows." REED.

Vio. Sure I should think it were the least of sin
To mistake the master, and to let him in.
Geo. 'Twere a good Comedy of Errors[p] that, i'faith.
Sec. P. Whist, whist! my master.
Vio. You all know your tasks.—

Enter Candido,[q] *dressed as before in the carpet: he stares at* George, *and exit.*

God's my life, what's that he has got upon's back? who can tell?
Geo. That can I, but I will not.
Vio. Girt about him like a madman! what, has he lost his cloak too? This is the maddest fashion that e'er I saw. What said he, George, when he passed by thee?
Geo. Troth, mistress, nothing; not so much as a bee, he did not hum; not so much as a bawd, he did not hem; not so much as a cuckold, he did not ha; neither hum, hem, nor ha; only stared me in the face, past along, and made haste in, as if my looks had worked with him to give him a stool.
Vio. Sure he's vex'd now, this trick has mov'd his spleen;
He's anger'd now, because he utter'd nothing,
And wordless wrath breaks out more violent.
May be he'll strive for place when he comes down,
But if thou lov'st me, George, afford him none.

[p] *Comedy of Errors*] An allusion, probably, to Shakespeare's play of that name.

[q] *Enter Candido*] There appears to be an inconsistency here, which cannot be remedied by any division of the play into acts. Candido has just returned from the senate-house; yet since he left home (see p. 64) it should seem, from the intermediate scenes, that a night had elapsed.

Geo. Nay, let me alone to play my master's prize,[r] as long as my mistress warrants me: I'm sure I have his best clothes on, and I scorn to give place to any that is inferior in apparel to me; that's an axiom, a principle, and is observed as much as the fashion: let that persuade you then, that I'll shoulder with him for the upper hand in the shop as long as this chain will maintain it.

Vio. Spoke with the spirit of a master, though with the tongue of a prentice!—

Re-enter Candido *dressed as a prentice.*

Why, how now, madman? what, in your tricksi-coats?

Can. O peace, good mistress!—

Enter Crambo *and* Poh.[s]

See, what you lack?[t] what is't you buy? pure callicoes, fine hollands, choice cambrics, neat lawns: see, what you buy? pray, come near, my master will use you well, he can afford you a pennyworth.

Vio. Ay, that he can, out of a whole piece of lawn, i'faith.

Can. Pray, see your choice here, gentlemen.

Vio. O fine fool! what, a madman? a patient madman? who ever heard of the like! well, sir, I'll fit you and your humour presently: what, cross-points? I'll untie 'em all in a trice; I'll vex you, faith.—Boy, take your cloak; quick, come.

[*Exit with First Prentice.*

[r] *play my master's prize*] A quibble.—In the art of fencing there were three degrees,—a *Master's*, a Provost's, and a Scholar's, for each of which *a prize was played* publicly.

[s] *Poh*] See note, p. 81.

[t] *what you lack*] See note, p. 24.

CAN. Be cover'd,[t] George; this chain and welted gown[u]
Bare to this coat? then the world's upside down.
GEO. Umh, umh, hum.
CRAM. That's the shop,[v] and there's the fellow.
POH. Ay, but the master is walking in there.
CRAM. No matter; we'll in.
POH. 'Sblood, dost long to lie in limbo?
CRAM. And[w] limbo be in hell, I care not.
CAN. Look you, gentlemen, your choice: cambrics?
CRAM. No, sir, some shirting.
CAN. You shall.
CRAM. Have you none of this striped canvass for doublets?
CAN. None striped, sir, but plain.
SEC. P. I think there be one piece striped within.
GEO. Step, sirrah, and fetch it; hum, hum, hum.
[*Exit Sec. Prentice,*[x] *and returns with the piece.*
CAN. Look you, gentlemen,
I'll make but one spreading; here's a piece of cloth,
Fine, yet shall wear like iron, 'tis without fault;
Take this upon my word, 'tis without fault.
CRAM. Then 'tis better than you, sirrah.
CAN. Ay, and a number more. O that each soul
Were but as spotless as this innocent white,
And had as few breaks in it!
CRAM. 'Twould have some then:
There was a fray here last day in this shop.

[t] *Be cover'd*] i. e. put on your cap.
[u] *welted gown*] "Barret, in his *Alvearie*, voce *gard*, explains the word as synonymous with *purfle*, or *welt*. A *welted gown* is therefore one ornamented with purfles or fringe. They are often mentioned in ancient writers." REED.
[v] *the shop*] See note, p. 54. [w] *and*] i. e. if.
[x] *Exit Sec. Prentice*, &c.] Old eds. have no stage-direction here: qy. ought Candido to go out for the piece?

CAN. There was indeed a little flea-biting.

POH. A gentleman had his pate broke; call you that but a flea-biting?

CAN. He had so.

CRAM. Zounds, do you stand in't?

[*Strikes* CANDIDO.

GEO. 'Sfoot, clubs, clubs![y] prentices, down with 'em!—

Enter several Prentices with clubs, who disarm CRAMBO *and* POH.

Ah, you rogues, strike a citizen in's shop!

CAN. None of you stir, I pray; forbear, good George.

CRAM. I beseech you, sir; we mistook our marks; deliver us our weapons.

GEO. Your head bleeds, sir; cry, clubs!

CAN. I say you shall not; pray, be patient;
Give them their weapons.—Sirs, you're best be gone;
I tell you, here are boys more tough than bears:
Hence, lest more fists do walk about your ears.

CRAM. } We thank you, sir. [*Exeunt.*
POH. }

CAN. You shall not follow them;
Let them alone, pray: this did me no harm;
Troth, I was cold, and the blow made me warm;
I thank 'em for't: besides, I had decreed
To have a vein prick'd, I did mean to bleed,
So that there's money sav'd: they're honest men;
Pray, use 'em well when they appear agen.[z]

GEO. Yes, sir, we'll use 'em like honest men.

CAN. Ay, well said, George, like honest men, though they

[y] *clubs, clubs*] Was the cry to call forth the London prentices when any fray arose.

[z] *agen*] The old spelling of *again*, and necessary here for the rhyme.

Be arrant knaves; for that's the phrase[b] of the city.
Help to lay up these wares.

Re-enter VIOLA *and First Prentice, with Officers.*

VIO. Yonder he stands.
FIRST OFF. What, in a prentice-coat?
VIO. Ay, ay; mad, mad: pray, take heed.
CAN. How now?
What news with them? what make they with my wife?
Officers? is she attach'd?—Look to your wares.
VIO. He talks to himself: O, he's much gone indeed!
FIRST OFF. Pray, pluck up a good heart, be not so fearful.—
Sirs, hark, we'll gather to him by degrees.
VIO. Ay, ay, by degrees, I pray. O me, what makes he with the lawn in his hand? he'll tear all the ware in my shop.
FIRST OFF. Fear not, we'll catch him on a sudden.
VIO. O, you had need do so: pray, take heed of your warrant.
FIRST OFF. I warrant, mistress.—Now, signor Candido.
CAN. Now, sir, what news with you, sir?
VIO. What news with you? he says: O, he's far gone!
FIRST OFF. I pray, fear nothing; let's alone with him.—
Signor, you look not like yourself, methinks—
Steal you a' t'other side—you're chang'd, you're alter'd.
CAN. Chang'd, sir? why, true, sir. Is change strange? 'tis not
The fashion unless it alter: monarchs turn

[b] *phrase*] So ed. 1605. Other eds. "praise."

To beggars, beggars creep into the nests
Of princes, masters serve their prentices,
Ladies their serving-men, men turn to women.

FIRST OFF. And women turn to men.

CAN. Ay, and women turn to men, you say true; ha, ha! a mad world, a mad world!

[*Officers seize* CANDIDO.

FIRST OFF. Have we caught you, sir?

CAN. Caught me? well, well, you have caught me.

VIO. He laughs in your faces.

GEO. A rescue, prentices! my master's catch-poll'd.

FIRST OFF. I charge you, keep the peace, or have your legs
Garter'd with irons! we have from the duke
A warrant strong enough for what we do.

CAN. I pray, rest quiet; I desire no rescue.

VIO. La, he desires no rescue; 'las, poor heart,
He talks against himself!

CAN. Well, what's the matter?

FIRST OFF. Look to that arm;

[*Officers bind* CANDIDO.

Pray, make sure work, double the cord.

CAN. Why, why!—

VIO. Look how his head goes! should he get but loose,
O, 'twere as much as all our lives were worth!

FIRST OFF. Fear not, we'll make all sure for our own safety.

CAN. Are you at leisure now? well, what's the matter?
Why do I enter into bonds thus, ha?

FIRST OFF. Because you're mad, put fear upon your wife.

VIO. O ay; I went in danger of my life every minute.

CAN. What, am I mad, say you, and I not know it?
FIRST OFF. That proves you mad, because you know it not.
VIO. Pray, talk as little to him as you can;
You see he's too far spent.
CAN. Bound with strong cord!
A sister's[c] thread, i'faith, had been enough
To lead me any where.—Wife, do you long?
You are mad too, or else you do me wrong.
GEO. But are you mad indeed, master?
CAN. My wife says so,
And what she says, George, is all truth, you know.—
And whither now? to Bethlem Monastery?
Ha, whither?
FIRST OFF. Faith, e'en to the madmen's pound.
CAN. A' God's name! still I feel my patience sound. [*Exeunt Officers with* CANDIDO.
GEO. Come, we'll see whither he goes: if the master be mad, we are his servants, and must follow his steps; we'll be mad-caps too.—Farewell, mistress; you shall have us all in Bedlam.
[*Exeunt* GEORGE *and Prentices.*
VIO. I think I ha' fitted now you and your clothes.
If this move not his patience, nothing can;
I'll swear then I've a saint, and not a man. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Grounds near the Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke, BENEDICT, FLUELLO, CASTRUCHIO, *and* PIORATTO.

DUKE. Give us a little leave.—
[*Exeunt* FLUELLO, CASTRUCHIO, *and* PIORATTO.
Doctor, your news.

[c] *sister's*] In Dodsley's *Old Plays*, "silver."

Ben. I sent for him, my lord: at last he came,
And did receive all speech that went from me
As gilded pills made to prolong his health:
My credit with him wrought it; for some men
Swallow even empty hooks, like fools that fear
No drowning where 'tis deepest, 'cause 'tis clear.
In th' end we sat and eat: a health I drank
To Infelice's sweet departed soul;
This train I knew would take.
Duke. 'Twas excellent.
Ben. He fell with such devotion on his knees,
To pledge the same ——
Duke. Fond, superstitious fool!
Ben. That had he been inflam'd with zeal of prayer
He could not pour't out with more reverence.
About my neck he hung, wept on my cheek,
Kiss'd it, and swore he would adore my lips,
Because they brought forth Infelice's name.
Duke. Ha, ha! alack, alack!
Ben. The cup he lifts up high, and thus he said,
Here, noble maid!—drinks, and was poisonèd.
Duke. And died?
Ben. And died, my lord.
Duke. Thou in that word
Hast piec'd mine aged hours out with more years
Than thou hast taken from Hippolito.
A noble youth he was; but lesser branches,
Hindering the greater's growth, must be lopt off,
And feed the fire. Doctor, we're now all thine,
And use us so; be bold.
Ben. Thanks, gracious lord!—
My honour'd lord ——
Duke. Hum.
Ben. I do beseech your grace to bury deep
This bloody act of mine.

DUKE. Nay, nay, for that,
Doctor, look you to't, me it shall not move;
They're curs'd that ill do, not that ill do love.
BEN. You throw an angry forehead on my face;
But be you pleas'd backward thus far[d] to look,
That for your good this evil I undertook ——
DUKE. Ay, ay, we conster[e] so.
BEN. And only for your love.
DUKE. Confess'd; 'tis true.
BEN. Nor let it stand against me as a bar,
To thrust me from your presence; nor believe,
As princes have quick thoughts, that now my finger
Being dipt in blood, I will not spare the hand,
But that for gold—as what can gold not do?—
I may be hir'd to work the like on you.
DUKE. Which to prevent ——
BEN. 'Tis from my heart as far ——
DUKE. No matter, doctor: 'cause I'll fearless sleep,
And that you shall stand clear of that suspicion,
I banish thee for ever from my court.
This principle is old, but true as fate,
Kings may love treason, but the traitor hate. [*Exit.*
BEN. Is't so? Nay, then, duke, your stale principle
With one as stale the doctor thus shall quit,—
He falls himself that digs another's pit.—

Enter Servant.

How now? where is he? will he meet me?
SER. Meet you, sir? he might have met with three fencers in this time, and have received less hurt than by meeting one doctor of physic. Why, sir, has walked under the old Abbey-wall yonder

[d] *far*] So several eds. First ed. "for."
[e] *conster*] See note, p. 64.

this hour, till he's more cold than a citizen's country-house in Janivere.[f] You may smell him behind, sir: la, you, yonder he comes.

BEN. Leave me.

SER. I' th' lurch, if you will. [*Exit.*

Enter HIPPOLITO.

BEN. O my most noble friend!

HIP. Few but yourself
Could have entic'd me thus to trust the air
With my close sighs. You sent[g] for me; what news?

BEN. Come, you must doff this black; dye that pale cheek
Into his own colour; go, attire yourself
Fresh as a bridegroom when he meets his bride.
The duke has done much treason to thy love;
'Tis now revealed, 'tis now to be reveng'd:
Be merry, honour'd friend! thy lady lives.

HIP. What lady?

BEN. Infelice; she's reviv'd:
Reviv'd? alack, death never had the heart
To take breath from her!

HIP. Umh, I thank you, sir:
Physic prolongs life when it cannot save;
This helps not my hopes, mine are in their grave:
You do some wrong to mock me.

BEN. By that love
Which I have ever borne you, what I speak
Is truth; the maiden lives: that funeral,
Duke's tears, the mourning, was all counterfeit;
A sleepy draught cozen'd the world and you:
I was his minister; and then chamber'd up,
To stop discovery.

HIP. O treacherous duke!

[f] *Janivere*] i. e. January.
[g] *sent*] So several eds. First ed. "send."

Ben. He cannot hope so certainly for bliss
As he believes that I have poison'd you.
He woo'd me to't; I yielded, and confirm'd him
In his most bloody thoughts.
Hip. A very devil!
Ben. Her did he closely coach to Bergamo;
And thither ——
Hip. Will I ride: stood Bergamo
In the low countries of black hell, I'll to her.
Ben. You shall to her, but not to Bergamo.
How passion makes you fly beyond yourself!
Much of that weary journey I ha' cut off;
For she by letters hath intelligence
Of your supposed death, her own interment,
And all those plots which that false duke her father
Has wrought against you; and she'll meet you —
Hip. O, when?
Ben. Nay, see, how covetous are your desires!
Early to-morrow morn.
Hip. O where, good father?
Ben. At Bethlem Monastery. Are you pleas'd now?
Hip. At Bethlem Monastery? the place well fits;
It is the school where those that lose their wits
Practise again to get them. I am sick
Of that disease; all love is lunatic.
Ben. We'll steal away this night in some disguise.
Father Anselmo, a most reverend friar,
Expects our coming; before whom we'll lay
Reasons so strong, that he shall yield in bands[h]
Of holy wedlock to tie both your hands.
Hip. This is such happiness,
That to believe it, 'tis impossible.
Ben. Let all your joys then die in misbelief;
I will reveal no more.

[h] *bands*] So ed. 1605. Other eds. "bonds."

HIP. O yes, good father!
I am so well acquainted with despair,
I know not how to hope; I believe all.
BEN. We'll hence this night: much must be done, much said;
But if the doctor fail not in his charms,
Your lady shall ere morning fill these arms.
HIP. Heavenly physician! far thy fame shall spread,
That mak'st two lovers speak when they be dead.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Hall in the Duke's Palace.

Enter VIOLA *with a petition, and* GEORGE.

VIO. O watch, good George, watch which way the duke comes!
GEO. Here comes one of the butterflies; ask him.

Enter PIORATTO.

VIO. Pray, sir, comes the duke this way?
PIO. He's upon coming, mistress.
VIO. I thank you, sir. [*Exit* PIORATTO.]—George, are there many mad folks where thy master lies?
GEO. O yes, of all countries some; but especially mad Greeks,[1] they swarm. Troth, mistress, the world is altered with you; you had not wont to stand thus with a paper, humbly complaining: but you're well enough served. Provender pricked you, as it does many of our city wives besides.
VIO. Dost think, George, we shall get him forth?

[1] *mad Greeks*] He alludes to the common expression, "as mad as a Greek:" see Gifford's excellent note on B. Jonson's *Works*, vol. iii. p. 261.

Geo. Truly, mistress, I cannot tell; I think you'll hardly get him forth. Why, 'tis strange! 'sfoot, I have known many women that have had mad rascals to their husbands, whom they would belabour by all means possible to keep 'em in their right wits; but of a woman to long to turn a tame man into a madman, why, the devil himself was never used so by his dam.

Vio. How does he talk, George? ha, good George, tell me.

Geo. Why, you're best go see.

Vio. Alas, I am afraid!

Geo. Afraid? you had more need be ashamed; he may rather be afraid of you.

Vio. But, George, he's not stark mad, is he? he does not rave? he's not horn-mad, George, is he?

Geo. Nay, I know not that; but he talks like a justice of peace of a thousand matters, and to no purpose.

Vio. I'll to the monastery. I shall be mad till I enjoy him; I shall be sick till I see him; yet when I do see him, I shall weep out mine eyes.

Geo. I'd fain see a woman weep out her eyes; that's as true as to say a man's cloak burns when it hangs in the water. I know you'll weep, mistress; but what says the painted cloth?[j]

Trust not a woman when she cries,
For she'll pump water from her eyes
With a wet finger,[k] *and in faster showers*
Than April when he rains down flowers.

Vio. Ay, but, George, that painted cloth is wor-

[j] *painted cloth*] Is explained by Reed, in a note on this passage, to mean tapestry-hangings; but it was something more common and less expensive, viz. cloth or canvass painted in oil with a variety of devices, and verses interspersed: see Nares's *Gloss.* in v.

[k] *With a wet finger*] See note, p. 10.

thy to be hanged up for lying: all women have not tears at will, unless they have good cause.

Geo. Ay, but, mistress, how easily will they find a cause! and as one of our cheese-trenchers[k] says, very learnedly,

As out of wormwood bees suck honey,
As from poor clients lawyers firk money,
As parsley from a roasted cony,
So, though the day be ne'er so sunny,
If wives will have it rain, down then it drives;
The calmest husbands make the stormiest wives.

Vio. Tame,[l] George; but I ha' done storming now.

Geo. Why, that's well done: good mistress, throw aside this fashion of your humour; be not so fantastical in wearing it; storm no more, long no more: this longing has made you come short of many a good thing that you might have had from my master. Here comes the duke.

Enter Duke, Fluello, Pioratto, *and* Sinezi.

Vio. O, I beseech you, pardon my offence,
In that I durst abuse your grace's warrant!
Deliver forth my husband, good my lord.

Duke. Who is her husband?

Flu. Candido, my lord.

Duke. Where is he?

Vio. He's among the lunatics.
He was a man made up without a gall;
Nothing could move him, nothing could convert
His meek blood into fury; yet, like a monster,
I often beat at the most constant rock
Of his unshaken patience, and did long
To vex him.

[k] *cheese-trenchers*] See note, vol. i. p. 31.
[l] *Tame*] Qy. "True?"

Duke. Did you so?
Vio. And for that purpose
Had warrant from your grace to carry him
To Bethlem Monastery, whence they will not free him
Without your grace's hand, that sent him in.
Duke. You have long'd fair; 'tis you are mad, I fear;
It's fit to fetch him thence, and keep you there.
If he be mad, why would you have him forth?
Geo. And[m] please your grace, he's not stark mad, but only talks like a young gentleman, somewhat fantastically; that's all: there's a thousand about your court, city, and country, madder than he.
Duke. Provide a warrant, you shall have our hand.
Geo. Here's a warrant ready drawn, my lord.
Duke.[n] Get pen and ink, get pen and ink.
[*Exit* George.

Enter Castruchio.

Cas. Where is my lord the duke?
Duke. How now? more madmen?
Cas. I have strange news, my lord.
Duke. Of what? of whom?
Cas. Of Infelice and a marriage.
Duke. Ha! where? with whom?
Cas. Hippolito.

Re-enter George *with pen and ink.*

Geo. Here, my lord.
Duke. Hence with that woman! void the room!
Flu. Away! the duke's vexed.

[m] *And*] i. e. if.
[n] *Duke*] So some eds. First ed. "Cast."

Geo. Whoop! come, mistress, the duke's mad too. [*Exeunt* Viola *and* George.

Duke. Who told me that Hippolito was dead?

Cas. He that can make any man dead, the doctor. But, my lord, he's as full of life as wildfire, and as quick: Hippolito, the doctor, and one more, rid hence this evening; the inn at which they light is Bethlem Monastery; Infelice comes from Bergamo, and meets them there. Hippolito is mad, for he means this day to be married: the afternoon is the hour, and friar Anselmo is the knitter.

Duke. From Bergamo! is't possible? it cannot be, It cannot be.

Cas. I will not swear, my lord;
But this intelligence I took from one
Whose brains work[n] in the plot.

Duke. What's he?

Cas. Matheo.

Flu. Matheo knows all.

Pio. He's Hippolito's bosom.

Duke. How far stands Bethlem hence?

Cas. }
Flu., &c.[o] } Six or seven miles.

Duke. Is't so?[p] not married till the afternoon?
Stay, stay, let's work out some prevention. How?
This is most strange; can none but madmen serve
To dress their wedding-dinner? All of you
Get presently to horse, disguise yourselves
Like country gentlemen,
Or riding citizens, or so; and take
Each man a several path, but let us meet
At Bethlem Monastery, some space of time

[n] *work*] So several eds. First ed. "workes."
[o] *Cas., Flu., &c.*] Old eds. "*Omnes.*"
[p] *Is't so*, &c.] So several eds. First ed.
"*Ist* euen *so, not maried till the afternoone* you say."

Being spent between the arrival each of other,
As if we came to see the lunatics.
To horse; away! be secret, on your lives:
Love must be punish'd that unjustly thrives.
[*Exeunt all except* FLUELLO.

FLU. Be secret, on your lives? Castruchio,
You're but a scurvy spaniel. Honest lord!
Good lady! zounds, their love is just, 'tis good;
And I'll prevent you, though I swim in blood.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in Bethlem Monastery.

Enter ANSELMO, HIPPOLITO, MATHEO, *and* INFELICE.

HIP. Nay, nay, resolve,[p] good father, or deny.
AN. You press me to an act both full of danger
And full of happiness; for I behold
Your father's frowns, his threats, nay, perhaps death
To him that dare do this: yet, noble lord,
Such comfortable beams break through these clouds
By this blest marriage, that, your honour'd word
Being pawn'd in my defence, I will tie fast
The holy wedding knot.
HIP. Tush, fear not the duke.
AN. O son,
Wisely to fear is to be free from fear.
HIP. You have our words, and you shall have
our lives,
To guard you safe from all ensuing danger.
MAT. Ay, ay, chop 'em up and away.
AN. Stay: when is't fit for me, safest for you,
To entertain this business?
HIP. Not till the evening.

[p] *resolve*] i. e. satisfy—consent.

An. Be't so: there is a chapel stands hard by,
Upon the west end of the abbey-wall;
Thither convey yourselves; and when the sun
Hath turn'd his back upon this upper world,
I'll marry you; that done, no thundering voice
Can break the sacred bond: yet, lady, here
You are most safe.

Inf. Father, your love's most dear.

Mat. Ay, well said; lock us into some little room by ourselves, that we may be mad for an hour or two.

Hip. O good Matheo, no! let's make no noise.

Mat. How? no noise? do you know where you are? 'sfoot, amongst all the madcaps in Milan; so that to throw the house out at window will be the better, and no man will suspect that we lurk here to steal mutton.[p] The more sober we are, the more scurvy 'tis; and though the friar tell us that here we are safest, I'm not of his mind; for if those lay here that had lost their money, none would ever look after them: but here are none but those that have lost their wits; so that if hue and cry be made, hither they'll come; and my reason is, because none goes to be married till he be stark mad.

Hip. Muffle yourselves; yonder's Fluello.

Enter Fluello.

Mat. Zounds!

Flu. O my lord, these cloaks are not for this rain! the tempest is too great: I come sweating to tell you of it, that you may get out of it.

Mat. Why, what's the matter?

Flu. What's the matter! you have mattered it fair: the duke's at hand.

[p] *to steal mutton*] "i. e. to steal a wench. *Mutton*, in the language of the times, signified a *fille de joie*." Reed.

ALL. The duke!
FLU. The very duke.
HIP. Then all our plots
Are turn'd upon our heads, and we're blown up
With our own underminings. 'Sfoot, how comes he?
What villain durst betray our being here?
FLU. Castruchio; Castruchio told the duke, and Matheo here told Castruchio.
HIP. Would you betray me to Castruchio?
MAT. 'Sfoot, he damned himself to the pit of hell if he spake on't again.
HIP. So did you swear to me; so were you damn'd.
MAT. Pox on 'em, and there be no faith in men, if a man shall not believe oaths. He took bread and salt,[q] by this light, that he would never open his lips.
HIP. O God, O God!
AN. Son, be not desperate,
Have patience; you shall trip your enemy down
By his own slights.[r]—How far is the duke hence?
FLU. He's but new set out: Castruchio, Pioratto, and Sinezi, come along with him; you have time enough yet to prevent[s] them, if you have but courage.
AN. You shall steal secretly into the chapel,
And presently be married. If the duke
Abide here still, spite of ten thousand eyes
You shall 'scape hence like friars.
HIP. O blest disguise![t] O happy man!
AN. Talk not of happiness, till your closed hand

[q] *He took bread and salt*] i. e. he swore: bread and salt, according to ancient custom, were eaten by those who took oaths.
[r] *slights*] i. e. artifices.
[s] *prevent*] i. e. anticipate.
[t] *disguise*] So several eds. First ed. "disguisde."

Have her by th' forehead like the lock of time.
Be nor too slow nor hasty, now you climb
Up to the tower of bliss; only be wary
And patient, that's all. If you like my plot,
Build and despatch; if not, farewell, then not.

HIP. O yes, we do applaud it! we'll dispute
No longer, but will hence and execute.
Fluello, you'll stay here; let us be gone.
The ground that frighted[u] lovers tread upon
Is stuck with thorns.

AN. Come, then, away: 'tis meet,
To escape those thorns, to put on winged feet.

[*Exeunt* ANSELMO, HIPPOLITO, *and* INFELICE.

MAT. No words, pray,[v] Fluello, for't stands us upon.

FLU. O sir, let that be your lesson!

[*Exit* MATHEO.

Alas, poor lovers! on what hopes and fears
Men toss themselves for women! when she's got,
The best has in her that which pleaseth not.

Enter the Duke, CASTRUCHIO, PIORATTO, *and* SINEZI, *from different sides, muffled.*

DUKE. Who's there?

CAS. My lord!

DUKE. Peace, send that lord away;
A lordship will spoil all: let's be all fellows.
What's he?

CAS. Fluello; or else Sinezi, by his little legs.

FLU. } All friends, all friends.
PIO. }
SIN. }

[u] *frighted*] So several eds. First ed. "fraighted."

[v] *pray*] So several eds. First ed. "I *pray*"—but qy. ought we to read,

MAT. No words, Fluello, for't stands us upon.
FLU. O sir, I pray, let that be your lesson!

Duke. What? met upon the very point of time!
Is this the place?
Pio. This is the place, my lord.
Duke. Dream you on lordships? come, no more lords, pray.
You have not seen these lovers yet?
All. Not yet.
Duke. Castruchio, art thou sure this wedding feat
Is not till afternoon?
Cas. So 'tis given out, my lord.
Duke. Nay, nay, 'tis like; thieves must observe their hours;
Lovers watch minutes like astronomers.
How shall the interim hours by us be spent?
Flu. Let's all go see the madmen.
Cas. }
Pio. } Mass, content.
Sin. }

Enter a Sweeper.[w]

Duke. O, here comes one; question him, question him.

Flu. How now, honest fellow? dost thou belong to the house?

Sweep. Yes, forsooth, I am one of the implements; I sweep the madmen's rooms, and fetch straw for 'em, and buy chains to tie 'em, and rods to whip 'em. I was a mad wag myself here once; but I thank father Anselmo, he lashed me into my right mind again.

Duke. Anselmo is the friar must marry them; Question him where he is.

[w] *Enter a Sweeper*] Old eds. have, "*Enter* Towne like *a sweeper*," and prefix "Towne" to his speeches,—and so in Dodsley's *Old Plays!* Towne was the name of the actor who played this part: there were two performers so called,—John and Thomas Towne: see Collier's *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.*, vol. i. pp. 318, 351.

Cas. And where is father Anselmo now?

Sweep. Marry, he's gone but e'en now.

Duke. Ay, well done.—Tell me, whither is he gone?

Sweep. Why, to God a'mighty.

Flu. Ha, ha! this fellow is a fool, talks idly.

Pio. Sirrah, are all the mad folks in Milan brought hither?

Sweep. How, all? there's a wise question indeed! why, if all the mad folks in Milan should come hither, there would not be left ten men in the city.

Duke. Few gentlemen or courtiers here, ha?

Sweep. O yes, abundance, abundance! lands no sooner fall into their hands but straight they run out a' their wits: citizens' sons and heirs are free of the house by their fathers' copy: farmers' sons come hither like geese, in flocks; and when they ha' sold all their corn-fields, here they sit and pick the straws.

Sin. Methinks you should have women here as well as men.

Sweep. O ay, a plague on 'em, there's no ho with them;[x] they are madder than March-hares.

Flu. Are there no lawyers here amongst you?

Sweep. O no, not one; never any lawyer: we dare not let a lawyer come in, for he'll make 'em mad faster than we can recover 'em.

Duke. And how long is't ere you recover any of these?

Sweep. Why, according to the quantity of the moon that's got into 'em. An alderman's son will be mad a great while, a very great while, especially if his friends left him well; a whore will hardly

[x] *there's no ho with them*] "i. e. there are no bounds or restraints with them." Reed.—They are not to be restrained by a call, or *ho!* The expression is common.

come to her wits again; a puritan, there's no hope of him, unless he may pull down the steeple, and hang himself i' th' bell-ropes.

FLU. I perceive all sorts of fish come to your net.

SWEEP. Yes, in truth, we have blocks[y] for all heads; we have good store of wild oats here: for the courtier is mad at the citizen, the citizen is mad at the countryman,[z] the shoemaker is mad at the cobbler, the cobbler at the carman, the punk is mad that the merchant's wife is no whore, the merchant's wife is mad that the punk is so common a whore. God's-so, here's father Anselmo! pray, say nothing that I tell tales out of the school.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter ANSELMO *and Servants.*

ALL. God bless you, father!

AN. Thank you, gentlemen.

CAS. Pray, may we see some of those wretched souls
That here are in your keeping?

AN. Yes, you shall;
But, gentlemen, I must disarm you then:
There are of madmen, as there are of tame,
All humour'd not alike: we have here some
So apish and fantastic, play with a feather;
And, though 'twould grieve a soul to see God's image
So blemish'd and defac'd, yet do they act
Such antic and such pretty lunacies,
That, spite of sorrow, they will make you smile:
Others again we have like hungry lions,
Fierce as wild bulls, untameable as flies;

[y] *blocks*] i. e. hats—a not unfrequent sense of the word: properly, the moulds on which the crowns of hats were formed.

[z] *countryman*] So several eds. First ed. "countrymen."

And these have oftentimes from strangers' sides
Snatch'd rapiers suddenly, and done much harm;
Whom if you'll see, you must be weaponless.

ALL. With all our hearts.

[*Giving their weapons to* ANSELMO.

AN. Here, take these weapons in.—

[*Exit Servant with weapons.*

Stand off a little, pray; so, so, 'tis well.
I'll shew you here a man that was sometimes
A very grave and wealthy citizen;
Has serv'd a prenticeship to this misfortune,
Been here seven years, and dwelt in Bergamo.

DUKE. How fell he from his wits?

AN. By loss at sea.
I'll stand aside, question him you alone;
For if he spy me, he'll not speak a word,
Unless he's throughly vex'd.

Opens a door and then retires: enter First Madman wrapt in a net.[2]

FLU. Alas, poor soul!

CAS. A very old man.

DUKE. God speed, father!

FIRST MAD. God speed the plough! thou shalt not speed me.

PIO. We see you, old man, for all you dance in a net.

FIRST MAD. True, but thou wilt dance in a halter, and I shall not see thee.

AN. O, do not vex him, pray!

CAS. Are you a fisherman, father?

[2] *Opens a door*, &c.] Old eds. have, "*Discouers an old man wrapt in a net*," but prefix "*First Madman*" to his speeches. That he comes out, and is not merely shewn in his cell, is evident from what Anselmo afterwards says to the servant,—"Take him in there."

First Mad. No, I'm neither fish nor flesh.

Flu. What do you with that net, then?

First Mad. Dost not see, fool, there's a fresh salmon in't? If you step one foot further, you'll be over shoes, for you see I'm over head and ears[w] in the salt water: and if you fall into this whirlpool where I am, you're drowned, you're a drowned rat!—I am fishing here for five ships, but I cannot have a good draught, for my net breaks still, and breaks; but I'll break some of your necks, and[x] I catch you in my clutches. Stay, stay, stay, stay, stay: where's the wind, where's the wind, where's the wind, where's the wind? Out, you gulls, you goosecaps, you gudgeon-eaters! do you look for the wind in the heavens? ha, ha, ha, ha! no, no! look there, look there, look there! the wind is always at that door: hark, how it blows! puff, puff, puff!

All. Ha, ha, ha!

First Mad. Do you laugh at God's creatures? do you mock old age, you rogues? is this grey beard and head counterfeit, that you cry ha, ha, ha?—Sirrah, art not thou my eldest son?

Pio. Yes indeed, father.

First Mad. Then thou'rt a fool; for my eldest son had a polt foot,[y] crooked legs, a verjuice face, and a pear-coloured[z] beard: I made him a scholar, and he made himself a fool.—Sirrah, thou there! hold out thy hand.

Duke. My hand? well, here 'tis.

First Mad. Look, look, look, look! has he not long nails and short hair?

[w] *ears*] So ed. 1635. Other eds. "ear." [x] *and*] i. e. if.

[y] *a polt foot*] "Seems to be the same we now call *a splay foot*." Reed. Rather, a club-foot.

[z] *pear-coloured*] i. e. red.

Flu. Yes, monstrous short hair and abominable long nails.

First Mad. Ten-penny nails, are they not?

Flu. Yes, ten-penny nails.

First Mad. Such nails had my second boy.—Kneel down, thou varlet, and ask thy father's blessing. Such nails had my middlemost son, and I made him a promoter;[a] and he scraped, and scraped, and scraped, till he got the devil and all: but he scraped thus, and thus, and thus, and it went under his legs, till at length a company of kites, taking him for carrion, swept up all, all, all, all, all, all, all. If you love your lives, look to yourselves! see, see, see, see, the Turk's galleys are fighting with my ships! bounce go[b] the guns! O—O, cry the men! rumble, rumble go the waters! alas, there, 'tis sunk, 'tis sunk! I am undone, I am undone! you are the damned pirates have undone me, you are, by th' lord, you are, you are!—stop 'em—you are!

An. Why, how now, sirrah? must I fall to tame you?

First Mad. Tame me? no; I'll be madder than a roasted cat. See, see, I am burnt with gunpowder! these are our close fights!

An. I'll whip you, if you grow unruly thus.

First Mad. Whip me? out, you toad! whip me? what justice is this, to whip me because I'm a beggar? Alas, I am a poor man, a very poor man! I am starved, and have had no meat, by this light, ever since the great flood; I am a poor man.

An. Well, well, be quiet, and you shall have meat.

First Mad. Ay, ay, pray, do; for, look you,

[a] *promoter*] i. e. informer.
[b] *go*] Old eds. "goes."

here be my guts; these are my ribs, you may look through my ribs; see how my guts come out! these are my red guts, my very guts, O, O!

AN. Take him in there.

[*Servants remove First Madman.*

FLU. } A very piteous sight.
PIO., *&c.* }

CAS. Father, I see you have a busy charge.

AN. They must be us'd like children; pleas'd with toys,
And anon whipt for their unruliness.
I'll shew you now a pair quite different
From him that's gone; he was all words; and these,
Unless you urge 'em, seldom spend their speech,
But save their tongues.

Opens another door, from which enter Second and Third Madmen.

La, you; this hithermost
Fell from the happy quietness of mind
About a maiden that he lov'd, and died:
He follow'd her to church, being full of tears,
And as her body went into the ground,
He fell stark mad. That is a married man,
Was jealous of a fair, but, as some say,
A very virtuous wife; and that spoil'd him.

THIRD MAD. All these are whoremongers, and lay with my wife: whore, whore, whore, whore, whore!

FLU. Observe him.

THIRD MAD. Gaffer shoemaker, you pulled on my wife's pumps, and then crept into her pantofles:[b] lie there, lie there!—This was her tailor. You cut out her loose-bodied gown, and put in a yard more than I allowed her: lie there, by the shoemaker.

[b] *pantofles*] A sort of slippers.

—O master doctor, are you here? you gave me a purgation, and then crept into my wife's chamber to feel her pulses; and you said, and she said, and her maid said, that they went pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat: doctor, I'll put you anon into my wife's urinal.—Heigh, come aloft, Jack![c] This was her schoolmaster, and taught her to play upon the virginals;[d] and still his jacks leapt up, up. You pricked her out nothing but bawdy lessons; but I'll prick you all! fiddler—doctor—tailor—shoemaker,—shoemaker—fiddler—doctor—tailor!—so! lie with my wife again, now!

Cas. See how he notes the other now he feeds.

Third Mad. Give me some porridge.

Sec. Mad. I'll give thee none.

Third Mad. Give me some porridge.

Sec. Mad. I'll not give thee a bit.

Third Mad. Give me that flap-dragon.[e]

Sec. Mad. I'll not give thee a spoonful: thou liest, it's no dragon; 'tis a parrot that I bought for my sweetheart, and I'll keep it.

Third Mad. Here's an almond for parrot.[f]

Sec. Mad. Hang thyself!

[c] *come aloft, Jack*] The exclamation of a master to an ape that had been taught to tumble and play tricks.

[d] *virginals; and still his jacks*, &c.] The virginals was an instrument of the spinnet kind: for a correct description of it, see Nares's *Gloss.* in v.—In a note on the Second Part of this drama Steevens cites from Bacon, "In a *virginal* as soon as ever the *jack* falleth and toucheth the string, the sound ceaseth."

[e] *flap-dragon*] See note, vol. i. p. 66.

[f] *an almond for parrot*] "The title of a pamphlet [by Nash], called, '*An Almond for a Parrot, or Cuthbert Curry-knaves Almes.*' B. L., no date, is here alluded to." Reed.—There is no such allusion. The expression, "an almond for parrot," is old (it occurs in Skelton), and by no means uncommon. See my note on Webster's *Works*, vol. iii. p. 122.

THIRD MAD. Here's a rope for parrot.[f]

SEC. MAD. Eat it, for I'll eat this.

THIRD MAD. I'll shoot at thee, and[g] thou't give me none.

SEC. MAD. Wu't thou?

THIRD MAD. I'll run a tilt at thee, and thou't give me none.

SEC. MAD. Wu't thou? do, and thou darest.

THIRD MAD. Bounce!

SEC. MAD. O—O, I am slain! murder, murder, murder! I am slain; my brains are beaten out.

AN. How now, you villains!—Bring me whips—I'll whip you.

SEC. MAD. I am dead! I am slain! ring out the bell, for I am dead.

DUKE. How will you do now, sirrah? you ha' kill'd him.

THIRD MAD. I'll answer't at sessions. He was eating of almond-butter, and I longed for't: the child had never been delivered out of my belly, if I had not killed him. I'll answer't at sessions, so my wife may be burnt i' th' hand too.

AN. Take 'em in both; bury him, for he's dead.

SEC. MAD. Ay, indeed, I am dead; put me, I pray, into a good pit-hole.

THIRD MAD. I'll answer't at sessions.

[*Servants remove Second and Third Madmen.*

Enter BELLAFRONT.

AN. How now, huswife? whither gad you?

[f] *a rope for parrot*] Another proverbial expression. Taylor, the water-poet, has an epigram beginning,

"Why doth the Parrat cry a Rope, a Rope?
Because hee's cag'd in prison out of hope."

Epigrams, p. 265—*Workes*, 1630.

[g] *and*] i. e. if.

Bel. A nutting, forsooth.—How do you, gaffer? —how do you, gaffer?—there's a French curtsey for you too.

Flu. 'Tis Bellafront!

Pio. 'Tis the punk, by th' lord!

Duke. Father, what's she, I pray?

An. As yet I know not:
She came in but[g] this day; talks little idly,
And therefore has the freedom of the house.

Bel. Do not you know me?—nor you?—nor you?—nor you?

All. No, indeed.

Bel. Then you are an ass—and you are an ass —and you are an ass; for I know you.

An. Why, what are they? come, tell me, what are they?

Bel. They're fish-wives: will you buy any gudgeons? God's-santy,[h] yonder come friars! I know them too.—

Re-enter Hippolito, Matheo, *and* Infelice, *disguised as friars.*

How do you, friar?

An. Nay, nay, away; you must not trouble friars.—
The duke is here, speak nothing.

Bel. Nay, indeed, you shall not go; we'll run at barley-break[i] first, and you shall be in hell.

[g] *in but*] So several eds. First ed. "but in."

[h] *God's-santy*] "See a note on *The Merchant of Venice*, vol. iii. p. 157, edit. 1778, [where Steevens says, 'Perhaps it was once customary to swear by the *santé*, i. e. *health*, of the Supreme Being,' &c.] Perhaps, however, *God's-santy* is only a corruption of *God's sanctity*, or *God's saints*." Steevens.

[i] *barley-break*] Or the *last couple in hell*,—was a game played by six people, three of each sex, who were coupled by lot: see Gifford's description of it,—note on Massinger's *Works*, vol. i. p. 104, ed. 1813.

MAT. My punk turn'd mad whore, as all her fellows are!

HIP. Speak nothing; but steal hence when you spy time.

AN. I'll lock you up, if you're unruly: fie!

BEL. Fie? marry, foh! they shall not go, indeed, till I ha' told 'em their fortunes.

DUKE. Good father, give her leave.

BEL. Ay, pray, good father, and I'll give you my blessing.

AN. Well, then, be brief; but if you're thus unruly,
I'll have you lock'd up fast.

PIO. Come, to their fortunes.

BEL. Let me see; one, two, three, and four. I'll begin with the little friar[1] first. Here's a fine hand indeed! I never saw friar have such a dainty hand: here's a hand for a lady! Here's your fortune:
You love a friar better than a nun;
Yet long you'll love no friar nor no friar's son.
Bow a little:
The line of life is out; yet, I'm afraid,
For all you're holy, you'll not die a maid.
God give you joy!—
Now to you, friar Tuck.[1]

MAT. God send me good luck!

BEL. You love one, and one loves you;
You're a false knave, and she's a Jew.
Here is a dial that false ever goes ——

MAT. O, your wit drops.

BEL. Troth, so does your nose.—
Nay, let's shake hands with you too; pray, open: here's a fine hand!

[1] *little friar*] i. e., of course, Infelice:—in Dodsley's *Old Plays*, "*little* finger!"

[1] *friar Tuck*] The famous chaplain of Robin Hood.

Ho, friar, ho! God be here!
So he had need; you'll keep good cheer.
Here's a free table,[k] but a frozen breast,
For you'll starve those that love you best;
Yet you've good fortune, for if I'm no liar,
Then you're no friar, nor you, nor you, no friar.
Haha, haha! [*Discovers them.*

DUKE. Are holy habits cloaks for villany?
Draw all your weapons!

HIP. Do; draw all your weapons!

DUKE. Where are your weapons? draw!

CAS. }
PIO., *&c.* } The friar has gull'd us of 'em.

MAT. O rare trick!
You ha' learnt one mad point of arithmetic.

HIP. Why swells your spleen so high? against what bosom
Would you your weapons draw? her's? 'tis your daughter's;
Mine? 'tis your son's.

DUKE. Son?

MAT. Son, by yonder sun!

HIP. You cannot shed blood here but 'tis your own;
To spill your own blood were damnation.
Lay smooth that wrinkled brow, and I will throw
Myself beneath your feet:
Let it be rugged still and flinted o'er,
What can come forth but sparkles, that will burn
Yourself and us? She's mine; my claim's most good;
She's mine by marriage, though she's yours by blood.

[k] *table*] A quibble. *Table* meant the palm of the hand.

An. [*kneeling*] I have a hand,[l] dear lord, deep in this act,
For I foresaw this storm, yet willingly
Put forth to meet it. Oft have I seen a father
Washing the wounds of his dear son in tears,
A son to curse the sword that struck his father,
Both slain i' th' quarrel of your families.
Those scars are now ta'en off; and I beseech you
To seal our pardon! All was to this end,
To turn the ancient hates of your two houses
To fresh green friendship, that your loves might look
Like the spring's forehead, comfortably sweet,
And your vex'd souls in peaceful union meet.
Their blood will now be yours, yours will be theirs,
And happiness shall crown your silver hairs.

Flu. You see, my lord, there's now no remedy.

Cas. } Beseech your lordship!
Pio., *&c.* }

Duke. You beseech fair; you have me in place fit
To bridle me.—Rise, friar; you may be glad
You can make mad men tame, and tame men mad.
Since fate hath conquer'd, I must rest content;
To strive now would but add new punishment.
I yield unto your happiness; be blest;
Our families shall henceforth breathe in rest.

All. O happy change!

Duke. Yours now is my content;[m]
I throw upon your joys my full consent.

Bel. Am not I a good girl for finding the friar in the well? God's-so, you are a brave man! will not you buy me some sugar-plumbs, because I am so good a fortune-teller?

[l] *I have a hand*, &c.] Given in old eds. as a continuation of Hippolito's speech.

[m] *content*] First two eds. "consent" in both lines. Other eds. "consent" in first line and "content" in second.

DUKE. Would thou hadst wit, thou pretty soul, to ask,
As I have will to give!

BEL. Pretty soul? a pretty soul is better than a pretty body.—Do not you know my pretty soul? I know you: is not your name Matheo?

MAT. Yes, lamb.

BEL. Baa, lamb! there you lie, for I am mutton.[m]—Look, fine man! he was mad for me once, and I was mad for him once, and he was mad for her once; and were you never mad? yes, I warrant. I had a fine jewel once, a very fine jewel, and that naughty man stole it away from me,—a very fine jewel.

DUKE. What jewel, pretty maid?

BEL. Maid? nay, that's a lie. O, 'twas a very rich jewel, called a maidenhead! and had not you it, leerer?

MAT. Out, you mad ass, away!

DUKE. Had he thy maidenhead?
He shall make thee amends, and marry thee.

BEL. Shall he? O brave Arthur of Bradley then![n]

DUKE. And if he bear the mind of a gentleman, I know he will.

MAT. I think I rifled her of some such paltry jewel.

DUKE. Did you? then marry her; you see the wrong
Has led her spirits into a lunacy.

MAT. How? marry her, my lord? 'sfoot, marry a mad woman! let a man get the tamest wife he

[m] *mutton*] See note, p. 102.

[n] *O brave Arthur of Bradley*] "An allusion to the old ballad of that name, which is printed in 'An antidote against melancholy, made up in pills, 1661.'"—REED.

can come by, she'll be mad enough afterward, do what he can.

DUKE. Nay, then, father Anselmo here shall do his best
To bring her to her wits: and will you then?

MAT. I cannot tell: I may choose.

DUKE. Nay, then, law shall compel: I tell you, sir,
So much her hard fate moves me, you should not breathe
Under this air, unless you married her.

MAT. Well, then, when her wits stand in their right place, I'll marry her.

BEL. I thank your grace.—Matheo, thou art mine.
I am not mad, but put on this disguise
Only for you, my lord; for you can tell
Much wonder of me: but you are gone; farewell.
Matheo, thou didst first turn my soul black,
Now make it white again. I do protest,
I'm pure as fire now, chaste as Cynthia's breast.

HIP. I durst be sworn, Matheo, she's indeed.

MAT. Cony-catch'd![o] gull'd! must I sail in your fly-boat
Because I help'd to rear your mainmast first?
Plague 'found[p] you for't! 'Tis well;
The cuckold's stamp goes current in all nations;
Some men have horns given them at their creations;
If I be one of those, why, so, it's better
To take a common wench, and make her good,
Than one that simpers, and at first will scarce
Be tempted forth over the threshold door,
Yet in one se'nnight, zounds, turns arrant whore.

[o] *cony-catch'd*] See note, p. 16.
[p] *'found*] i. e. confound.

Come, wench, thou shalt be mine; give me thy golls,[p]
We'll talk of legs hereafter.—See, my lord!
God give us joy!

ALL. God give you joy!

Enter VIOLA *and* GEORGE.

GEO. Come, mistress, we are in Bedlam now; mass, and see, we come in pudding-time, for here's the duke.

VIO. My husband, good my lord!

DUKE. Have I thy husband?

CAS. It's Candido, my lord; he's here among the lunatics.—Father Anselmo, pray, fetch him forth. [*Exit* ANSELMO.]—This mad woman is his wife; and though she were not with child, yet did she long most spitefully to have her husband mad; and because she would be sure he should turn Jew, she placed him here in Bethlem. Yonder he comes!

Re-enter ANSELMO *with* CANDIDO.

DUKE. Come hither, signor: are you mad?

CAN. You are not mad.

DUKE. Why, I know that.

CAN. Then may you know I am not mad, that know
You are not mad, and that you are the duke.
None is mad here but one.—How do you, wife?
What do you long for now?—Pardon, my lord;
She had lost her child's nose else: I did cut out
Pennyworths of lawn, the lawn was yet mine own;
A carpet was my[q] gown, yet 'twas mine own;
I wore my man's coat, yet the cloth mine own;
Had a crack'd crown, the crown was yet mine own:

[p] *golls*] See note, p. 23.
[q] *was my*] So several eds. First ed. "*was* yet *my*."

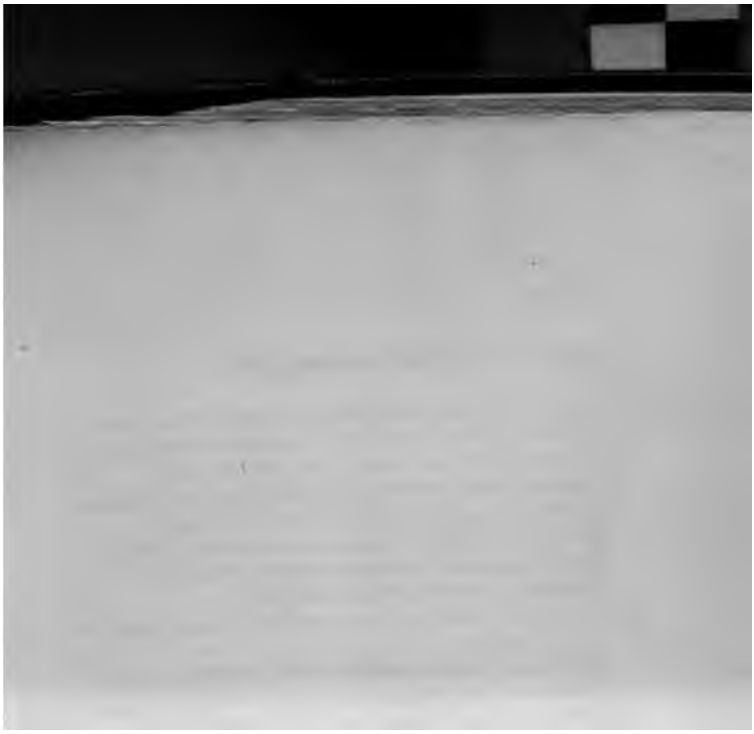
She says for this I'm mad: were her words true,
I should be mad indeed. O foolish skill![q]
Is patience madness? I'll be a madman still.
Vio. Forgive me, and I'll vex your spirit no more.
[*Kneels.*
Duke. Come, come, we'll have you friends; join hearts, join hands.
Can. See, my lord,[r] we are even.—.
Nay, rise; for ill deeds kneel unto none but heaven.
Duke. Signor, methinks patience has laid on you
Such heavy weight, that you should loathe it ——
Can. Loathe it?
Duke. For he whose breast is tender, blood so cool
That no wrongs heat it, is a patient fool:
What comfort do you find in being so calm?
Can. That which green wounds receive from sovereign balm.
Patience, my lord! why, 'tis the soul of peace;
Of all the virtues 'tis nearest kin to heaven;
It makes men look like gods. The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer,
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,
The first true gentleman that ever breath'd.
The stock of patience, then, cannot be poor;
All it desires it has; what monarch more?
It is the greatest enemy to law
That can be; for it doth embrace all wrongs,
And so chains up lawyers' and women's tongues:
'Tis the perpetual prisoner's liberty,
His walks and orchards: 'tis the bond-slave's freedom,

[q] *skill*] i. e. reason.
[r] *See, my lord*, &c.] An imperfect couplet: see note, p. 52.

And makes him seem proud of each iron chain,
As though he wore it more for state than pain:
It is the beggars' music, and thus sings,
Although their bodies beg, their souls are kings:
O my dread liege! it is the sap of bliss,
Rears us aloft, makes men and angels kiss:
And, last of all, to end a household strife,
It is the honey 'gainst a waspish wife.

DUKE. Thou giv'st it lively colours: who dare say
He's mad whose words march in so good array?
'Twere sin all women should such husbands have,
For every man must then be his wife's slave:
Come, therefore, you shall teach our court to shine;
So calm a spirit is worth a golden mine.
Wives with meek husbands that to vex them long,
In Bedlam must they dwell, else dwell they wrong.

[*Exeunt omnes.*



THE HONEST WHORE.

(PART SECOND.)

The Second Part of the Honest Whore, With the Humors of the Patient Man, the Impatient Wife: the Honest Whore, perswaded by strong Arguments to turne Curtizan againe: her braue refuting those Arguments. And lastly, the Comicall Passages of an Italian Bridewell, where the Scæne ends. Written by Thomas Dekker. London, Printed by Elizabeth All-de, for Nathaniel Butter, An. Dom. 1630. 4to.

No earlier impression than that of 1630 is known to exist. It has been reprinted in the second and third editions of Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. iii.; and, as there given, is perhaps the most wretchedly edited drama in the English language.

It was licensed by Sir George Bucke, 29th April, 1608: see Chalmers's *Suppl. Apol.* p. 202 (where it is by mistake called "the *convicted*," instead of the "converted Courtisan, or Honest Whore"). As Middleton certainly wrote a portion of the First Part of this play (see p. 3 of the present vol.), there is every reason to believe that he was concerned in the composition of the Second Part.

Because the title-page makes no mention of its having been represented on the stage, Langbaine very unnecessarily concludes that it was never acted. "The passage," he continues, "between the Patient Man and his Impatient Wife's going to fight for the Breeches, with the happy Event, is exprest by Sr. John Harrington in Verse. See his Epigrams at the end of *Orlando Furioso*, Book 1. Epigr. 16." *Acc. of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 122. The epigram in question is as follows:

"OF A HOUSEHOLD FRAY FRIENDLY ENDED.

A man and wife stroue earst who should be masters,
And hauing chang'd between them houshold speeches,
The man in wrath brought forth a paire of wasters,[a]
And swore those 2 should proue who ware the breeches.
She that could breake his head yet giue him plasters,
Accepts the challenge, yet withall beseeches
That shee (as weakest) then might strike the first,
And let him ward, and after doe his worst.

He swore that should be so, as God should blesse him,
And close he laid him to the sured locke.

---

[a] *wasters*] i. e. cudgels.

Shee flourishing as though she would not misse him,
Laid downe her cudgell, and with witty mocke
She told him for his kindnes she would kisse him
That now was sworne to giue her neuer knock:
You sware, said she, I should the first blow giue,
And I sweare I'le neuer strike you while I liue.

Ah flattring slut, said he, thou dar'st not fight!
I am no larke, quoth she, man doe not dare me,[b]
Let me point time and place, as 'tis my right
By law of challenge, and then neuer spare me.
Agreed, said he. Then rest (quoth she) to night;
To-morrow, at Cuckolds hauen, I'le prepare me.
Peace, wife, said he, wee'le cease all rage and rancor,
Ere in that Harbor I will ride at Ancor."

"Although Harington's Epigrams," says the last editor of Dodsley's *Old Plays*, "were not printed in an entire state until 1618 (see Ritson's *Bibl. Poet.* 236), yet many of them were written when their author (who died in 1612) was a very young man. It seems probable that the incident was founded upon the epigram; for though Sir John Harington borrowed from the Latin and Italian, he most likely would not steal from an English play, especially when it appears that his originality had been attacked."

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[b] *I am no larke . . . doe not dare me*] To *dare larks* meant to catch larks by *terrifying* them with a hawk, a mirror, &c.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GASPARO TREBAZZI, *duke of Milan.*
HIPPOLITO, *a count, husband to Infelice.*
ORLANDO FRISCOBALDO,[c] *father to Bellafront.*
MATHEO, *husband to Bellafront.*
CANDIDO, *a linen-draper.*
LODOVICO SFORZA.
BERALDO.
CAROLO.
FONTINELL.
ASTOLFO.
ANTONIO GEORGIO, *a poor scholar.*
BRYAN, *an Irish footman.*
BOTS, ***a pander.***
Masters of Bridewell, Prentices, Servants, &c.

INFELICE, *wife to Hippolito.*
BELLAFRONT, *wife to Matheo.*
CANDIDO'S *Bride.*
MISTRESS HORSELEECH, *a bawd.*
DOROTHEA TARGET,
PENELOPE WHOREHOUND,
CATHERINA BOUNTINALL, } *harlots.*

Scene, MILAN.

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[c] *Friscobaldo*] Ought, properly, to be written *Frescobaldo;* but I have not altered the orthography of the old ed., because Matheo says to him, "I'll *frisco* you," act iv. sc. 1; and when Lodovico (forgetting to address him by his assumed name of Pacheco) calls him "Friscobaldo," he replies, "*Frisking* again?" act iv. sc. 2.

THE SECOND PART

OF

THE HONEST WHORE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Hall in HIPPOLITO'S *House.*

On one side enter BERALDO, CAROLO, FONTINELL, *and* ASTOLFO, *with Serving-men or Pages attending; on the other side enter* LODOVICO.

LOD. Good day, gallants.

ALL. Good morrow, sweet Lodovico.

LOD. How dost thou, Carolo?

CAR. Faith, as physicians do in a plague; see the world sick, and am well myself.

FON. Here's a sweet morning, gentlemen.

LOD. O, a morning to tempt Jove from his ningle[c] Ganymede; which is but to give dairy-wenches green gowns as they are going a-milking. What, is thy lord stirring yet?

AST. Yes; he will not be horsed this hour, sure.

BER. My lady swears he shall, for she longs to be at court.

[c] *ningle*] See note, vol. ii. p. 498.

CAR. O, we shall ride switch and spur: would we were there once!

Enter BRYAN.

LOD. How now, is thy lord ready?

BRY. No, so crees sa' me; my lady will have some little ting in her pelly first.

CAR. O, then they'll to breakfast.

LOD. Footman, does my lord ride i' th' coach with my lady, or on horseback?

BRY. No, foot, la, my lady will have me lord sheet wid her; my lord will sheet in de one side, and my lady sheet in de toder side. [*Exit.*

LOD. My lady sheet in de toder side! did you ever hear a rascal talk so like a pagan? is't not strange that a fellow of his star should be seen here so long in Italy, yet speak so from a Christian?

Enter ANTONIO *with a book.*

AST. An Irishman in Italy! that so strange? why, the nation have running heads.[d]

LOD. Nay, Carolo, this is more strange; I ha' been in France, there's few of them; marry, England they count a warm chimney-corner, and there they swarm like crickets to the crevice of a brew-house; but, sir, in England I have noted one thing.

AST. } What's that, what's that of England?
BER., *&c.*[e] }

LOD. Marry this, sir;—what's he yonder?

BER. A poor fellow would speak with my lord.

LOD. In England, sir—troth I ever laugh when I think on't, to see a whole nation should be marked

[d] *running heads*] Opposite these words is a stage-direction in old ed. "*Exchange Walke*"—meaning, I presume, that they were to walk up and down while they talked.

[e] *Ast., Ber., &c.*] Old ed. here and afterwards, "*Omnes.*"

i' th' forehead, as a man may say, with one iron—why, sir, there all costermongers[f] are Irishmen.

Car. O, that's to shew their antiquity, as coming from Eve, who was an apple-wife, and they take after the mother.

Ast. } Good, good! ha, ha!
Ber., &c. }

Lod. Why, then, should all your chimney-sweepers likewise be Irishmen? answer that now; come, your wit.

Car. Faith, that's soon answered; for saint Patrick,[g] you know, keeps purgatory; he makes the fire, and his countrymen could do nothing if they cannot sweep the chimneys.

Ast. } Good again!
Ber., &c. }

Lod. Then, sir, have you many of them, like this fellow, especially those of his hair, footmen to noblemen and others,[h] and the knaves are very faithful where they love; by my faith, very proper

[f] *costermongers*] "Sellers of apples." Reed.

[g] *saint Patrick, &c.*] Saint Patrick's Purgatory was a cavern in the southern part of the county of Donegall, much frequented by pilgrims: see a long note concerning it, by Reed, on Heywood's *Four P's*,—Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. i. p. 59, last ed.; also the prefatory matter to *Owain Miles*, in a very interesting volume, containing that and other pieces of early poetry, edited by Mr. W. B. D. D. Turnbull and Mr. D. Laing, Edinb. 1837.

[h] *footmen to noblemen and others*] When this play was written many English "noblemen and others" had Irish running footmen in their service. So in *Cupid's Whirligig*, ed. 1616, "Come, thou hast such a running wit, 'tis like *an Yrish foote boy*," sig. E 3; in Brathwait's *Strappado for the Diuell*, 1615,

"For see those thin breech *Irish lackies* runne," p. 191;

and in Dekker's *English Villanies six several times prest to death by the printers*, &c., 1632, "The Deuils *foote-man* was very nimble of his heeles, for *no wild Irish-man could outrunne him*,"

men many of them, and as active as the clouds,—whirr, hah!

AST. }
BER., *&c.* } Are they so?

LOD. And stout, exceeding stout; why, I warrant this precious wild villain, if he were put to't, would fight more desperately than sixteen Dunkirks.[h]

AST. The women, they say, are very fair.

LOD. No, no; our country bona-robas,[i] O, are the sugarest delicious rogues!

AST. O look, he has a feeling of them!

LOD. Not I, I protest: there's a saying when they commend nations; it goes, the Irishman for his hand, [the] Welshman for a leg, the Englishman for a face, the Dutchman for [a] beard.

FON. I'faith, they may make swabbers[j] of them.

LOD. The Spaniard—let me see—for a little foot, I take it; the Frenchman,—what a pox hath he? and so of the rest. Are they at breakfast yet? come, walk.

AST. This Lodovico is a notable-tongued fellow.

FON. Discourses well.

BER. And a very honest gentleman.

AST. O, he's well valued by my lord.

Enter BELLAFRONT *with a petition.*

FON. How now, how now, what's she?

BER. Let's make towards her.

BEL. Will it be long, sir, ere my lord come forth?

sig. B 4. It appears (see note on *A Fair Quarrel*, act iv. sc. 4) that these Irish footmen used to carry "darts" in their hands.

[h] *Dunkirks*] i. e. privateers of Dunkirk. So Shirley,—"was ta'en at sea by *Dunkirks*,"—*Works*, vol. ii. p. 428.

[i] *bona-robas*] See note, vol. i. p. 258.

[j] *swabbers*] i. e. sweepers.

Ast. Would you speak with my lord?

Lod. How now, what's this? a nurse's bill? hath any here got thee with child, and now will not keep it?

Bel. No, sir, my business is unto my lord.

Lod. He's about his own wife['s] now; he'll hardly despatch two causes in a morning.

Ast. No matter what he says, fair lady; he's a knight, there's no hold to be taken at his words.

For. My lord will pass this way presently.

Ber. A pretty, plump rogue.

Ast. A good lusty, bouncing baggage.

Ber. Do you know her?

Lod. A pox on her, I was sure her name was in my table-book[1] once; I know not of what cut her die is now, but she has been more common than tobacco: this is she that had the name of the Honest Whore.

Ast. }
Ber., &c. } Is this she?

Lod. This is the blackamoor that by washing was turned white; this is the birding-piece new scoured; this is she that, if any of her religion can be saved, was saved by my lord Hippolito.

Ast. She has been a goodly creature.

Lod. She has been! that's the epitaph of all whores. I'm well acquainted with the poor gentleman her husband; lord, what fortunes that man has overreached! She knows not me, yet I have been in her company; I scarce know her, for the beauty of her cheek hath, like the moon, suffered strange eclipses since I beheld it: but women are like medlars, no sooner ripe but rotten:

[1] *table-book*] i. e. memorandum-book.

A woman last was made, but is spent first;
Yet man is oft prov'd in performance worst.

AST. BER., &c. } My lord is come.

Enter HIPPOLITO, INFELICE, *and two Waiting-women.*

HIP. We ha' wasted half this morning.—Morrow, Lodovico.

LOD. Morrow, madam.

HIP. Let's away to horse.

LOD. AST., &c. } Ay, ay, to horse, to horse.

BEL. I do beseech your lordship, let your eye
Read o'er this wretched paper!

HIP. I'm in haste;
Pray thee, good woman, take some apter time.

INF. Good woman, do.

BEL. O 'las, it does concern
A poor man's life!

HIP. Life, sweetheart?—Seat yourself;
I'll but read this and come.

LOD. What stockings have you put on this morning, madam? if they be not yellow,[k] change them; that paper is a letter from some wench to your husband.

INF. O sir, that cannot make me jealous.

[*Exeunt all except* HIPPOLITO, BELLAFRONT, *and* ANTONIO.

HIP. Your business, sir? to me?

[k] *if they be not yellow*, &c.] Lodovico means—it is time for you to be jealous: "Since Citizens wiues fitted their husbands with *yellow hose*, is not within the memory of man." Dekker's *Owles Almanacke*, 1618, p. 7. The word "yellows" was frequently used for jealousy.

An. Yes, my good lord.
Hip. Presently, sir.—Are you Matheo's wife?
Bel. That most unfortunate woman.
Hip. I am sorry
These storms are fallen on him; I love Matheo,
And any good shall do him; he and I
Have seal'd two bonds of friendship, which are strong
In me, however fortune does him wrong.
He speaks here he's condemn'd: is't so?
Bel. Too true.
Hip. What was he whom he kill'd? O, his name's here,
Old Giacomo, son to the Florentine;
Giacomo, a dog, that, to meet profit,
Would to the very eyelids wade in blood
Of his own children. Tell Matheo,
The duke my father hardly shall deny
His signèd pardon; it was fair fight, yes,
If rumour's tongue go true; so writes he here.
To-morrow morning I return from court;
Pray be you here then.—I'll have done, sir, straight.—
But in troth say, are you Matheo's wife?
You have forgot me.
Bel. No, my lord.
Hip. Your turner,
That made you smooth to run an even bias;
You know I lov'd you when your very soul
Was full of discord: art not a good wench still?
Bel. Umh,—when I had lost my way to heaven, you shew'd it;
I was new born that day.

Re-enter Lodovico.

Lod. 'Sfoot, my lord, your lady asks if you have

not left your wench yet? when you get in once, you never have done. Come, come, come, pay your old score, and send her packing; come.

HIP. Ride softly on before, I'll overtake you.

LOD. Your lady swears she'll have no riding on before without ye.

HIP. Prithee, good Lodovico——

LOD. My lord, pray hasten.

HIP. I come.— [*Exit* LODOVICO.

To-morrow let me see you; fare you well;
Commend me to Matheo. Pray, one word more;
Does not your father live about the court?

BEL. I think he does; but such rude spots of shame
Stick on my cheek, that he scarce knows my name.

HIP. Orlando Friscobaldo is't not?

BEL. Yes, my lord.

HIP. What does he for you?

BEL. All he should: when children
From duty start, parents from love may swerve:
He nothing does, for nothing I deserve.

HIP. Shall I join him unto you, and restore you
To wonted grace?

BEL. It is impossible.

HIP. It shall be put to trial: fare you well.
[*Exit* BELLAFRONT.

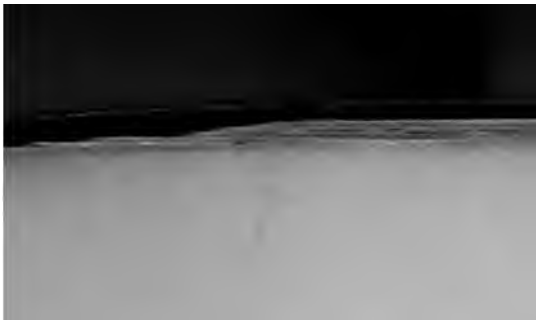
The face I would not look on![1] sure then 'twas rare,
When, in despite of grief, 'tis still thus fair.—
Now, sir, your business with me.

AN. I am bold
T' express my love and duty to your lordship
In these few leaves.

HIP. A book?

AN. Yes, my good lord.

[1] *The face I would not look on*] See p. 54.



Hip. Are you a scholar?
An. Yes, my lord, a poor one.
Hip. Sir, you honour me;
Kings may be scholars' patrons: but, faith, tell me
To how many hands besides hath this bird flown?
How many partners share with me?
An. Not one,
In troth, not one: your name I held more dear;
I'm not, my lord, of that low character.
Hip. Your name, I pray?
An. Antonio Georgio.
Hip. Of Milan?
An. Yes, my lord.
Hip. I'll borrow leave
To read you o'er, and then we'll talk: till then
Drink up this gold, good wits should love good wine; [*Gives money.*
This of your loves, the earnest that of mine.—

Re-enter Bryan.

How now, sir, where's your lady? not gone yet?
Bry. I fart di lady is run away from dee a mighty deal of ground; she sent me back for dine own sweet face; I pray dee come, my lord, away; wu't tow go now?
Hip. Is the coach gone? saddle my horse, the sorrel.
Bry. A pox a' de horse's nose! he is a lousy rascally fellow: when I came to gird his belly, his scurvy guts rumbled, di horse farted in my face, and dow knowest an Irishman cannot abide a fart: but I have saddled de hobby-horse; di fine hobby is ready; I pray dee, my good sweet lord, wi't tow go now, and I will run to de devil before dee?
Hip. Well, sir.—I pray let's see you, master scholar. [*Exit* Antonio.

BRY. Come, I pray dee; wu't come, sweet face? go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.

Enter LODOVICO, CAROLO, ASTOLFO, *and* BERALDO.

LOD. Godso, gentlemen, what do we forget?

CAR.
AST. } What?
BER.

LOD. Are not we all enjoined as this day—Thursday, is't not?—ay, as that day to be at the linen-draper's house at dinner?

CAR. Signor Candido, the patient man.

AST. Afore Jove, true; upon this day he's married.

BER. I wonder, that being so stung with a wasp before, he dares venture again to come about the eaves amongst bees.

LOD. O, 'tis rare sucking a sweet honeycomb! Pray heaven his old wife be buried deep enough, that she rise not up to call for her dance! the poor fiddlers' instruments would crack for it: she'd tickle them. At any hand, let's try what mettle is in his new bride: if there be none, we'll put in some. Troth, it's a very noble citizen; I pity he should marry again: I'll walk along, for it is a good old fellow.

CAR. I warrant the wives of Milan would give any fellow twenty thousand ducats that could but have the face to beg of the duke, that all the citizens in Milan might be bound to the peace of patience, as the linen-draper is.

LOD. O, fie upon't! 'twould undo all us that are

courtiers; we should have no ho[m] with the wenches then.

Enter HIPPOLITO.

CAR.
AST. } My lord's come.
BER.

HIP. How now, what news?

CAR.
AST. } None.
BER.

LOD. Your lady is with the duke her father.

HIP. And we'll to them both presently.—

Enter ORLANDO FRISCOBALDO.

Who's that?

CAR.
AST. } Signor Friscobaldo.
BER.

HIP. Friscobaldo? O, pray call him, and leave me; we two have business.

CAR. Ho, signor! signor Friscobaldo! the lord Hippolito.

[*Exeunt all except* HIPPOLITO *and* FRISCOBALDO.

OR. My noble lord, my lord Hippolito! the duke's son! his brave daughter's brave husband! how does your honoured lordship? does your nobility remember so poor a gentleman as signor Orlando Friscobaldo, old mad Orlando?

HIP. O sir,[n] our friends, they ought to be unto us as our jewels, as dearly valued being locked up and unseen, as when we wear them in our hands. I see, Friscobaldo, age hath not command of your

[m] *have no ho*] See note, p. 106.

[n] *O sir*, &c.] This speech seems to have been intended for verse, and is most probably corrupted.

blood; for all Time's sickle has gone over you, you are Orlando still.

Or. Why, my lord, are not the fields mown and cut down and stript bare, and yet wear they not pied coats again? though my head be like a leek, white, may not my heart be like the blade, green?

Hip. Scarce can I read the stories on your brow
Which age hath writ there; you look youthful still.

Or. I eat snakes,[o] my lord, I eat snakes: my heart shall never have a wrinkle in it, so long as I can cry hem with a clear voice.

Hip. You are the happier man, sir.

Or. Happy man? I'll give you, my lord, the true picture of a happy man: I was turning leaves over this morning, and found it; an excellent Italian painter drew it; if I have it in the right colours, I'll bestow it on your lordship.

Hip. I stay for it.

Or. He that[p] makes gold his wife, but not his whore,
He that at noon-day walks by a prison-door,
He that i' th' sun is neither beam nor mote,
He that's not mad after a petticoat,
He for whom poor men's curses dig no grave,
He that is neither lord's nor lawyer's slave,
He that makes this his sea and that his shore,
He that in's coffin is richer than before,
He that counts youth his sword and age his staff,
He whose right hand carves his own epitaph,
He that upon his death-bed is a swan,
And dead no crow,—he is a happy man.

[o] *eat snakes*] A supposed receipt for restoring youth.

[p] *He that*, &c.] "The turn of this is the same with Iago's definition of a deserving woman: 'She that was ever fair, and never proud,' &c. The matter is superior." Lamb, *Spec. of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 65.

Hip. It's very well: I thank you for this picture.

Or. After this picture, my lord, do I strive to have my face drawn: for I am not covetous, am not in debt; sit neither at the duke's side, nor lie at his feet; wenching and I have done; no man I wrong, no man I fear, no man I fee; I take heed how far I walk, because I know yonder's my home; I would not die like a rich man, to carry nothing away save a winding-sheet, but like a good man, to leave Orlando behind me; I sowed leaves in my youth, and I reap now books in my age; I fill this hand, and empty this; and when the bell shall toll for me, if I prove a swan, and go singing to my nest, why, so! if a crow, throw me out for carrion, and pick out mine eyes. May not old Friscobaldo, my lord, be merry now, ha?

Hip. You may: would I were partner in your mirth!

Or. I have a little, have all things; I have nothing, I have no wife, I have no child, have no chick; and why should not I be in my jocundare?

Hip. Is your wife then departed?

Or. She's an old dweller in those high countries, yet not from me—here, she's here—but before me: when a knave and a quean are married, they commonly walk like sergeants together, but a good couple are seldom parted.

Hip. You had a daughter too, sir, had you not?

Or. O my lord, this old tree had one branch, and but one branch, growing out of it! it was young, it was fair, it was straight; I pruned it daily, dreat it carefully, kept it from the wind, helped it to the sun; yet for all my skill in planting, it grew crooked, it bore crabs; I hewed it

down; what's become of it, I neither know nor care.

Hip. Then can I tell you what's become of it;
That branch is wither'd.

Or. So 'twas long ago.

Hip. Her name, I think, was Bellafront: she's dead.

Or. Ha! dead?

Hip. Yes; what of her was left, not worth the keeping,
Even in my sight was thrown into a grave.

Or. Dead? my last and best peace go with her! I see Death's a good trencherman; he can eat coarse homely meat, as well as the daintiest.

Hip. Why, Friscobaldo, was she homely?

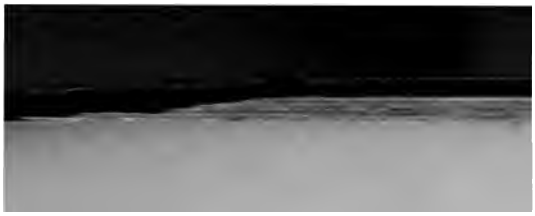
Or. O my lord, a strumpet is one of the devil's vines! all the sins, like so many poles, are stuck upright out of hell to be her props, that she may spread upon them; and when she's ripe, every slave has a pull at her; then must she be prest: the young beautiful grape sets the teeth of lust on edge; yet to taste that liquorish wine is to drink a man's own damnation. Is she dead?

Hip. She's turn'd to earth.

Or. Would she were turned to heaven! umh, is she dead? I am glad the world has lost one of his idols: no whoremonger will at midnight beat at the doors. In her grave sleep all my shame and her own, and all my sorrows and all her sins!

Hip. I'm glad you're wax, not marble; you are made
Of man's best temper; there are now good hopes
That all those[q] heaps of ice about your heart,

[q] *those*] Old ed. "these."



By which a father's love was frozen up,
Are thaw'd in these sweet showers fetch'd from your eyes:
We're ne'er like angels till our passion dies.
She is not dead, but lives under worse fate;
I think she's poor; and, more to clip her wings,
Her husband at this hour lies in the jail
For killing of a man. To save his blood,
Join all your force with mine; mine shall be shewn:
The getting of his life preserves your own.

Or. **In my daughter, you will say: does she live then? I am sorry I wasted tears upon a harlot; but the best is, I have a handkercher to drink them up; soap can wash them all out again.** Is she poor?

Hip. Trust me, I think she is.

Or. Then she's a right strumpet: I ne'er knew any of their trade rich two years together; sieves can hold no water, nor harlots hoard up money; they have [too] many vents, too many sluices to let it out; taverns, tailors, bawds, panders, fiddlers, swaggerers, fools, and knaves, do all wait upon a common harlot's trencher; she is the gallipot to which these drones fly, not for love to the pot, but for the sweet sucket[r] within it, her money, her money.

Hip. I almost dare pawn my word, her bosom
Gives warmth to no such snakes. When did you see her?

Or. Not seventeen summers.

Hip. Is your hate so old?

Or. Older; it has a white head, and shall never die till she be buried: her wrongs shall be my bedfellow.

Hip. Work yet his life, since in it lives her fame.

[r] *sucket*] i. e. sweetmeat, preserve.

Or. No, let him hang, and half her infamy departs out of the world. I hate him for her; he taught her first to taste poison: I hate her for herself, because she refused my physic.

Hip. Nay, but, Friscobaldo ——

Or. I detest her, I defy[s] both: she's not mine, she's ——

Hip. Hear her but speak.

Or. I love no mermaids; I'll not be caught with a quail-pipe.[t]

Hip. You're now beyond all reason.

Or. I am then a beast. Sir, I had rather be a beast, and not dishonour my creation, than be a doting father, and, like Time, be the destruction of mine own brood.

Hip. Is't dotage to relieve your child, being poor?

Or. Is't fit for an old man to keep a whore?

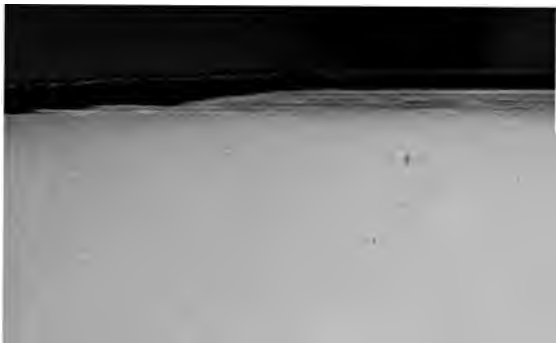
Hip. 'Tis charity too.

Or. 'Tis foolery: relieve her?
Were her cold limbs stretch'd out upon a bier,
I would not sell this dirt under my nails
To buy her an hour's breath; nor give this hair,
Unless it were to choke her.

Hip. Fare you well, for I'll trouble you no more.

Or. And fare you well, sir. [*Exit* Hippolito.]—Go thy ways; we have few lords of thy making, that love wenches for their honesty. 'Las, my girl, art thou poor? poverty dwells next door to despair, there's but a wall between them; despair is one of hell's catchpolls; and lest that devil arrest her, I'll to her, yet she shall not know me; she shall drink

[s] *defy*] i. e. renounce.
[t] *quail-pipe*] Used by fowlers to allure quails.



of my wealth as beggars do of running water, freely, yet never know from what fountain's head it flows. Shall a silly bird pick her own breast to nourish her young ones, and can a father see his child starve? that were hard: the pelican[a] does it, and shall not I? yes, I will victual the camp for her, but it shall be by some stratagem. That knave there her husband will be hanged, I fear: I'll keep his neck out of the noose if I can, he shall not know how.

Enter two Serving-men.

How now, knaves? whither wander you?

First Ser. To seek your worship.

Or. Stay; which of you has my purse? what money have you about you?

Sec. Ser. Some fifteen or sixteen pounds, sir.

Or. Give it me [*takes purse*]; I think I have some gold about me; yes, it's well. Leave my lodging at court, and get you home. Come, sir, though I never turned any man out of doors, yet I'll be so bold as to pull your coat over your ears.

First Ser. What do you mean to do, sir?

[Orlando *puts on the coat of First Serving-man, and gives him in exchange his cloak.*

Or. Hold thy tongue, knave: take thou my cloak; I hope I play not the paltry merchant in this bartering. Bid the steward of my house sleep with open eyes in my absence, and to look to all things: whatsoever I command by letters to be done by you, see it done. So, does it sit well?

Sec. Ser. As if it were made for your worship.

Or. You proud varlets, you need not be ashamed

[a] *the pelican does it*] "The young pelican is fabled to suck the mother's blood." Reed.

to wear blue,[v] when your master is one of your fellows. Away! do not see me.

BOTH SER. This is excellent.

[*Exeunt Serving-men.*

OR. I should put on a worse suit too; perhaps I will. My vizard is on; now to this masque. Say I should shave off this honour of an old man, or tie it up shorter; well, I will spoil a good face for once: my beard being off, how should I look? even like

A winter cuckoo, or unfeather'd owl;
Yet better lose this hair than lose her soul. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Room in CANDIDO'S *House:* CANDIDO, *the Bride, and Guests, discovered at dinner; Prentices waiting on them.*

Enter LODOVICO, CAROLO, *and* ASTOLFO.[w]

CAN. O gentlemen, so late? you're very welcome:
Pray, sit down.

LOD. Carolo, didst e'er see such a nest of caps?[x]

AST. Methinks it's a most civil and most comely sight.

LOD. What does he i' th' middle look like?

AST. Troth, like a spire-steeple in a country village over-peering so many thatched houses.

[v] *to wear blue*] "The habit of servants at the time." REED.

[w] *Lodovico, Carolo, and Astolfo*] Ought not Beraldo to be of the party (see p. 138)? but his name is not prefixed to any of the speeches in this scene.

[x] *caps*] See note, p. 58.

Lod. It's rather a long pike-staff against so many bucklers without pikes:[y] they sit for all the world like a pair of organs,[z] and he's the tall great roaring pipe i' th' midst.

Ast. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Can. What's that you laugh at, signors?

Lod. Troth, shall I tell you, and aloud I'll tell it;
We laugh to see, yet laugh we not in scorn,
Amongst so many caps that long hat worn.

First Guest.[a] Mine is as tall a felt[b] as any is this day in Milan, and therefore I love it, for the block[c] was cleft out for my head, and fits me to a hair.

Can. Indeed, you're good observers; it shews strange:
But, gentlemen, I pray neither contemn
Nor yet deride a civil ornament;
I could build so much in the round cap's praise,
That 'bove[d] this high roof I this flat would raise.

Lod. Prithee, sweet bridegroom, do't.

Can. So all these guests will pardon me, I'll do't.

Guests. With all our hearts.

Can. Thus, then, in the cap's honour.
To every sex and state both nature, time,
The country's laws, yea, and the very clime,
Do allot distinct habits: the spruce courtier
Jets[e] up and down in silk; the warrior
Marches in buff; the clown plods on in gray:
But for these upper garments thus I say;

[y] *bucklers without pikes*] "The ancient *bucklers* had a prominent *spike*, and sometimes a *pistol* in the centre of them." Steevens.

[z] *pair of organs*] i. e. an organ: compare vol. ii. p. 346, and note.

[a] *First Guest*] Old ed. "Lod."

[b] *felt*] i. e. hat.

[c] *block*] i. e. mould: see note, p. 107.

[d] *'bove*] Old ed. "loue"—and so in Dodsley's *Old Plays!*

[e] *Jets*] i. e. struts.

The seaman has his cap, par'd without brim;
The gallant's head is feather'd, that fits him;
The soldier has his murrion;[f] women ha' tires;
Beasts have their head-pieces, and men ha' theirs.

Lod. Proceed.

Can. Each degree has his fashion; it's fit then
One should be laid by for the citizen,
And that's the cap which you see swells not high,
For caps are emblems of humility.
It is a citizen's badge, and first was worn
By th' Romans; for when any bondman's turn[g]
Came to be made a freeman, thus 'twas said,
He to the cap was call'd, that is, was made
Of Rome a freeman, but was first close shorn;
And so a citizen's hair is still short worn.

Lod. That close shaving made barbers a company, and now every citizen uses it.

Can. Of geometric figures the most rare
And perfect'st are the circle and the square:
The city and the school much build upon
These figures, for both love proportion.
The city-cap is round, the scholar's square,
To shew that government and learning are
The perfect'st limbs i' th' body of a state;
For without them all's disproportionate.
If the cap had no honour, this might rear it,
The reverend fathers of the law do wear it.
It's light for summer, and in cold it sits
Close to the skull, a warm house for the wits;
It shews the whole face boldly, 'tis not made
As if a man to look out[h] were afraid;

[f] *murrion*] "A head-piece, or cap of steel." Reed.

[g] *for when any bondman's turn*, &c.] Here Reed has a *learned* note on "the ceremony of manumission," (from Kennet's *Roman Antiq.*), which I think it unnecessary to reprint.

[h] *out*] Old ed. "on't."

Nor like a draper's shop with broad dark shed,
For he's no citizen that hides his head.
Flat caps as proper are to city-gowns,
As to armours helmets, or to kings their crowns.
Let then the city-cap by none be scorn'd,
Since with it princes' heads have been adorn'd.
If more the round cap's honour you would know,
How would this long gown with this steeple[h] shew?

ALL. Ha, ha, ha! most vile, most ugly.

CAN. Pray, signor, pardon me, 'twas done in jest.

BRIDE. A cup of claret wine there!

FIRST P. Wine? yes, forsooth, wine for the bride.

CAR. You ha' well set out the cap, sir.

LOD. Nay, that's flat.

CAN.[i] A health!

LOD. Since his cap's round, that shall go round.
Be bare,
For in the cap's praise all of you have share.

[*They uncover their heads, and drink. As First Prentice offers the wine to the Bride, she hits him on the lips, and breaks the glass.*

The bride's at cuffs!

CAN. O, peace, I pray thee; thus[j] far off I stand,
I spied the error of my servants.
She call'd for claret, and you fill'd out sack;
That cup give me, 'tis for an old man's back,
And not for hers. Indeed, 'twas but mistaken;
Ask all these else.

[h] *this steeple*] "Of such hats P. Stubbes speaks in his celebrated work, the *Anatomie of Abuses*, 1585. 'Sometimes they use them sharp on the croune, pearking up like the spere or shaft of a steeple, standing a quarter of a yarde above the crowne of their heads, some more, some less, as please the phantasies of their unconstant mindes.'" REED.

[i] *Can.*] Old ed. "Long." Dodsley gives the exclamation to "Car."

[j] *thus*] Qy. "though?"

All. No, faith, 'twas but mistaken.

First P. Nay, she took it right enough.

Can. Good Luke, reach her that glass of claret.—Here, mistress bride, pledge me there.

Bride. Now I'll none. [*Exit.*

Can. How now?

Lod. Look what your mistress ails.

First P. Nothing, sir, but about filling a wrong glass,—a scurvy trick.

Can. I pray you, hold your tongue.—My servant there
Tells me she is not well.

Guests. Step to her, step to her.

Lod. A word with you; do ye hear? this wench, your new wife, will take you down in your wedding-shoes, unless you hang her up in her wedding-garters.

Can. How? hang her in her garters?

Lod. Will you be a tame pigeon still? shall your back be like a tortoise-shell, to let carts go over it, yet not to break? This she-cat will have more lives than your last puss had, and will scratch worse and mouse you worse: look to't.

Can. What would you have me do, sir?

Lod. What would I have you do? swear, swagger, brawl, fling; for fighting it's no matter, we ha' had knocking pusses enow already: you know that a woman was made of the rib of a man, and that rib was crooked; the moral of which is, that a man must, from his beginning, be crooked to his wife. Be you like an orange to her; let her cut you never so fair, be you sour as vinegar. Will you be ruled by me?

Can. In any thing that's civil, honest, and just.

Lod. Have you ever a prentice's suit will fit me?

Can. I have the very same which myself wore.

Lod. I'll send my man for't within this half hour, and within this two hours I'll be your prentice. The hen shall not overcrow the cock; I'll sharpen your spurs.

Can. It will be but some jest, sir?

Lod. Only a jest: farewell.—Come, Carolo.

[*Exeunt* Lodovico, Carolo, *and* Astolfo.

Guests. We'll take our leaves, sir, too.

Can. Pray, conceit not ill
Of my wife's sudden rising. This young knight,
Sir Lodovico, is deep seen in physic,
And he tells me the disease call'd the mother[j]
Hangs on my wife; it is a vehement heaving
And beating of the stomach, and that swelling
Did with the pain thereof cramp up her arm,
That hit his lips and brake the glass: no harm,
It was no harm.

Guests. No, signor, none at all.

Can. The straightest arrow may fly wide by chance:
But, come, we'll close this brawl up in some dance.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in Matheo's *House.*

Enter Bellafront *and* Matheo.

Bel. O my sweet husband! wert thou in thy grave,
And art alive again? O welcome, welcome!

Mat. Dost know me? my cloak, prithee, lay't up. Yes, faith, my winding-sheet was taken out of lavender, to be stuck with rosemary:[k] I lacked but

[j] *the mother*] See note, p. 41.

[k] *rosemary*] Used at funerals: see note, vol. i. p. 231.

the knot here or here; yet, if I had had it, I should ha' made a wry mouth at the world like a plaice.[l] But, sweetest villain, I am here now, and I will talk with thee soon.

Bel. And glad am I thou'rt here.

Mat. Did these heels caper in shackles? Ah, my little plump rogue, I'll bear up for all this, and fly high! catso, catso![m]

Bel. Matheo ——

Mat. What sayst, what sayst? O brave fresh air! a pox on these grates, and gingling of keys, and rattling of iron! I'll bear up, I'll fly high, wench, hang toss!

Bel. Matheo, prithee, make thy prison thy glass,
And in it view the wrinkles and the scars
By which thou wert disfigur'd; viewing them, mend them.

Mat. I'll go visit all the mad rogues now, and the good roaring boys.[n]

Bel. Thou dost not hear me.

Mat. Yes, faith, do I.

Bel. Thou hast been in the hands of misery,
And ta'en strong physic; prithee, now be sound.

Mat. Yes. 'Sfoot, I wonder how the inside of a tavern looks now: O, when shall I bizle,[o] bizle?

[l] *wry mouth . . . like a plaice*] "So in Nash's *Lenten Stuff*, 1599: 'None won the day in this but the herring, whom all their clamorous suffrages saluted with Vive le Roy, God save the King, God save the King, save only the *playse* and the butt, that made *wry mouths at him*, and for their mocking have *wry mouths* ever since.'" Reed. The wry mouth of the plaice was a favourite allusion with our old writers.

[m] *catso*] See note, vol. i. p. 296.

[n] *roaring boys*] See note on *A Fair Quarrel*, act ii. sc. 2, in this vol.

[o] *bizle*] "Or, as it is sometimes spelt, *bezzle*. He means to say, When shall I have an opportunity to drink to excess?" Reed.

Bel. Nay, see, thou'rt thirsty still for poison! come,
I will not have thee swagger.
Mat. Honest ape's face!
Bel. 'Tis that sharpen'd an axe to cut thy throat.
Good love, I would not have thee sell thy substance
And time, worth all, in those damn'd shops of hell,
Those dicing-houses, that stand never well
But when they stand most ill: that four-squar'd sin
Has almost lodg'd us in the beggar's inn.
Besides, to speak which even my soul does grieve,
A sort[p] of ravens have hung upon thy sleeve,
And fed upon thee:[q] good Mat, if you please,
Scorn to spread wing amongst so base as these;
By them thy fame is speckled; yet it shews
Clear amongst them, so crows are fair with crows.
Custom in sin gives sin a lovely dye;
Blackness in Moors is no deformity.
Mat. Bellafront, Bellafront, I protest to thee, I swear, as I hope [for] my soul, I will turn over a new leaf; the prison, I confess, has bit me; the best man that sails in such a ship may be lousy.
[*Knocking within.*
Bel. One knocks at door.
Mat. I'll be the porter: they shall see a jail cannot hold a brave spirit; I'll fly high. [*Exit.*
Bel. How wild is his behaviour! O, I fear
He's spoil'd by prison! he's half damn'd comes there.
But I must sit all storms: when a full sail

[p] *sort*] i. e. set, company.
[q] *And fed upon thee*, &c.] Old ed.

" And fed upon thee: good Mat. (if you please) so base as Scorne to spread wing amongst these."

Mr. Collier, in a note on the last ed. of Dodsley's *Old Plays*,

His fortunes spread, he lov'd me; being now poor,
I'll beg for him, and no wife can do more.

Re-enter MATHEO *with* ORLANDO *disguised as a serving-man.*

MAT. Come in, pray; would you speak with me, sir?

OR. Is your name signor Matheo?

MAT. My name is signor Matheo.

OR. Is this gentlewoman your wife, sir?

MAT. This gentlewoman is my wife, sir.

OR. The Destinies spin a strong and even thread of both your loves!—The mother's own face, I ha' not forgot that. [*Aside.*]—I'm an old man, sir, and am troubled with a whoreson salt rheum, that I cannot hold my water.—Gentlewoman, the last man I served was your father.

BEL. My father? any tongue that sounds his name
Speaks music to me: welcome, good old man!
How does my father? lives he? has he health?
How does my father? I so much do shame him,
So much do wound him, that I scarce dare name him.

OR. I can speak no more. [*Aside.*

MAT. How now, old lad? what, dost cry?

OR. The rheum still, sir, nothing else; I should be well seasoned, for mine eyes lie in brine. Look you, sir, I have a suit to you.

MAT. What is't, my little white-pate?

OR. Troth, sir, I have a mind to serve your worship.

first made the alteration which I have adopted: as Bellafront, he observes, here uses the contraction *Mat*, so her husband presently calls her *Front*.

Mat. To serve me? troth, my friend, my fortunes are, as a man may say ——

Or. Nay, look you, sir, I know, when all sins are old in us, and go upon crutches, that covetousness does but then lie in her cradle; 'tis not so with me. Lechery loves to dwell in the fairest lodging, and covetousness in the oldest buildings that are ready to fall: but my white head, sir, is no inn for such a gossip. If a serving-man at my years be not stored with biscuit enough, that has sailed about the world, to serve him the voyage out of his life, and to bring him east-home, ill pity but all his days should be fasting days. I care not so much for wages, for I have scraped a handfull of gold together; I have a little money, sir, which I would put into your worship's hands, not so much to make it more ——

Mat. No, no, you say well, thou sayst well; but I must tell you—how much is the money, sayst thou?

Or. About twenty pound, sir.

Mat. Twenty pound? let me see, that shall bring thee in, after ten *per centum per annum* ——

Or. No, no, no, sir, no, I cannot abide to have money engender; fie upon this silver lechery, fie! if I may have meat to my mouth, and rags to my back, and a flock-bed to snort upon, when I die the longer liver take all.

Mat. A good old boy, i'faith! If thou servest me, thou shalt eat as I eat, drink as I drink, lie as I lie, and ride as I ride.

Or. That's if you have money to hire horses. [*Aside.*

Mat. Front, what dost thou think on't? this good old lad here shall serve me.

Bel. Alas, Matheo, wilt thou load a back
That is already broke?

MAT. Peace, pox on you, peace! there's a trick in't; I fly high; it shall be so, Front, as I tell you. —Give me thy hand, thou shalt serve me, i'faith; welcome: as for your money ——

ORL. Nay, look you, sir, I have it here.

MAT. Pish, keep it thyself, man, and then thou'rt sure 'tis safe.

ORL. Safe? and[r] 'twere ten thousand ducats, your worship should be my cash-keeper; I have heard what your worship is, an excellent dunghill cock to scatter all abroad; but I'll venture twenty pounds on's head. [*Gives money to* MATHEO.

MAT. And didst thou serve my worshipful father-in-law, signor Orlando Friscobaldo, that madman, once?

ORL. I served him so long till he turned me out of doors.

MAT. It's a notable chuff: I ha' not seen him many a day.

ORL. No matter and you ne'er see him: it's an arrant grandee, a churl, and as damned a cut-throat ——

BEL. Thou villain, curb thy tongue! thou art a Judas,
To sell thy master's name to slander thus.

MAT. Away, ass! he speaks but truth; thy father is a ——

BEL. Gentleman.

MAT. And an old knave; there's more deceit in him than in sixteen pothecaries: it's a devil; thou mayest beg, starve, hang, damn; does he send thee so much as a cheese?

ORL. Or so much as a gammon of bacon? he'll give it his dogs first.

[r] *and*] i. e. if.

MAT. A jail,[s] a jail!
OR. A Jew, a Jew, sir!
MAT. A dog!
OR. An English ma[illegible]ir!
MAT. Pox rot out h[illegible] stinking gar[illegible]
BEL. Art not asha[illegible]l to strike an a[illegible] man thus?
Art not asham'd to let this vild[t] dog bark,
And bite my father thus? I'll not endure it.—
Out of my doors, base slave!
MAT. Your doors? a vengeance! I shall live to cut that old rogue's throat, for all you take his part thus.
OR. He shall live to see thee hanged first. [*Aside.*

Enter HIPPOLITO.

MAT. God's-so, my lord, your lordship is most welcome!
I'm proud of this, my lord.
HIP. Was bold to see you.
Is that your wife?
MAT. Yes, sir.
HIP. I'll borrow her lip. [*Kisses* BELLAFRONT.
MAT. With all my heart, my lord.
OR. Who's this, I pray, sir?
MAT. My lord Hippolito. What's thy name?
OR. Pacheco.
MAT. Pacheco? fine name: thou seest, Pacheco, I keep company with no scoundrels nor base fellows.
HIP. Came not my footman to you?

[s] *jail*] Old ed. "Jayle."—Qy. "javel?" i. e. worthless fellow.
[t] *vild*] i. e. vile: compare vol. ii. p. 393, note.

Bel. Yes, my lord.

Hip. I sent by him a diamond and a letter;
Did you receive them?

Bel. Yes, my lord, I did.

Hip. Read you the letter?

Bel. O'er and o'er 'tis read.

Hip. And, faith, your answer?

Bel. Now the time's not fit;
You see my husband's here.

Hip. I'll now then leave you,
And choose mine hour: but, ere I part away,
Hark you, remember I must have no nay.—
Matheo, I will leave you.

Mat. A glass of wine?

Hip. Not now; I'll visit you at other times.
You're come off well, then?

Mat. Excellent well, I thank your lordship: I owe you my life, my lord, and will pay my best blood in any service of yours.

Hip. I'll take no such dear payment. Hark you, Matheo;
I know the prison is a gulf; if money
Run low with you, my purse is yours, call for it.

Mat. Faith, my lord, I thank my stars they send me down some; I cannot sink so long as these bladders hold.

Hip. I will not see your fortunes ebb; pray, try:
To starve in full barns were fond[1] modesty.

Mat. Open the door, sirrah.

Hip. Drink this;
And anon, I pray thee, give thy mistress this.
[*Gives to* Friscobaldo, *who opens the door, first money, then a purse, and exit.*

[1] *fond*] i. e. foolish.

Or. O noble spirit! if no worse guests here dwell,
My blue coat[t] sits on my old shoulders well.

Mat. The only royal fellow! he's bounteous as the Indies. What's that he said to thee, Bellafront?

Bel. Nothing.

Mat. I prithee, good girl ——

Bel. Why, I tell you, nothing.

Mat. Nothing? it's well: tricks! that I must be beholden to a scald, hot-livered, goatish gallant, to stand with my cap in my hand and vail bonnet, when I ha' spread as lofty sails as himself! would I had been hanged! nothing?—Pacheco, brush my cloak.

Or. Where is't, sir?

Mat. Come,[u] we'll fly high.
Nothing? there is a whore still in thine eye. [*Exit.*

Or. My twenty pounds fly[v] high. O wretched woman!
This varlet's able to make Lucrece common. [*Aside.*
How now, mistress? has my master dyed you into this sad colour?

Bel. Fellow, begone, I pray thee; if thy tongue
Itch after talk so much, seek out thy master,
Thou'rt a fit instrument for him.

Or. Zounds, I hope he will not play upon me!

Bel. Play on thee? no, you two will fly together,
Because you're roving arrows of one feather.
Would thou wouldst leave my house, thou ne'er shalt please me!
Weave thy nets[w] ne'er so high,
Thou shalt be but a spider in mine eye.

[t] *blue coat*] See note, p. 146.
[u] *Come*, &c.] An imperfect couplet: see note, p. 52.
[v] *fly*] Old ed. "flyes."
[w] *Weave thy nets*] Another imperfect couplet.

Thou'rt rank with poison: poison temper'd well
Is food for health, but thy black tongue doth swell
With venom to hurt him that gave thee bread:
To wrong men absent is to spurn the dead;
And so did'st thou thy master and my father.

Or. You have small reason to take his part, for I have heard him say five hundred times you were as arrant a whore as ever stiffened tiffany neck-cloths in water-starch upon a Saturday i' th' afternoon.

Bel. Let him say worse: when, for the earth's offence,
Hot vengeance through the marble clouds is driven,
Is't fit earth shoot again those darts at heaven?

Or. And so if your father call you whore, you'll not call him old knave.—Friscobaldo, she carries thy mind up and down; she's thine own flesh, blood, and bone. [*Aside.*]—Troth, mistress, to tell you true, the fireworks that ran from me upon lines against my good old master your father were but to try how my young master your husband loved such squibs: but it's well known I love your father as myself: I'll ride for him at midnight, run for you by owl-light; I'll die for him, drudge for you; I'll fly low, and I'll fly high, as my master says, to do you good, if you'll forgive me.

Bel. I am not made of marble; I forgive thee.

Or. Nay, if you were made of marble, a good stone-cutter might cut you. I hope the twenty pound I delivered to my master is in a sure hand.

Bel. In a sure hand, I warrant thee, for spending.

Or. I see my young master is a madcap and a *bonus socius*. I love him well, mistress; yet as well as I love him, I'll not play the knave with you: look you, I could cheat you of this purse full of

money; but I am an old lad, and I scorn to cony-catch,[w] yet I ha' been dog at a cony in my time.

[*Gives purse.*

Bel. A purse? where hadst it?

Or. The gentleman that went away whispered in mine ear, and charged me to give it you.

Bel. The lord Hippolito?

Or. Yes, if he be a lord, he gave it me.

Bel. 'Tis all gold.

Or. 'Tis like so: it may be he thinks you want money, and therefore bestows his alms bravely, like a lord.

Bel. He thinks a silver net can catch the poor:
Here's bait to choke a nun, and turn her whore.
Wilt thou be honest to me?

Or. As your nails to your fingers, which I think never deceived you.

Bel. Thou to this lord shalt go; commend me to him,
And tell him this: the town has held out long,
Because within 'twas rather true than strong;
To sell it now were base: say, 'tis no hold
Built of weak stuff, to be blown up with gold.
He shall believe thee by this token, or this;
If not, by this. [*Giving purse, ring, and letters.*

Or. Is this all?

Bel. This is all.

Or. Mine own girl still! [*Aside.*

Bel. A star may shoot, not fall. [*Exit.*

Or. A star? nay, thou art more than the moon, for thou hast neither changing quarters, nor a man standing in thy circle with a bush of thorns. Is't possible the lord Hippolito, whose face is as civil as the outside of a dedicatory book, should be a

[w] *cony-catch*] See note, p. 16.

muttonmonger?[x] A poor man has but one ewe, and this grandee sheep-biter leaves whole flocks of fat wethers, whom he may knock down, to devour this. I'll trust neither lord nor butcher with quick flesh for this trick; the cuckoo, I see now, sings all the year, though every man cannot hear him; but I'll spoil his notes. Can neither love-letters, nor the devil's common pick-locks, gold, nor precious stones, make my girl draw up her percullis?[y] Hold out still, wench!

All are not bawds, I see now, that keep doors,
Nor all good wenches that are mark'd for whores.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Before CANDIDO's *Shop.*

Enter CANDIDO, *and* LODOVICO *disguised as a Prentice.*

LOD. Come, come, come, what do ye lack,[z] sir? what do ye lack, sir? what is't ye lack, sir? Is not my worship well suited? did you ever see a gentleman better disguised?

CAN. Never, believe me, signor.

LOD. Yes, but when he has been drunk.[a] There be prentices would make mad gallants, for they would spend all, and drink, and whore, and so forth; and I see we gallants could make mad prentices. How does thy wife like me?—nay, I must not be so saucy, then I spoil all—pray you, how does my mistress like me?

[x] *muttonmonger*] i. e. whoremonger: see note, p. 102.
[y] *percullis*] i. e. portcullis.
[z] *what do ye lack*] See note, p. 24.
[a] *drunk*] "i. e. *disguised* in liquor." COLLIER.

CAN. Well; for she takes you for a very simple fellow.

LOD. And they that are taken for such are commonly the arrantest knaves: but to our comedy, come.

CAN. I shall not act it: chide, you say, and fret,
And grow impatient! I shall never do't.

LOD. 'Sblood, cannot you do as all the world does, counterfeit?

CAN. Were I a painter that should live by drawing
Nothing but pictures of an angry man,
I should not earn my colours: I cannot do't.

LOD. Remember you're a linen-draper, and that if you give your wife a yard, she'll take an ell: give her not therefore a quarter of your yard, not a nail.

CAN. Say I should turn to ice, and nip her love
Now 'tis but in the bud?[b]

LOD. Well, say she's nipt.

CAN. It will so overcharge[c] her heart with grief,
That, like a cannon, when her sighs go off,
She in her duty either will recoil
Or break in pieces, and so die: her death
By my unkindness might be counted murder.

LOD. Die? never, never. I do not bid you beat her, nor give her black eyes, nor pinch her sides; but cross her humours. Are not bakers' arms the scales of justice, yet is not their bread light? and may not you, I pray, bridle her with a sharp bit, yet ride her gently?

CAN. Well, I will try your pills:
Do you your faithful service, and be ready

[b] *bud*] Old ed. "blood."
[c] *overcharge*] Old ed. "ouerchange."

Still at a pinch to help me in this part,
Or else I shall be out clean.

LOD. Come, come, I'll prompt you.

CAN. I'll call her forth now, shall I?

LOD. Do, do, bravely.

CAN. Luke, I pray, bid your mistress to come hither.

LOD. Luke, I pray,[d] bid your mistress to come hither!

CAN. Sirrah, bid my wife come to me: why, when?[e]

FIRST P.[f] [*within*] Presently, sir, she comes.

LOD. La, you, there's the echo! she comes.

Enter Bride.

BRIDE. What is your pleasure with me?

CAN. Marry, wife,
I have intent; and, you see, this stripling here,
He bears good will and liking to my trade,
And means to deal in linen.

LOD. Yes indeed, sir, I would deal in linen, if my mistress like me so well as I like her.

CAN. I hope to find him honest: pray, good wife,
Look that his bed and chamber be made ready.

BRIDE. You're best to let him hire me for his maid:
I look to his bed! look to't yourself.

CAN. Even so?
I swear to you a great oath ——

LOD. Swear? cry zounds!

[d] *Lod. Luke, I pray*, &c.] Lodovico repeats in scorn the gentle language used by Candido.

[e] *why, when*] A frequent expression of impatience. See note, vol. i. p. 360.

[f] *First P.*] Old ed. "Luke"—which is the First Prentice's name: see p. 150.

CAN. I will not,—go to, wife,—I will not ——
LOD. That your great oath!
CAN. Swallow these gudgeons.
LOD. Well said!
BRIDE. Then fast, then you may choose.[g]
CAN. You know at table
What tricks you play'd, swagger'd, broke glasses, fie,
Fie, fie, fie! and now, before my prentice here,
You make an ass of me, thou—what shall I call thee?
BRIDE. Even what you will.
LOD. Call her arrant whore.
CAN. O fie, by no means! then she'll call me cuckold.—
Sirrah, go look to th' shop.—How does this shew?
LOD. Excellent well.—I'll go look to the shop, sir.—Fine cambrics, lawns; what do you lack?
[*Goes into the shop.*[h]
CAN. A curst cow's milk I ha' drunk once before,
And 'twas so rank in taste, I'll drink no more:
Wife, I'll tame you.
BRIDE. You may, sir, if you can;
But at a wrestling I have seen a fellow
Limb'd like an ox thrown by a little man.
CAN. And so you'll throw me?—Reach me, knaves, a yard!
LOD. A yard for my master!

LODOVICO *returns from the shop with a yard-wand, and followed by Prentices.*

FIRST P. My master is grown valiant.
CAN. I'll teach you fencing tricks.

[g] *Then fast, then you may choose*] Old ed. makes this the first line of Candido's speech; and so in Dodsley's *Old Plays*!
[h] *shop*] See note, p. 54.

PRENTICES. Rare, rare! a prize![i]

LOD. What will you do, sir?

CAN. Marry, my good prentice,
Nothing but breathe my wife.

BRIDE. Breathe me with your yard?

LOD. No, he'll but measure you out, forsooth.

BRIDE. Since you'll needs fence, handle your weapon well,
For if you take a yard, I'll take an ell.—
Reach me an ell!

LOD. An ell for my mistress! [*Brings an ell-wand from the shop.*]—Keep the laws of the noble science, sir, and measure weapons with her: your yard is a plain heathenish weapon; 'tis too short; she may give you a handful, and yet you'll not reach her.

CAN. Yet I ha' the longer arm.—Come, fall to't roundly,
And spare not me, wife, for I'll lay't on soundly:
If o'er husbands their wives will needs be masters,
We men will have a law to win't at wasters.[j]

LOD. 'Tis for the breeches, is't not?

CAN. For the breeches.

BRIDE. Husband, I'm for you; I'll not strike in jest.

CAN. Nor I.

BRIDE. But will you sign to one request?

CAN. What's that?

BRIDE. Let me give the first blow.

CAN. The first blow, wife?—Shall I?[k]

[i] *a prize*] See note, p. 86.

[j] *wasters*] i. e. "cudgels." REED.—See, at p. 125, the passage quoted from Harington's *Epigrams*.

[k] *Shall I*] "After 'shall I' in the old copy is inserted '*Prompt?*' meaning that Lodovico is to prompt him." COLLIER.

Lod. Let her ha't:
If she strike hard, in to her and break her pate!
Can. A bargain: strike!
Bride. Then guard you from this blow,
For I play all at legs, but 'tis thus low. [*Kneels.*
Behold, I'm such a cunning fencer grown,
I keep my ground, yet down I will be thrown
With the least blow you give me: I disdain
The wife that is her husband's sovereign.
She that upon your pillow first did rest,
They say, the breeches wore, which I detest:
The tax which she impos'd on[1] you, I abate you;
If me you make your master, I shall hate you.
The world shall judge who offers fairest play;
You win the breeches, but I win the day.
Can. Thou winn'st the day indeed. Give me thy hand;
I'll challenge thee no more: my patient breast
Play'd thus the rebel only for a jest:
Here's the rank rider that breaks colts; 'tis he
Can tame the mad folks and curst wives.[m]
Bride. Who? your man?
Can. My man? my master, though his head be bare;
But he's so courteous, he'll put off his hair.
Lod. Nay, if your service be so hot a man cannot keep his hair on, I'll serve you no longer.[n]
Bride. Is this your schoolmaster?
Lod. Yes, faith, wench, I taught him to take thee

[1] *on*] Old ed. "vpon."

[m] *wives*] A word seems to have dropt out: qy.

"*Can tame mad folks, and curst wives* easily?"

[n] *no longer*] Here, it should seem, Lodovico takes off the false hair which was part of his disguise.

down: I hope thou canst take him down without teaching;
You ha' got the conquest, and you both are friends.°

CAN. Bear witness else.

LOD. My prenticeship then ends.

CAN. For the good service you to me have done,
I give you all your years.

LOD. I thank you, master.
I'll kiss my mistress now, that she may say,
My man was bound and free all in one day.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

An Apartment in HIPPOLITO'S *House.*

Enter INFELICE, *and* ORLANDO *disguised as a Serving-man.*

INF. From whom, sayst thou?

OR. From a poor gentlewoman, madam, whom I serve.

INF. And what's your business?

OR. This, madam: my poor mistress has a waste piece of ground, which is her own by inheritance, and left to her by her mother; there's a lord now that goes about, not to take it clean from her, but to enclose it to himself, and to join it to a piece of his lordship's.

INF. What would she have me do in this?

OR. No more, madam, but what one woman should do for another in such a case. My honourable lord your husband would do any thing in her behalf, but she had rather put herself into your

° *You've*, &c.] Must stand as a line by itself, because it forms a couplet with the two next speeches.

hands, because you, a woman, may do more with the duke your father.

Inf. Where lies this land?

Or. Within a stone's cast of this place: my mistress, I think, would be content to let him enjoy it after her decease, if that would serve his turn, so my master would yield too; but she cannot abide to hear that the lord should meddle with it in her lifetime.

Inf. Is she then married? why stirs not her husband in it?

Or. Her husband stirs in it underhand; but because the other is a great rich man, my master is loath to be seen in it too much.

Inf. Let her in writing draw the cause at large,
And I will move the duke.

Or. 'Tis set down, madam, here in black and white already. Work it so, madam, that she may keep her own without disturbance, grievance, molestation, or meddling of any other, and she bestows this purse of gold on your ladyship.

Inf. Old man, I'll plead for her, but take no fees;
Give lawyers them, I swim not in that flood;
I'll touch no gold till I have done her good.

Or. I would all proctors' clerks were of your mind! I should law more amongst them than I do then. Here, madam, is the survey, not only of the manor itself, but of the grange-house, with every meadow, pasture, plough-land, cony-burrow, fish-pond, hedge, ditch, and bush, that stands in it.

[*Gives a letter.*

Inf. My husband's name and hand and seal at arms
To a love-letter! where hadst thou this writing?

Or. From the foresaid party, madam, that would keep the foresaid land out of the foresaid lord's fingers.

Inf. My lord turned ranger now!

Or. You're a good huntress, lady; you ha' found your game already: your lord would fain be a ranger, but my mistress requests you to let him run a course in your own park; if you'll not do't for love, then do't for money; she has no white money, but there's gold; or else she prays you to ring him[p] by this token, and so you shall be sure his nose will not be rooting other men's pastures.

[*Gives purse and ring.*

Inf. This very purse was woven with mine own hands;
This diamond, on that very night when he
Untied my virgin girdle, gave I him:
And must a common harlot share in mine?
Old man, to quit thy pains, take thou the gold.

Or. Not I, madam; old serving-men want no money.

Inf. Cupid himself was sure his secretary;
These lines[q] are even the arrows Love let flies,
The very ink dropt out of Venus' eyes.

Or. I do not think, madam, but he fetched off some poet or other for those lines, for they are parlous[r] hawks to fly at wenches.

[p] *ring him*] "To prevent swine from doing mischief, it is usual to put rings through their nostrils." Reed.

[q] *These lines*, &c.] "Probably, to amend the grammar, we ought to read,

'These lines are ev'n the arrows Love lets fly,
The very ink dropt out of Venus' eye.'" Collier.

No: I believe the author wrote the couplet as given in the text.

[r] *parlous*] A corruption of *perilous*—i. e. dangerously shrewd.

Inf. Here's honied poison! to me he ne'er thus writ;
But lust can set a double edge on wit.

Or. Nay, that's true, madam; a wench will whet any thing, if it be not too dull.

Inf. Oaths, promises, preferments, jewels, gold,
What snares should break, if all these cannot hold?
What creature is thy mistress?

Or. One of those creatures that are contrary to man—a woman.

Inf. What manner of woman?

Or. A little tiny woman, lower than your ladyship by head and shoulders, but as mad a wench as ever unlaced a petticoat: these things should I indeed have delivered to my lord your husband.

Inf. They are deliver'd better: why should she
Send back these things?

Or. 'Ware, 'ware! there's knavery.

Inf. Strumpets, like cheating gamesters, will not win
At first; these are but baits to draw him in.
How might I learn his hunting hours?

Or. The Irish footman can tell you all his hunting hours, the park he hunts in, the doe he would strike; that Irish shackatory[8] beats the bush for him, and knows all; he brought that letter and that ring; he is the carrier.

Inf. Know'st thou what other gifts have pass'd between them?

Or. Little saint Patrick knows all.

Inf. Him I'll examine presently.

[8] *shackatory*] "i. e. hound. So in *The Wandering Jew*, sig. F; '— for Time, though he be an old man, is an excellent footman: no *shackatory* comes neere him, if hee once get the start, hee's gone, and you gone too.'" Reed.

Or. Not whilst I am here, sweet madam.

Inf. Be gone, then, and what lies in me command. [*Exit* Orlando.

Come hither, sirrah!

Enter Bryan.

How much cost those satins
And cloth of silver which my husband sent by you
To a low gentlewoman yonder?

Bry. Faat satins? faat silvers? faat low gentlefolks? dow pratest dow knowest not what, i'faat, la.

Inf. She there to whom you carried letters.

Bry. By dis hand and bod dow saist true, if I did so, O how? I know not a letter a' de book, i'faat, la.

Inf. Did your lord never send you with a ring, sir,
Set with a diamond?

Bry. Never, sa crees sa' me, never! he may run[1] at a towsand rings, i'faat, and I never hold his stirrup till he leap into de saddle. By saint Patrick, madam, I never touch my lord's diamond, nor ever had to do, i'faat, la, with any of his precious stones.

Enter Hippolito.

Inf. Are you so close, you bawd, you pandering slave? [*Strikes him.*

Hip. How now? why, Infelice, what's your quarrel?

Inf. Out of my sight, base varlet! get thee gone.

Hip. Away, you rogue!

Bry. Slawne loot, fare de well, fare de well. *Ah marragh frofat boddah breen!* [*Exit.*

[1] *run*, &c.] See note, vol. i. p. 390.

Hip. What, grown a fighter? prithee, what's the matter?

Inf. If you'll needs know, it was about the clock: How works the day, my lord, pray, by your watch?

Hip. Lest you cuff me, I'll tell you presently; I am near two.

Inf. How, two? I'm scarce at one.

Hip. One of us then goes false.

Inf. Then sure 'tis you; Mine goes by heaven's dial, the sun, and it goes true.

Hip. I think indeed mine runs somewhat too fast.

Inf. Set it to mine at one then.

Hip. One? 'tis past:
'Tis past one by the sun.

Inf. Faith, then, belike
Neither your clock nor mine does truly strike;
And since it is uncertain which goes true,
Better be false at one than false at two.

Hip. You're very pleasant, madam.

Inf. Yet not merry.

Hip. Why, Infelice, what should make you sad?

Inf. Nothing, my lord, but my false watch: pray, tell me,—
You see my clock or yours is out of frame,
Must we upon the workman lay the blame,
Or on ourselves[a] that keep them?

Hip. Faith, on both:
He may by knavery spoil them, we by sloth.
But why talk you all riddle thus? I read
Strange comments in those margins of your looks:
Your cheeks of late are, like bad-printed books,

[a] *ourselves*] Old ed. "your *selues*."

So dimly character'd, I scarce can spell
One line of love in them: sure all's not well.
INF. All is not well indeed, my dearest lord:
Lock up thy gates of hearing, that no sound
Of what I speak may enter.
HIP. What means this?
INF. Or if my own tongue must myself betray,
Count it a dream, or turn thine eyes away,
And think me not thy wife. [*Kneels.*
HIP. Why do you kneel?
INF. Earth is sin's cushion: when the sick soul feels
Herself growing poor, then she turns beggar, cries
And kneels for help. Hippolito—for husband
I dare not call thee—I have stol'n that jewel
Of my chaste honour, which was only thine,
And given it to a slave.
HIP. Ha?
INF. On thy pillow
Adultery and lust have slept: thy groom
Hath climb'd the unlawful tree, and pluck'd the sweets;
A villain hath usurp'd a husband's sheets.
HIP. 'Sdeath, who?—a cuckold!—who?
INF. This Irish footman.
HIP. Worse than damnation! a wild kern,[v] a frog,
A dog whom I'll scarce spurn! Long'd you for sham[r]ock?
Were it my father's father, heart, I'll kill him,

[v] *kern*] i. e., properly, an Irish foot-soldier—a low, savage fellow; "the very drosse and scum of the countrey," says B. Riche, . . . "that live by robbing and spoyling the poor countreyman:" (vide Boswell's note on *Macbeth*—Malone's *Shakespeare*, vol. xi. p. 16.) So too Bryan afterwards talks of going to steal cows again in Ireland, p. 177.

Although I take him on his death-bed gasping
'Twixt heaven and hell! a shag-hair'd[w] cur! Bold strumpet,
Why hang'st thou on me? think'st I'll be a bawd
To a whore, because she's noble?

INF. I beg but this,
Set not my shame out to the world's broad eye,
Yet let thy vengeance, like my fault, soar high,
So it be in darken'd clouds.

HIP. Darken'd? my horns
Cannot be darken'd, nor shall my revenge.
A harlot to my slave? the act is base,
Common, but foul; so shall not thy disgrace.[x]
Could not I feed your appetite? O women,
You were created angels, pure and fair,
But since the first fell, tempting devils you are!
You should be men's bliss, but you prove their rods:
Were there no women, men might live like gods.
You ha' been too much down already; rise,
Get from my sight, and henceforth shun my bed;
I'll with no strumpet's breath be poisoned.
As for your Irish lubrican,[y] that spirit
Whom by preposterous charms thy lust hath rais'd
In a wrong circle, him I'll damn more black
Than any tyrant's soul.

INF. Hippolito!

[w] *shag-hair'd*] "Shakespeare bestows the same epithet on a kern of Ireland, in the Second Part of *King Henry VI.* [act iii. sc. 1]." REED.

[x] *shall not thy disgrace*] Old ed. "shall thy disgrace;" but see Infelice's repetition of the passage in the next page.

[y] *lubrican*] Compare Drayton;

"By the Mandrake's dreadfull groanes,
By the *Lubrican's* sad moanes," &c.

Nimphidia (appended to *Battaile of Agincourt*, &c.), p. 127, ed. 1627.

Hip. Tell me, didst thou bait hooks[a] to draw him to thee,
Or did he bewitch thee?
Inf. The slave did woo me.
Hip. Two-wooes[a] in that screech-owl's language! O, who'd trust
Your cork-heel'd sex? I think, to sate your lust,
You'd love a horse, a bear, a croaking toad,
So your hot itching veins might have their bound.
Then the wild Irish dart[b] was thrown? come, how?
The manner of this fight?
Inf. 'Twas thus: he gave me this battery first— O, I
Mistake—believe me, all this in beaten gold;
Yet I held out, but at length thus[c] was charm'd.
[*Gives letter, purse, and ring.*
What, change your diamond, wench? the act is base,
Common, but foul; so shall not your disgrace.
Could not I feed your appetite? O men,
You were created angels, pure and fair,
But since the first fell, worse than devils you are!
You should our shields be, but you prove our rods:
Were there no men, women might live like gods.
Guilty, my lord?
Hip. Yes, guilty, my good lady.

[a] *hooks*] Old ed. "Hawkes," which in Dodsley's *Old Plays* is carefully modernised to "hawks!"

[a] *Two-wooes*] A play on the word which expresses the note of the owl;

"Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who,
Tu-whit, *to-who*, a merry note," &c.
Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost*, act v. sc. 2.

[b] *Irish dart*] An allusion to the darts carried by the Irish running footmen: see note on *A Fair Quarrel*, act iv. sc. 4.

[c] *thus*] Old ed. "this."

Inf. Nay, you may laugh, but henceforth shun my bed;
With no whore's leavings I'll be poisoned. [*Exit.*
Hip. O'erreach'd so finely? 'tis the very diamond
And letter which I sent: this villany
Some spider closely weaves, whose poison'd bulk[d]
I must let forth. Who's there without?
Ser. [*within*] My lord calls.
Hip. Send me the footman.
Ser. [*within*] Call the footman to my lord.—
Bryan, Bryan!
Hip. It can be no man else. That Irish Judas,
Bred in a country where no venom prospers[e]
But in the nation's blood, hath thus betray'd me.—

Re-enter Bryan.

Slave, get you from your service!
Bry. Faat meanest thou by this now?
Hip. Question me not, nor tempt my fury, villain:
Couldst thou turn all the mountains in the land
To hills of gold, and give[f] me, here thou stay'st not.
Bry. I'faat, I care not.
Hip. Prate not, but get thee gone; I shall send else.
Bry. Ay, do, predee; I had rather have thee make a scabbard of my guts, and let out all de Irish puddings in my poor belly, den to be a false knave to dee, i'faat; I will never see dine own sweet face more. *A mawhid deer a gra*, fare dee well, fare dee well; I will go steal cows again in Ireland.
[*Exit.*

[d] *bulk*] "i. e. body." Reed.
[e] *a country where no venom prospers*] Saint Patrick, according to the legend, having purged Ireland from all venomous creatures: see Shirley's *St. Patrick for Ireland*, act v. sc. 3—*Works*, vol. iv.
[f] *give*] Old eds. "to *give*."

Hip. He's damn'd that rais'd this whirlwind, which hath blown
Into her eyes this jealousy; yet I'll on,
I'll on, stood arm'd devils staring in my face:
To be pursu'd in flight quickens the race.
Shall my blood-streams by a wife's lust be barr'd?
Fond[g] woman, no; iron grows by strokes more hard:
Lawless desires are seas scorning all bounds,
Or sulphur which, being ramm'd up, more confounds;
Struggling with madmen madness nothing tames,
Winds wrestling with great fires incense the flames.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Matheo's *House.*

Enter Bellafront, *and* Orlando *disguised as a Serving-man.*

Bel. How now, what ails your master?

Or. Has taken a younger brother's purge, forsooth, and that works with him.

Bel. Where is his cloak and rapier?

Or. He has given up his cloak, and his rapier is bound to the peace: if you look a little higher, you may see that another hath entered into hatband for him too. Six and four have put him into this sweat.

Bel. Where's all his money?

Or. 'Tis put over by exchange: his doublet was going to be translated, but for me: if any man would ha' lent but half a ducat on his beard, the

[g] *Fond*] i. e. foolish.

hair of it had stuft a pair of breeches[h] by this time; I had but one poor penny, and that I was glad to niggle out and buy a holly-wand to grace him thorough the street; as hap was, his boots were on, and then[i] I dusted, to make people think he had been riding, and I had run by him.

BEL. O me!

Enter MATHEO.

How does my sweet Matheo?

MAT. O rogue, of what devilish stuff are these dice made of? of the parings of the devil's corns of his toes, that they run thus damnably?

BEL. I prithee, vex not.

MAT. If any handicraft's-man was ever suffered to keep shop in hell, it will be a dice-maker; he's able to undo more souls than the devil: I played with mine own dice, yet lost. Ha' you any money?

BEL. 'Las, I ha' none!

MAT. Must have money, must have some; must have a cloak, and rapier, and things: will you go set your lime-twigs, and get me some birds, some money?

BEL. What lime-twigs should I set?

MAT. You will not, then? must have cash and pictures: do ye hear, frailty, shall I walk in a Plymouth cloak,[j] that's to say, like a rogue, in my

[h] *stuft a pair of breeches*] See note, vol. ii. p. 111.

[i] *then*] Qy. "them?"

[j] *Plymouth cloak*] "'That is,' says Ray, in his *Proverbs*, 1742, p. 238, 'a *cane*, a *staff*; whereof this is the occasion. Many a man of good extraction, coming home from far voyages, may chance to land here, and, being out of sorts, is unable for the present time and place to recruit himself with clothes. Here (if not friendly provided) they make the next wood their draper's shop, where a staff cut out serves them for a covering. For we use when we walk in *cuerpo* to carry a staff in our hands, but none when in a cloak.'" REED.

hose[1] and doublet, and a crab-tree cudgel in my hand, and you swim in your satins? must have money; come. [*Taking off her gown.*

Or. Is't bed-time, master, that you undo my mistress?

Bel. Undo me? yes, yes, at these riflings I
Have been too often.

Mat. Help to flay, Pacheco.

Or. Flaying call you it?

Mat. I'll pawn you, by th' Lord, to your very eyebrows!

Bel. With all my heart; since heaven will have me poor,
As good be drown'd at sea as drown'd at shore.

Or. Why, hear you, sir? i'faith, do not make away her gown.

Mat. O, it's summer, it's summer; your only fashion for a woman now is to be light, to be light.

Or. Why, pray, sir, employ some of that money you have of mine.

Mat. Thine? I'll starve first, I'll beg first; when I touch a penny of that, let these fingers' ends rot.

Or. So they may, for that's past touching. I saw my twenty pounds fly high. [*Aside.*

Mat. Knowest thou never a damned broker about the city?

Or. Damned broker? yes, five hundred.

Mat. The gown stood me in above twenty ducats; borrow ten of it: cannot live without silver.

Or. I'll make what I can of't, sir, I'll be your broker,—
But not your damn'd broker: O thou scurvy knave!
What makes a wife turn whore but such a slave?
[*Aside, and exit with* Bellapront's *gown.*

[1] *hose*] i. e. breeches.

Mat. How now, little chick, what ailest? we
ing for a handful of tailor's shreds? pox on the....
are there not silks enow at mercer's?

Bel. I care not for gay feathers, I.

Mat. What dost care for, then? why dost grieve?

Bel. Why do I grieve? a thousand sorrows strike
At one poor heart, and yet it lives. Matheo,
Thou art a gamester; prithee, throw at all,
Set all upon one cast. We kneel and pray,
And struggle for life, yet must be cast away:
Meet misery quickly then, split all,[k] sell all;
And when thou'st sold all, spend it; but, I beseech thee,
Build not thy mind on me to coin thee more:
To get it, wouldst thou have me play the whore?

Mat. 'Twas your profession before I married you.

Bel. Umh? 'twas indeed: if all men should be branded
For sins long since laid up, who could be sav'd?
The quarter-day's at hand; how will you do
To pay the rent, Matheo?

Mat. Why, do as all of our occupation do against quarter-days; break up house, remove, shift your lodgings: pox a' your quarters!

Enter Lodovico.

Lod. Where's this gallant?

Mat. Signor Lodovico? how does my little Mirror of Knighthood?[l] this is kindly done, i'faith; welcome, by my troth.

Lod. And how dost, frolic?—Save you, fair lady.—
Thou lookest smug and bravely, noble Mat.

[k] *split all*] See note, vol. ii. p. 518.

[l] *Mirror of Knighthood*] The name of a celebrated romance, translated from the Spanish.

MAT. Drink and feed, laugh and lie warm.

LOD. Is this thy wife?

MAT. A poor gentlewoman, sir, whom I make use of a' nights.

LOD. Pay custom to your lips, sweet lady.

[*Kisses her.*

MAT. Borrow some shells[m] of him—some wine, sweetheart.

LOD. I'll send for't then, i'faith.

MAT. You send for't?—Some wine, I prithee.

BEL. I ha' no money.

MAT. 'Sblood, nor I.—What wine love you, signor?

LOD. Here, or I'll not stay, I protest: trouble the gentlewoman too much? [*Gives money to* BELLAFRONT, *who goes out.*] And what news flies abroad, Matheo?

MAT. Troth, none. O signor, we ha' been merry in our days.

LOD. And no doubt shall agen:[n]
The divine powers never shoot darts at men
Mortal, to kill them.

MAT. You say true.

LOD. Why should we grieve at want? say the world made thee
Her minion, that thy head lay in her lap,
And that she danc'd thee on her wanton knee,
She could but give thee a whole world, that's all,
And that all's nothing; the world's greatest part
Cannot fill up one corner of thy heart.
Say the three corners were all fill'd, alas,
Of what art thou possess'd? a thin-blown glass,

[m] *shells*] A cant term for money: see note, vol. ii. p. 543.

[n] *agen*] The old spelling of *again*, and necessary here for the rhyme.—This is an imperfect couplet (compare p. 52, and note), for the preceding speech of Matheo is certainly prose.

Such as by boys is puff'd into the air.
Were twenty kingdoms thine, thou'dst live in care;
Thou couldst not sleep the better, nor live longer,
Nor merrier be, nor healthfuller, nor stronger.
If, then, thou want'st, thus make that want thy pleasure;
No man wants all things, nor has all in measure.

MAT. I am the most wretched fellow! sure some left-handed priest christened me, I am so unlucky; I am never out of one puddle or another; still falling.

Re-enter BELLAFRONT *with wine.*

Fill out wine to my little finger. With my heart, i'faith. [*Drinks.*

LOD. Thanks, good Matheo. To your own sweet self. [*Drinks.*

Re-enter ORLANDO.

OR. All the brokers' hearts, sir, are made of flint: I can, with all my knocking, strike but six sparks of fire out of them: here's six ducats, if you'll take them.

MAT. Give me them [*taking money*]: an evil conscience gnaw them all! moths and plagues hang upon their lousy wardrobes!

LOD. Is this your man, Matheo?

MAT. An old[n] serving-man.

OR. You may give me t'other half too, sir; that's the beggar.

LOD. What hast there? gold?

MAT. A sort[o] of rascals are in my debt God knows what, and they feed me with bits, with crums, a pox choke them!

[n] *An old*, &c.] Makes part of Lodovico's speech in old ed.
[o] *sort*] i. e. set, company.

Lod. A word, Matheo; be not angry with me;
Believe it, that I know the touch of time,
And can part copper, though't be gilded o'er,
From the true gold: the sails which thou dost spread
Would shew well if they were not borrowed.
The sound of thy low fortunes drew me hither:
I give myself unto thee, prithee, use me;
I will bestow on you a suit of satin,
And all things else to fit a gentleman,
Because I love you.

Mat. Thanks, good, noble knight!

Lod. Call on me when you please: till then, farewell. [*Exit.*

Mat. Hast angled? hast cut up this fresh salmon?

Bel. Wouldst have me be so base?

Mat. It's base to steal, it's base to be a whore:
Thou'lt be more base; I'll make thee keep a door.[p] [*Exit.*

Or. I hope he will not sneak away with all the money, will he?

Bel. Thou seest he does.

Or. Nay, then, it's well. I set my brains upon an upright last; though my wits be old, yet they are like a withered pippin, wholesome. Look you, mistress, I told him I had but six ducats of the knave broker, but I had eight, and kept these two for you.

Bel. Thou shouldst have given him all.

Or. What, to fly high?

Bel. Like waves, my misery drives on misery. [*Exit.*

Or. Sell his wife's clothes from her back! does any poulterer's wife pull chickens alive? He riots

[p] *keep a door*] i. e. be a bawd.

all abroad, wants all at home; he dices, whores, swaggers, swears, cheats, borrows, pawns: I'll give him hook and line a little more for all this:
Yet sure i' th' end he'll delude all my hopes,
And shew me a French trick danc'd on the ropes.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Before CANDIDO's *Shop:* CANDIDO *and his Bride discovered in the shop.*

Enter LODOVICO *and* CAROLO *on one side,* BOTS *and* MISTRESS HORSELEECH *on the other.*

LOD. Hist, hist, lieutenant? Bots! how dost, man?

CAR. Whither are you ambling, madam Horseleech?

MIS. H. About worldly profit, sir: how do your worships?

BOTS. We want tools, gentlemen, to furnish the trade; they wear out day and night, they wear out till no mettle be left in their back. We hear of two or three new wenches are come up with a carrier, and your old goshawk here is flying at them.

LOD. And, faith, what flesh have you at home?

MIS. H. Ordinary dishes; by my troth, sweet men, there's few good i' th' city: I am as well furnished as any, and, though I say it, as well customed.

BOTS. We have meats of all sorts of dressing; we have stewed meat for your Frenchman,[q] pretty light picking meat for your Italian, and that which is rotten roasted for Don Spaniardo.

LOD. A pox on't!

BOTS. We have poulterer's ware for your sweet

[q] *Frenchman*] Old. ed. "Frenchmen."

bloods, as dove, chicken, duck, teal, woodcock, and so forth; and butcher's meat for the citizen, yet muttons[q] fall very bad this year.

Lod. Stay; is not that my patient linen-draper yonder, and my fine young smug mistress his wife?

Car. Sirrah[r] grannam, I'll give thee for thy fee twenty crowns, if thou canst but procure me the wearing of yon velvet cap.

Mis. H. You'd wear another thing besides the cap: you're a wag.

Bots. Twenty crowns? we'll share, and I'll be your pully to draw her on.

Lod. Do't presently; we'll ha' some sport.

Mis. H. Wheel you about, sweet men: do you see? I'll cheapen wares of the man, whilst Bots is doing with his wife.

Lod. To't: if we come into the shop, to do you grace, we'll call you madam.

Bots. Pox a' your old face! give it the badge of all scurvy faces, a mask.

[Mistress Horseleech *puts on a mask.*

Can. What is't you lack,[s] gentlewoman? cambric, or lawns, or fine hollands? pray draw near, I can sell you a pennyworth.

Bots. Some cambric for my old lady.

Can. Cambric? you shall, the purest thread in Milan.

Car.[t] Save you, signor Candido.

Lod. How does my noble master? how my fair mistress?

Can. My worshipful good servant.—View it well,
For 'tis both fine and even. [*Shews cambric.*

[q] *muttons*] See note, p. 102.
[r] *Sirrah*] See note, vol. ii. p. 491.
[s] *What is't you lack*] See note, p. 24.
[t] *Car.*] Old ed. "Lod. and *Car.*"

Car. Cry you mercy, madam; though masked, I thought it should be you by your man.—Pray, signor, shew her the best, for she commonly deals for good ware.

Can. Then this shall fit her.—This is for your ladyship.

Bots. A word, I pray; there is a waiting gentlewoman of my lady's, her name is Ruyna, says she's your kinswoman, and that you should be one of her aunts.

Bride. One of her aunts? troth, sir, I know her not.

Bots. If it please you to bestow the poor labour of your legs at any time, I will be your convoy thither.

Bride. I am a snail, sir, seldom leave my house; If't please her to visit me, she shall be welcome.

Bots. Do you hear? the naked troth is, my lady hath a young knight, her son, who loves you; you're made, if you lay hold upon't: this jewel he sends you. [*Offers jewel.*

Bride. Sir, I return his love and jewel with scorn;
Let go my hand, or I shall call my husband.
You are an arrant knave. [*Exit.*

Lod. What, will she do?

Bots. Do? they shall all do, if Bots sets upon them once: she was as if she had professed the trade, squeamish at first; at last I shewed her this jewel, said a knight sent it her.

Lod. Is't gold and right stones?

Bots. Copper, copper, I go a-fishing with these baits. She nibbled,[a] but would not swallow the

[a] *She nibbled*, &c. . . . *which I know*] Old ed. by mistake assigns this to Lodovico.

hook, because the conger-head her husband was by: but she bids the gentleman name any afternoon and she'll meet him at her garden-house,[v] which I know.

LOD. Is this no lie, now?

BOTS. Damn me if ——

LOD. O, prithee, stay there.

BOTS. The twenty crowns, sir.

LOD. Before he has his work done? but, on my knightly word, he shall pay't thee.

Enter ASTOLFO, BERALDO, FONTINELL, *and* BRYAN.

AST. I thought thou hadst been gone into thine own country.

BRY. No, faat, la, I cannot go dis four or tree days.

BER. Look thee, yonder's the shop, and that's the man himself.

FON. Thou shalt but cheapen, and do as we told thee, to put a jest upon him to abuse his patience.

BRY. I'faat, I doubt my pate shall be knocked: but, sa crees sa' me, for your shakes I will run to any linen-draper in hell: come, predee.

AST. } Save you, gallants.
BER. }
FON. }

LOD. } O, well met!
CAR. }

CAN. You'll give no more, you say? I cannot take it.

MIS. H. Truly I'll give no more.

CAN. It must not fetch it.
What would you have, sweet gentlemen?

[v] *garden-house*] See note, vol. i. p. 162.

Ast. Nay, here's the customer.

[*Exeunt* Bots *and* Mistress Horseleech.

Lod. The garden-house, you say? we'll bolt[w] out your roguery.

Can. I will but lay these parcels by; my men
Are all at custom-house unloading wares;
If cambric you would deal in, there's the best,
All Milan cannot sample it. [*Shews cambric.*

Lod. Do you hear? one, two, three,—'sfoot, there came in four gallants! sure your wife is slipt up; and the fourth man, I hold my life, is grafting your warden-tree.[x]

Can. Ha, ha, ha! you gentlemen are full of jest.
If she be up, she's gone some wares to shew;
I have above as good wares as below.

Lod. Have you so? nay, then ——

Can. Now, gentlemen, is't cambrics?

Bry. I predee, now, let me have de best wa[u]res.

Can. What's that he says, pray, gentlemen?

Lod. Marry, he says we are like to have the best wars.

Can. The best wars? all are bad, yet wars do good,
And, like to surgeons, let sick kingdoms blood.

Bry. Faat a devil pratest tow so? a pox on dee! I predee, let me see some hollen to make linen shirts, for fear my body be lousy.

Can. Indeed I understand no word he speaks.

Car. Marry, he says, that at the siege in Holland
There was much bawdry us'd among the soldiers,
Though they were lousy.

Can. It may be so, that's likely; true indeed;
In every garden, sir, does grow that weed.

[w] *bolt*] "i. e. sift." Reed.
[x] *warden-tree*] i. e. "pear-tree." Reed.

BET. Pox on de gardens, and de weeds, and de fool's cap dere, and de clouts! hear, doest make a hobby-horse of me? [*Tearing the cambric.*

ALL. O, fie! he has torn the[x] cambric.

CAN. 'Tis no matter.

AST. It frets me to the soul.

CAN. So does't not me:
My customers do oft for remnants call;
These are two remnants now, no loss at all.
But let me tell you, were my servants here,
It would ha' cost more. Thank you, gentlemen;
I use you well, pray know my shop agen.[y]

ALL. Ha, ha, ha! come, come, let's go, let's go. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in MATHEO's *House.*

Enter MATHEO *brave*[z] *and* BELLAFRONT.

MAT. How am I suited, Front? am I not gallant, ha?

BEL. Yes, sir, you are suited well.

MAT. Exceeding passing well, and to the time.

BEL. The tailor has played his part with you.

MAT. And I have played a gentleman's part with my tailor, for I owe him for the making of it.

BEL. And why did you so, sir?

MAT. To keep the fashion: it's your only fashion now of your best rank of gallants to make their tailors wait for their money; neither were it wisdom indeed to pay them upon the first edition of a

[x] *the*] Old ed. "de." [y] *agen*] See note, p. 182.
[z] *brave*] "i. e. fine, gaudily dressed." REED.

new suit; for commonly the suit is owing for when the linings are worn out, and there's no reason then that the tailor should be paid before the mercer.

BEL. Is this the suit the knight bestow'd upon you?

MAT. This is the suit, and I need not shame to wear it, for better men than I would be glad to have suits bestowed on them. It's a generous fellow; but, pox on him, we whose pericranions are the very limbecks and stillatories of good wit, and fly high, must drive liquor out of stale gaping oysters—shallow knight, poor squire Tinacheo! I'll make a wild Cataian of forty such:[a] hang him! he's an ass, he's always sober.

BEL. This is your fault to wound your friends still.

MAT. No, faith, Front, Lodovico is a noble Slavonian: it's more rare to see him in a woman's company than for a Spaniard to go into England and to challenge the English fencers there. [*Knocking within.*] One knocks; see. [*Exit* BELLAFRONT.] —*La, fa, sol, la, fa, la*—[*sings*]—rustle in silks and satins! there's music in this, and a taffeta petticoat, it make[s] both fly high, catso![b]

Re-enter BELLAFRONT *with* ORLANDO *in his own dress, and four Servants.*

BEL. Matheo, 'tis my father.

[a] *a wild Cataian of forty such*] "i. e. forty such shallow knights, &c. would go to the composition of a *dexterous thief*. See a note on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, ['I will not believe such a *Cataian*,' &c., act ii. sc. 1.]" REED. A *Cataian* came to signify a sharper, because the people of *Cataia* (China) were famous for their thieving.

[b] *catso*] See note, vol. i. p. 296.

MAT. Ha! father? it's no matter, he finds no tattered prodigals here.

OR. Is not the door good enough to hold your blue coats?[c] away, knaves. Wear not your clothes thread-bare at knees for me; beg heaven's blessing, not mine. [*Exeunt Servants.*]—O, cry your worship mercy, sir: was somewhat bold to talk to this gentlewoman your wife here.

MAT. A poor gentlewoman, sir.

OR. Stand not, sir, bare to me: I ha' read oft
That serpents who creep low belch ranker poison
Than[d] winged dragons do, that fly aloft.

MAT. If it offend you, sir, 'tis for my pleasure.

OR. Your pleasure be't, sir. Umh, is this your palace?

BEL. Yes, and our kingdom, for 'tis our content.

OR. It's a very poor kingdom, then; what, are all your subjects gone a sheep-shearing? not a maid? not a man? not so much as a cat? You keep a good house belike, just like one of your profession, every room with bare walls, and a half-headed bed to vault upon, as all your bawdy-houses are. Pray, who are your upholsters? O, the spiders, I see, they bestow hangings upon you.

MAT. Bawdy-house? zounds! sir ——

BEL. O sweet Matheo, peace!—Upon my knees [*Kneels.*
I do beseech you, sir, not to arraign me
For sins which heaven, I hope, long since hath pardon'd!
Those flames, like lightning-flashes, are so spent,
The heat no more remains than where ships went,
Or where birds cut the air, the print remains.

MAT. Pox on him! kneel to a dog?

[c] *blue coats*] See note, p. 146. [d] *Than*] Old. ed. "That."

Bel. She that's a whore
Lives gallant,[d] fares well, is not, like me, poor:
I ha' now as small acquaintance with that sin
As if I had never known't, that never bin.[e]

Or. No acquaintance with it? what maintains thee then? how dost live then? has thy husband any lands, any rents coming in, any stock going, any ploughs jogging, any ships sailing? hast thou any wares to turn, so much as to get a single penny by?
Yes,[f] thou hast ware to sell,
Knaves are thy chapmen, and thy shop is hell.

Mat. Do you hear, sir? ——

Or. So, sir, I do hear, sir, more of you than you dream I do.

Mat. You fly a little too high, sir.

Or. Why, sir, too high?

Mat. I ha' suffered your tongue, like a bard cater-tray,[g] to run all this while, and ha' not stopt it.

[d] *gallant*] i. e. in fine clothes.

[e] *bin*] i. e. been—a form which frequently occurs, and which is here necessary for the rhyme.

[f] *Yes, thou hast*, &c.] An imperfect couplet: see note, p. 52.

[g] *bard cater-tray*] Properly, *barred*, &c., a sort of false dice, frequently mentioned by our early writers.—"The following passage from *The Art of Juggling, or Legerdemaine*, by S. R. 4to. 1612, sig. c 4, will sufficiently explain the terms above used: 'First you must know a langret, which is a die that simple men have seldom heard of, but often seene to their cost; and this is a well-favoured die, and seemeth good and square, yet it is forged longer upon *the cater and trea* than any other way: and therefore it is called a langret. Such be also call'd *bard cater treas*, because commonly the longer end will of his owne sway drawe downewards, and turne up to the eie sice sincke deuce or ace. The principal use of them is at Novum, for so longe a paire of *bard cater treas* be walking on the bourd, so long can ye not cast five nor nine, unles it be

Or. Well, sir, you talk like a gamester.

Mat. If you come to bark at her because she's a poor rogue, look you, here's a fine path, sir, and there, there['s] the door.

Bel. Matheo!

Mat. Your blue coats[h] stay for you, sir. I love a good honest roaring boy,[i] and so ——

Or. That's the devil.

Mat. Sir, sir, I'll ha' no Joves in my house to thunder avaunt: she shall live and be maintained, when you, like a keg of musty sturgeon, shall stink; where? in your coffin—how? be a musty fellow, and lousy.

Or. I know she shall be maintained, but how? she like a quean, thou like a knave; she like a whore, thou like a thief.

Mat. Thief? zounds! thief?

Bel. Good, dearest Mat!—Father! ——

Mat. Pox on you both! I'll not be braved: new satin scorns to be put down with bare bawdy velvet. Thief?

Or. Ay, thief; thou'rt a murderer, a cheater, a whoremonger, a pot-hunter, a borrower, a beggar —

Bel. Dear father ——

Mat. An old ass, a dog, a churl, a chuff, an usurer, a villain, a moth, a mangy mule with an old velvet footcloth[j] on his back, sir.

Bel. O me!

Or. Varlet, for this I'll hang thee.

by great chance, that the roughnes of the table, or some other stoppe, force them to stay, and run against their kinde: for without *cater or trea* ye know that five or nine can never come." Reed.

[h] *blue coats*] See note, p. 146.

[i] *roaring boy*] See note on *A Fair Quarrel*, act ii. sc. 2, in this vol.

[j] *footcloth*] i. e. long housing.

MAT. Ha, ha, alas!

OR. Thou keepest a man of mine here under my nose ——

MAT. Under thy beard.

OR. As arrant a smell-smock, for an old mutton-monger,[k] as thyself ——

MAT. No, as yourself.

OR. As arrant a purse-taker as ever cried, Stand! yet a good fellow,[l] I confess, and valiant; but he'll bring thee to th' gallows: you both have robbed of late two poor country pedlars.

MAT. How's this, how's this? dost thou fly high? rob pedlars?—Bear witness, Front—Rob pedlars? my man and I a thief?

BEL. O sir, no more!

OR. Ay, knave, two pedlars; hue and cry is up, warrants are out, and I shall see thee climb a ladder.

MAT. And come down again as well as a bricklayer or a tiler.—How the vengeance knows he this? [*Aside.*]—If I be hanged, I'll tell the people I married old Friscobaldo's daughter; I'll frisco you and your old carcass.

OR. Tell what thou canst: if I stay here longer, I shall be hanged too for being in thy company; therefore, as I found you, I leave you ——

MAT. Kneel, and get money of him.

OR. A knave and a quean, a thief and a strumpet, a couple of beggars, a brace of baggages.

MAT. Hang upon him—Ay, ay, sir, fare you well; we are so—Follow close—We are beggars—in satin—to him.

[k] *muttonmonger*] i. e. whoremonger: see note, p. 102.
[l] *good fellow*] A cant term for a thief.

Bel. Is this your comfort, when so many years
You ha' left me frozen to death?
Or. Freeze still, starve still!
Bel. Yes, so I shall; I must, I must and will.
If, as you say, I'm poor, relieve me then,
Let me not sell my body to base men.
You call me strumpet; heaven knows I am none;
Your cruelty may drive me to be one:
Let not that sin be yours; let not the shame
Of common whore live longer than my name.
That cunning bawd, Necessity, night and day
Plots to undo me; drive that hag away,
Lest being at lowest ebb, as now I am,
I sink for ever.
Or. Lowest ebb! what ebb?
Bel. So poor, that, though to tell it be my shame,
I am not worth a dish to hold my meat;
I am yet poorer, I want bread to eat.
Or. It's not seen by your cheeks.
Mat. I think she has read an homily to tickle to the old rogue. [*Aside.*
Or. Want bread? there's satin; bake that.
Mat. 'Sblood, make pasties of my clothes?
Or. A fair new cloak, stew that; an excellent gilt rapier ——
Mat. Will you eat that, sir?
Or. I could feast ten good fellows with those hangers.[m]
Mat. The pox, you shall!
Or. I shall not, till thou begg'st, think thou art poor;
And when thou begg'st, I'll feed thee at my door,
As I feed dogs, with bones: till then beg, borrow,

[m] *hangers*] See note, vol. ii. p. 227.

Pawn, steal, and hang; turn bawd when thou'rt no whore.—
My heart-strings sure would crack were they strain'd more. [*Aside, and exit.*

Mat. This is your father, your damned—confusion light upon all the generation of you! he can come bragging hither with four white herrings at's tail in blue coats,[n] without roes in their bellies, but I may starve ere he give me so much as a cob.[o]

Bel. What tell you me of this? alas!

Mat. Go, trot after your dad; do you capitulate; I'll pawn not for you, I'll not steal to be hanged for such an hypocritical, close, common harlot: away, you dog! Brave, i'faith! udsfoot, give me some meat.

Bel. Yes, sir. [*Exit.*

Mat. Goodman slave, my man too, is galloped to the devil a' t'other[p] side: Pacheco, I'll checo you! Is this your dad's day? England, they say, is the only hell for horses, and only paradise for women; pray, get you to that paradise, because you're called an Honest Whore; there they live none but honest whores, with a pox: marry, here in our city all [y]our sex are but footcloth nags;[q] the master no sooner lights but the man leaps into the saddle.

Re-enter Bellafront *with meat and drink.*

Bel. Will you sit down, I pray, sir?

[n] *blue coats*] See note, p. 146.

[o] *a cob*] "A herring is called *a cob*. See Nash's *Lenten Stuff*. [See Gifford's note on B. Jonson's *Works*, vol. i. p. 28.] There is, however, a quibble here, for I think a *cob* in Ireland signifies a coin or piece of money." Reed. See also Todd's Johnson's *Dict.* in v.

[p] *a' t'other*] Old ed. "*a'* the *tother*."

[q] *footcloth nags*] i. e. nags with long housings.

MAT. [*sitting down*] I could tear, by th' Lord, his flesh, and eat his midriff in salt, as I eat this!—must I choke?[q]—my father Friscobaldo, I shall make a pitiful hog-louse of you, Orlando, if you fall once into my fingers.—Here's the savourest meat! I ha' got a stomach with chafing.—What rogue should tell him of those two pedlars? a plague choke him and gnaw him to the bare bones!—Come, fill.

BEL. Thou sweat'st with very anger: good sweet, vex not,
'Las, 'tis no fault of mine!

MAT. Where didst buy this mutton? I never felt better ribs.

BEL. A neighbour sent it me.

Re-enter ORLANDO *disguised as a serving-man.*

MAT. Ha, neighbour? foh, my mouth stinks!—You whore, do you beg victuals for me? is this satin doublet to be bombasted[r] with broken meat? [*Takes up a stool.*

OR. What will you do, sir?

MAT. Beat out the brains of a beggarly ——

OR. Beat out an ass's head of your own.—Away, mistress! [*Exit* BELLAFRONT.]—Zounds, do but touch one hair of her, and I'll so quilt your cap with old iron, that your coxcomb shall ache the worse these seven years for't: does she look like a roasted rabbit, that you must have the head for the brains?

MAT. Ha, ha! go out of my doors, you rogue; away, four marks;[s] trudge.

[q] *must I choke*] He means, perhaps,—why do you not give me drink?

[r] *bombasted*] "i. e. stuffed out." REED.

[s] *marks*] A mark was 13*s.* 4*d.*

Or. Four marks? no, sir; my twenty pound that you ha' made fly high, and I am gone.

Mat. Must I be fed with chippings? you're best get a clapdish,[t] and say you're proctor to some spittle-house: where hast thou been, Pacheco? come hither, my little turkey-cock.

Or. I cannot abide, sir, to see a woman wronged, not I.

Mat. Sirrah, here was my father-in-law to-day.

Or. Pish, then you're full of crowns.

Mat. Hang him! he would ha' thrust crowns upon me to have fallen in again, but I scorn cast clothes, or any man's gold.

Or. But mine. [*Aside.*]—How did he brook that, sir?

Mat. O, swore like a dozen of drunken tinkers: at last growing foul in words, he and four of his men drew upon me, sir.

Or. In your house? would I had been by!

Mat. I made no more ado, but fell to my old lock, and so thrashed my blue coats[u] and old crab-tree-face my father-in-law, and then walked like a lion in my grate.

Or. O noble master!

Mat. Sirrah, he could tell me of the robbing the two pedlars, and that warrants are out for us both.

Or. Good sir, I like not those crackers.

Mat. Crackhalter, wu't set thy foot to mine?

Or. How, sir? at drinking?

Mat. We'll pull that old crow my father; rob thy master: I know the house, thou the servants; the purchase[v] is rich, the plot to get it easy: the dog will not part from a bone.

[t] *clapdish*] See note, vol. ii. p. 169.

[u] *blue coats*] See note, p. 146.

[v] *purchase*] "Was anciently a cant word for stolen goods." Reed.

Or. Pluck't out of his throat then; I'll snarl for one, if this[w] can bite.

Mat. Say no more, say no more, old Cole;[x] meet me anon at the sign of the Shipwreck.

Or. Yes, sir.

Mat. And dost hear, man?—the Shipwreck. [*Exit.*

Or. Thou'rt at the shipwreck now, and like a swimmer
Bold but unexpert with those waves dost play,
Whose dalliance, whorelike, is to cast thee away.

Enter Hippolito *and* Bellafront.

And here's another vessel, better fraught,
But as ill mann'd; her sinking will be wrought,
If rescue come not: like a man of war
I'll therefore bravely out; somewhat I'll do,
And either save them both, or perish too. [*Exit.*

Hip. 'Tis my fate to be bewitched by those eyes.

Bel. Fate? your folly:
Why should my face thus mad you? 'las, those colours
Are wound up long ago which beauty spread!
The flowers that once grew here are withered.
You turn'd my black soul white, made it look new,
And should I sin, it ne'er should be with you.

Hip. Your hand; I'll offer you fair play: when first
We met i' th' lists together, you remember
You were a common rebel; with one parley
I won you to come in.

Bel. You did.

[w] *this*] i. e., I suppose, his sword.

[x] *old Cole*] Qy. Is this an allusion to the well-known song of *Old King Cole?* but I recollect no mention of it so early as Middleton's time.

Hip. I'll try
If now I can beat down this chastity
With the same ordnance; will you yield this fort,
If with the power of argument now, as then,
I get of you the conquest; as before
I turn'd you honest, now to turn you whore
By force of strong persuasion?
Bel. If you can,
I yield.
Hip. The alarum's struck up: I'm your man.
Bel. A woman gives defiance.
Hip. Sit. [*They seat themselves.*
Bel. Begin:
'Tis a brave battle to encounter sin.
Hip. You men that are to fight in the same war
To which I'm prest, and plead at the same bar,
To win a woman, if you'd have me speed,
Send all your wishes!
Bel. No doubt you're heard: proceed.
Hip. To be a harlot, that you stand upon,
The very name's a charm to make you one.
Harlot[ta] was a dame of so divine
And ravishing touch,[x] that she was concubine
To an English king:[y] her sweet, bewitching eye
Did the king's heart-strings in such love-knots tie,
That even the coyest was proud when she could hear
Men say, Behold, another Harlot there!
And, after her, all women that were fair
Were harlots call'd, as to this day some are:
Besides, her dalliance she so well does mix,
That she's in Latin call'd the *meretrix*.

[x] *touch*] See note, vol. i. p. 344.
[y] —— *concubine*
To an English king] "*Arlotta* (from whence the word *harlot* is fancifully derived) was not the concubine of an English monarch, but mistress to Robert, one of the dukes of Normandy, and father to William the Conqueror." Steevens.

Thus for the name: for the profession this;
Who lives in bondage lives lac'd; the chief bliss
This world below can yield is liberty;
And who than whores with looser wings dare fly?
As Juno's proud bird spreads the fairest tail,
So does a strumpet hoist the loftiest sail:
She's no man's slave; men are her slaves; her eye
Moves not on wheels screw'd up with jealousy:
She, hors'd or coach'd, does merry journeys make,
Free as the sun in his gilt zodiac;
As bravely does she shine, as fast she's driven,
But stays not long in any house of heaven,
But shifts from sign to sign her amorous prizes,
More rich being when she's down than when she rises.
In brief, gentlemen haunt them, soldiers fight for them,
Few men but know them, few or none abhor them.
Thus for sport' sake speak I, as to a woman,
Whom, as the worst ground, I would turn to common;
But you I would enclose for mine own bed.

BEL. So should a husband be dishonoured.

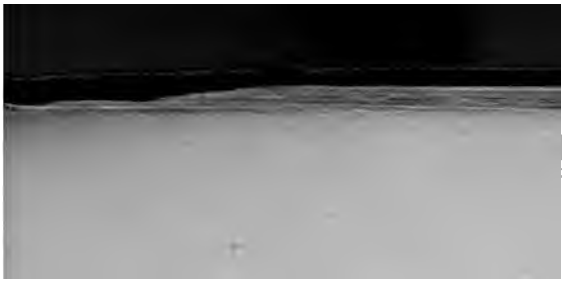
HIP. Dishonour'd? not a whit: to fall to one
Besides your husband is to fall to none,
For one no number is.

BEL. Faith, should you take
One in your bed, would you that reckoning make?
'Tis time you sound retreat.

HIP. Say, have I won?
Is the day ours?

BEL. The battle's but half done,
None but yourself have yet sounded alarms;
Let us strike too, else you dishonour arms.

HIP. If you can win the day, the glory's yours.



Bel. To prove a woman should not be a whore,
When she was made she had one man, and no more;
Yet she was tied to laws then, for even than[a]
'Tis said she was not made for men, but man.
Anon, t' increase earth's brood, the law was varied,
Men should take many wives; and though they married
According to that act, yet 'tis not known
But that those wives were only tied to one.
New parliaments were since; for now one woman
Is shar'd between three hundred, nay, she's common,
Common as spotted leopards, whom for sport
Men hunt to get the flesh, but care not for't:
So spread they nets of gold, and tune their calls,
To enchant silly women to take falls;
Swearing they're angels, which that they may win,
They'll hire the devil to come with false dice in.
O Sirens' subtle tunes! yourselves you flatter,
And our weak sex betray: so men love water;
It serves to wash their hands, but, being once foul,
The water down is pour'd, cast out of doors,
And even of such base use do men make whores.
A harlot, like a hen, more sweetness reaps
To pick men one by one up than in heaps:
Yet all feeds but confounding. Say you should taste me,
I serve but for the time, and when the day
Of war is done, am cashier'd out of pay:
If like lame soldiers I could beg, that's all,
And there's lust's rendezvous, an hospital.
Who then would be a man's slave, a man's woman?
She's half-starv'd the first day that feeds in common.

[a] *than*] Is frequently used for *then* by our old poets, to suit the rhyme.

Hip. You should not feed so, but with me alone.
Bel. If I drink poison by stealth, is't not all one?
Is't not rank poison still with you alone?
Nay, say you spied a courtesan, whose soft side
To touch you'd sell your birthright, for one kiss
Be rack'd; she's won, you're sated: what follows this?
O, then you curse that bawd that tol'd you in,
The night; you curse your lust, you loathe the sin,
You loathe her very sight, and ere the day
Arise, you rise glad when you're stol'n away.
Even then when you are drunk with all her sweets,
There's no true pleasure in a strumpet's sheets.
Women, whom lust so prostitutes to sale,
Like dancers upon ropes, once seen, are stale.
Hip. If all the threads of harlots' lives are spun
So coarse as you would make them, tell me why
You so long lov'd the trade?
Bel. If all the threads
Of harlots' lives be fine as you would make them,
Why do not you persuade your wife turn whore,
And all dames else to fall before that sin?
Like an ill husband, though I knew the same
To be my undoing, follow'd I that game.
O, when the work of lust had earn'd my bread,
To taste it how I trembled, lest each bit,
Ere it went down, should choke me chewing it!
My bed seem'd like a cabin hung in hell,
The bawd hell's porter, and the liquorish wine
The pander fetch'd was like an easy fine,
For which, methought, I leas'd away my soul;
And oftentimes even in my quaffing bowl
Thus said I to myself, I am a whore,
And have drunk down thus much confusion more.
Hip. It is a common rule, and 'tis most true,
Two of one trade ne'er love; no more do you:
Why are you sharp 'gainst that you once profest?

Bel. Why dote you on that which you did once detest?
I cannot, seeing she's woven of such bad stuff,
Set colours on a harlot base enough.
Nothing did make me, when I lov'd them best,
To loathe them more than this; when in the street
A fair young modest damsel I did meet,
She seem'd to all a dove, when I pass'd by,
And I to all a raven; every eye
That follow'd her, went with a bashful glance;
At me each bold and jeering countenance
Darted forth scorn; to her, as if she had been
Some tower unvanquish'd, would they [bonnet] vail;
'Gainst me swoln rumour hoisted every sail;
She, crown'd with reverend praises, passed by them;
I, though with face mask'd, could not 'scape the hem;
For, as if heaven had set strange marks on whores
Because they should be pointing-stocks to man,
Drest up in civilest shape a courtesan
Let her walk saint-like, noteless, and unknown,
Yet she's betray'd by some trick of her own.
Were harlots therefore wise, they'd be sold dear;
For men account them good but for one year,
And then, like almanacs whose dates are gone,
They are thrown by, and no more look'd upon.
Who'll therefore backward fall, who will launch forth
In seas so foul, for ventures no more worth?
Lust's voyage hath, if not this course, this cross,
Buy ne'er so cheap, your ware comes home with loss.
What, shall I sound retreat? the battle's done:
Let the world judge which of us two have won.
Hip. I!

Bel. You? nay, then, as cowards do in fight,
What by blows cannot, shall be sav'd by flight.
[*Exit.*

Hip. Fly to earth's fixed centre; to the caves
Of everlasting horror I'll pursue thee,
Though loaden with sins, even to hell's brazen doors:
Thus wisest men turn fools, doting on whores.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.

Enter the Duke, Lodovico, *and* Orlando *disguised as a Serving-man: after them* Infelice, Carolo, Astolfo, Beraldo, *and* Fontinell.

Or. I beseech your grace, though your eye be so piercing as under a poor blue coat[z] to cull out an honest father from an old serving-man, yet, good my lord, discover not the plot to any, but only this gentleman that is now to be an actor in our ensuing comedy.

Duke. Thou hast thy wish, Orlando, pass unknown;
Sforza[a] shall only go along with thee,
To see that warrant serv'd upon thy son.

Lod. To attach him upon felony for two pedlars, is't not so?

Or. Right, my noble knight: those pedlars were two knaves of mine; he fleeced the men before,

[z] *blue coat*] See note, p. 146.

[a] *Sforza*] "A name taken by Lodovico, perhaps, for the occasion," says the last editor of Dodsley's *Old Plays*; but it is evident that he was called (like the hero of Massinger's *Duke of Milan*) Lodovico Sforza.

and now he purposes to flay the master. He will rob me; his teeth water to be nibbling at my gold; but this shall hang him by th' gills till I pull him on shore.

Duke. Away; ply you the business.

Or. Thanks to your grace: but, my good lord, for my daughter ——

Duke. You know what I have said.

Or. And remember what I have sworn: she's more honest, on my soul, than one of the Turk's wenches, watched by a hundred eunuchs.

Lod. So she had need, for the Turks make them whores.

Or. He's a Turk that makes any woman a whore; he's no true Christian I'm sure.—I commit [her to] your grace.

Duke. Infelice.

Inf. Here, sir.

Lod. Signor Friscobaldo ——

Or. Frisking again? Pacheco.

Lod. Uds so, Pacheco; we'll have some sport with this warrant: 'tis to apprehend all suspected persons in the house: besides, there's one Bots a pander, and one madam Horseleech a bawd, that have abused my friend; those two conies will we ferret into the pursenet.[b]

Or. Let me alone for dabbing them o' th' neck: come, come.

Lod. Do ye hear, gallants? meet me anon at Matheo's.

Car. } Enough.
Ast., &c. }

[*Exeunt* Lodovico *and* Orlando.

[b] *pursenet*] "A net, of which the mouth is drawn together by a string." Reed.

DUKE. Th' old fellow sings that note thou didst before,
Only his tunes are, that she is no whore,
But that she sent his letters and his gifts
Out of a noble triumph o'er his lust,
To shew she trampled his assaults in dust.

INF. 'Tis a good honest servant, that old man.

DUKE. I doubt no less.

INF. And it may be my husband,
Because when once this woman was unmask'd,
He levell'd all her thoughts, and made them fit,
Now he'd mar all again, to try his wit.

DUKE. It may be so too, for to turn a harlot
Honest, it must be by strong antidotes;
'Tis rare, as to see panthers change their spots:
And when she's once a star fix'd and shines bright,
Though 'twere impiety then to dim her light,
Because we see such tapers seldom burn,
Yet 'tis the pride and glory of some men
To change her to a blazing star agen,[c]
And it may be Hippolito does no more.—
It cannot be but you're acquainted all
With that same madness of our son-in-law,
That dotes so on a courtesan.

ALL. Yes, my lord.

CAR. All the city thinks he's a whoremonger.

AST. Yet I warrant he'll swear no man marks him.

BER. 'Tis like so; for when a man goes a wenching, is as if he had a strong stinking breath, every one smells him out, yet he feels it not, though it be ranker than the sweat of sixteen bearwarders.

DUKE. I doubt then you have all those stinking breaths;
You might be all smelt out.

[c] *agen*] See note, p. 182.

Car. Troth, my lord, I think we are all as you ha' been in your youth when you went a-maying; we all love to hear the cuckoo sing upon other men's trees.

Duke. It's well yet you confess;—but, girl, thy bed Shall not be parted with a courtesan:—
'Tis strange,
No frown of mine, no frown of the poor lady,
My abus'd child, his wife, no care of fame,
Of honour, heaven, or hell, no, not that name
Of common strumpet, can affright, or woo him
To abandon her; the harlot does undo him;
She has bewitch'd him, robb'd him of his shape,
Turn'd him into a beast, his reason's lost;
You see he looks wild, does he not?

Car. I ha' noted
New moons in's face, my lord, all full of change.

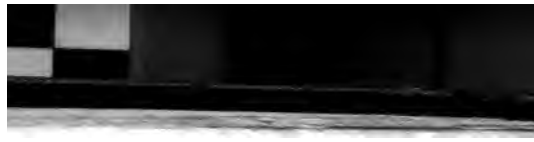
Duke. He's no more like unto Hippolito
Than dead men are to living; never sleeps,
Or if he do, it's dreams; and in those dreams
His arms work, and then cries, Sweet—what's her name?
What's the drab's name?

Ast. In troth, my lord, I know not;
I know no drabs, not I.

Duke. O, Bellafront——
And catching her fast, cries, My Bellafront!

Car. A drench that's able to kill a horse cannot kill this disease of smock-smelling, my lord, if it have once eaten deep.

Duke. I'll try all physic, and this medicine first:
I have directed warrants strong and peremptory
To purge our city Milan, and to cure
The outward parts, the suburbs, for the attaching
Of all those women who, like gold, want weight:
Cities, like ships, should have no idle freight.



CAR. No, my lord, and light wenches are no idle freight: but what's your grace's reach in this?

DUKE. This, Carolo. If she whom my son dotes on
Be in that muster-book[c] enroll'd, he'll shame
Ever t' approach one of such noted name.

CAR. But say she be not?

DUKE. Yet on harlots' heads
New laws shall fall so heavy, and such blows shall
Give to those that haunt them, that Hippolito,
If not for fear of law, for love to her,
If he love truly, shall her bed forbear.

CAR. Attach all the light heels i' th' city, and clap 'em up? why, my lord, you dive into a well unsearchable: all the whores within the walls, and without the walls? I would not be he should meddle with them for ten such dukedoms; the army that you speak on is able to fill all the prisons within this city, and to leave not a drinking room in any tavern besides.

DUKE. Those only shall be caught that are of note;
Harlots in each street flow:
The fish being thus i' th' net, ourself will sit,
And with eye most severe dispose of it.—
Come, girl. [*Exeunt Duke and* INFELICE.

CAR. Arraign the poor whore[s]!

AST. I'll not miss that sessions.

FON. Nor I.

BER. Nor I, though I hold up my hand there myself. [*Exeunt.*

[c] *muster-book*] Old ed. "master-booke."

SCENE III.

A Room in MATHEO's *House.*

Enter MATHEO, LODOVICO, *and* ORLANDO *disguised as a Serving-man.*

MAT. Let who will come, my noble chevalier, I can but play the kind host, and bid 'em welcome.

LOD. We'll trouble your house, Matheo, but as Dutchmen do in taverns; drink, be merry, and be gone.

OR. Indeed, if you be right Dutchmen, if you fall to drinking, you must be gone.

MAT. The worst is, my wife is not at home; but we'll fly high, my generous knight, for all that: there's no music when a woman is in the consort.[d]

OR. No, for she's like a pair of virginals,[e] always with jacks at her tail.

Enter ASTOLFO, CAROLO, BERALDO, *and* FONTINELL.

LOD. See, the covey is sprung.

AST. }
CAR., *&c.* } Save you, gallants.

MAT. Happily encountered, sweet bloods.

LOD. Gentlemen, you all know signor Candido the linen-draper, he that's more patient than a brown baker upon the day when he heats his oven, and has forty scolds about him.

AST. }
CAR., *&c.* } Yes, we know him all; what of him?

LOD. Would it not be a good fit of mirth to make a piece of English cloth of him, and to stretch him

[d] *consort*] i. e. band of musicians.

[e] *pair of virginals*, &c.] See note, p. 112. *A pair of virginals* (like *a pair of organs*, see note, p. 147) meant a single instrument.

on the tenters till the threads of his own natural humour crack, by making him drink healths, tobacco,[f] dance, sing bawdy songs, or to run any bias according as we think good to cast him?

CAR. 'Twere a morris-dance worth the seeing.

AST. But the old fox is so crafty, we shall hardly hunt [him] out of his den.

MAT. To that train I ha' given fire already; and the hook to draw him hither is to see certain pieces of lawn which I told him I have to sell, and indeed have such.—Fetch them down, Pacheco.

OR. Yes, sir, I'm your water-spaniel, and will fetch any thing—but I'll fetch one dish of meat anon shall turn your stomach, and that's a constable. [*Aside, and exit.*

Enter BOTS, *ushering in* MISTRESS HORSELEECH.

AST.
BER. } How now? how now?
FON.

CAR. What galley-foist[g] is this?

LOD. Peace; two dishes of stewed prunes,[h] a bawd and a pander.—My worthy lieutenant Bots, why, now I see thou'rt a man of thy word; welcome.—Welcome, mistress Horseleech.—Pray, gentlemen, salute this reverend matron.

MIS. H. Thanks to all your worships.

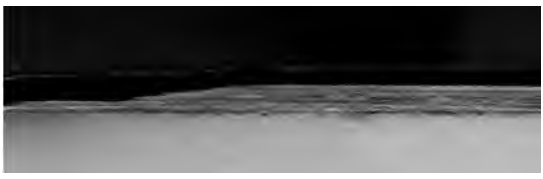
LOD. I bade a drawer send in wine too: did none come along with thee, grannam, but the lieutenant?

MIS. H. None came along with me but Bots, if it like your worship.

[f] *drink healths, tobacco,* &c.] "To *drink* tobacco was a common phrase for smoking it." REED.

[g] *galley-foist*] See note, vol. ii. p. 531.

[h] *stewed prunes*] A dish very common in brothels: se Steevens's elaborate note on *First Part of Henry IV.*, act ii sc. 3—Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), vol. xvi. p. 345.



Bots. Who the pox should come along with you but Bots?

Enter two Vintners with wine.

Ast. Car., &c. O brave! march fair.

Lod. Are you come? that's well.

Mat. Here's ordnance able to sack a city.[i]

Lod. Come, repeat, read this inventory.

First V. *Imprimis*, a pottle of Greek wine, a pottle of Peter-sameene,[j] **a pottle of Charnico,**[k] **and a pottle of Leatica.**[l]

Lod. You're paid?

[i] *Here's ordnance able to sack a city*] "So Falstaff, on the same occasion, in the *First Part of Henry IV.*, says, 'there's that will *sack a city*.'" STEEVENS.

[j] *Peter-sameene*] One of the several disguises under which the word *Pedro-Ximenes* is found in our early writers. "The Pedro-Ximenes . . . receives its name from a grape which is said to have been imported from the banks of the Rhine by an individual called *Pedro Simon* (corrupted to Ximen, or Ximenes), and is one of the richest and most delicate of the Malaga wines, resembling very much the malmsey of Paxarete." Henderson's *Hist. of Anc. and Mod. Wines*, p. 193.

[k] *Charnico*] Or *Charneco*.—"Shakspeare and other dramatic writers mention a wine called *Charneco*. . . . . According to Mr. Steevens, the appellation is derived from a village near Lisbon. There are, in fact, two villages in that neighbourhood, which take the name of *Charneca*; the one situated about a league and a half above the town of Lisbon, the other near the coast, between Collares and Carcavellos. We shall, therefore, probably not err much, if we refer the wine in question to the last-mentioned territory." *Ibid.* p. 306.

[l] *Leatica*] Old ed. "Ziattica"—a misprint for *Leatica*, a not uncommon form (see *Philocothonista*, 1635, p. 48) of the word "*Aleatico*, or red muscadine, which is produced in the highest perfection at Montepulciano, between Sienna and the Papal state; at Monte Catini, &c. . . . and of which the name in some measure expresses the rich quality (it is obviously derived from ἡλιαζω, *soli expono*); has a brilliant purple colour, and a luscious aromatic flavour," &c. *Ibid.* p. 237.

Sec. V. Yes, sir. [*Exeunt Vintners.*

Mat. So shall some of us be anon, I fear.

Bots. Here's a hot day towards :[l] but, zounds, this is the life out of which a soldier sucks sweetness! when this artillery goes off roundly, some must drop to the ground; cannon, demi-cannon, saker, and basilisk.[m]

Lod. Give fire, lieutenant.

Bots. So, so, must I venture first upon the breach? To you all, gallants; Bots sets upon you all. [*Drinks.*

Ast. } It's hard, Bots, if we pepper not you,
Car., &c.[n] } as well as you pepper us.

Enter Candido.

Lod. My noble linen-draper!—Some wine!—welcome, old lad!

Mat. You're welcome, signor.

Can. These lawns, sir?

Mat. Presently; my man is gone for them. We ha' rigged a fleet, you see, here, to sail about the world.

Can. A dangerous voyage, sailing in such ships.

Bots. There's no casting overboard yet.

Lod. Because you are an old lady, I will have you be acquainted with this grave citizen; pray, bestow your lips upon him, and bid him welcome.

Mis. H. Any citizen shall be most welcome to me.—I have used to buy ware at your shop.

Can. It may be so, good madam.

Mis. H. Your prentices know my dealings well. I trust your good wife be in good case: if it please

[l] *towards*] i. e. in a state of preparation, at hand.

[m] *saker, basilisk*] Small pieces of ordnance.

[n] *Ast., Car., &c.*] One of the many speeches to which in the old ed. is the prefix "*Omnes.*"

you, bear her a token from my lips, by word of mouth. [*Kisses him.*

CAN. I pray, no more; forsooth, 'tis very well;
Indeed I love no sweetmeats.—Sh'as a breath
Stinks worse than fifty polecats. [*Aside.*]—Sir, a word;
Is she a lady?

LOD. A woman of a good house and an ancient; she's a bawd.

CAN. A bawd?—Sir, I'll steal hence, and see your lawns
Some other time.

MAT. Steal out of such company? Pacheco, my man, is but gone for 'em.—Lieutenant Bots, drink to this worthy old fellow, and teach him to fly high.

LOD. } Swagger, and make him do't on his
AST., &c. } knees.

CAN. How, Bots? now, bless me, what do I with Bots?
No wine, in sooth, no wine, good master Bots.

BOTS. Grey-beard, goat's-pizzle, 'tis a health: have this in your guts, or this there [*touching his sword*]: I will sing a bawdy song, sir, because your verjuice face is melancholy, to make liquor go down glib. Will you fall on your marrow-bones, and pledge this health? 'tis to my mistress, a whore.

CAN. Here's ratsbane upon ratsbane.—Master Bots,
I pray, sir, pardon me: you are a soldier,
Press me not to this service; I am old,
And shoot not in such pot-guns.

BOTS. Cap,° I'll teach you.

° *Cap*] i. e. flat-cap: see note, p. 58.

CAN. To drink healths is to drink sickness.—
Gentlemen,
Pray rescue me.

BOTS. Zounds, who dare?

LOD. }
AST., &c. } We shall ha' stabbing then.

CAN. I ha' reckonings to cast up, good master Bots.

BOTS. This will make you cast 'em up better.

LOD. Why does your hand shake so?

CAN. The palsy, signors, danceth in my blood.

BOTS. Pipe with a pox, sir, then, or I'll make your blood dance ——

CAN. Hold, hold, good master Bots, I drink.
[*Kneels.*[P]

LOD. }
AST., &c. } To whom?

CAN. To the old countess there. [*Drinks.*

MIS. H. To me, old boy?—This is he that never drunk wine!—Once again to't.

CAN. With much ado the poison is got down,
Though I can scarce get up; never before
Drank I a whore's health, nor will never more.

Re-enter ORLANDO *with lawns.*

MAT. Hast been at gallows?

[P] *Kneels*] "This [common] custom of 'kneeling and drinking of healths' kindled the wrath of various puritanical writers. Stubbes, in his *Anatomy of Abuses*, tells a story of a man in Almaine, who, drinking a health to his Creator on his knees, was fixed for ever like a statue, which horses could not draw nor fire burn. R. Junius, in his *Drunkard's Character*, 1638, speaks of 'a Lincolnshire man, well known, that in his cups drank a health to the devil, who had no sooner drank it off, but he fell down dead.' 'To mend the matter (he says elsewhere), lest Satan should want his due reverence, these wine-worshippers will be at it on their knees, especially if they drink a great man's health,' p. 313." REED.

Or. Yes, sir, for I make account to suffer to-day.

Mat. Look, signor; here's the commodity.

Can. Your price?

Mat. Thus.[q]

Can. No, too dear: thus.

Mat. No? O fie, you must fly higher: yet take 'em home; trifles shall not make us quarrel; we'll agree, you shall have them, and a pennyworth; I'll fetch money at your shop.

Can. Be it so, good signor; send me going.

Mat. Going?—A deep bowl of wine for signor Candido!

Or. He would be going.

Can. I'll rather stay than go so: stop your bowl.

Enter Constable and Billmen.[r]

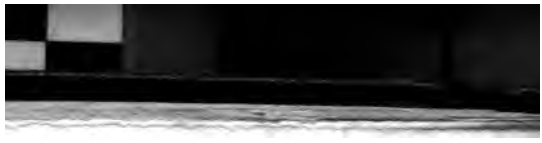
Lod. How now?

Bots. Is't Shrove Tuesday,[s] that these ghosts walk?

[q] *Thus . . . thus*] How they indicated the price I know not.

[r] *Billmen*] i. e. watchmen, who carried *bills* (a sort of pikes with hooked points), which were anciently the weapons of the English foot-soldiers.

[s] *Is't Shrove Tuesday, that these ghosts walk*] "From this passage, I apprehend it was formerly a custom for the peace-officers to make search after women of ill fame on that day, and to confine them during the season of Lent. So Sensuality says, in *Microcosmus*, 'But now welcome a cart, or a *Shrove Tuesday's* tragedy.'" Reed. "The progress of the constables on Shrove Tuesday was for the purpose of checking the outrages of the apprentices. See Taylor's *Jack-a-Lent*, 115." O. Gilchrist. Demolishing houses of bad fame was one of the amusements of the apprentices on Shrove Tuesday (see my note on Webster's *Works*, vol. iii. p. 225); and their riots no doubt required the check of the constable and his attendants: but it appears also, that on the same day an official search was made for brothel-keepers, who were either forthwith carted, or confined during Lent: vide Nares's *Gloss.* in v. *Shroving*.



MAT. What's your business, sir?

CON. From the duke: you are the man we look for, signor; I have warrant here from the duke to apprehend you upon felony for robbing two pedlars: I charge you i' th' duke's name go quickly.

MAT. Is the wind turned? well: this is that old wolf my father-in-law.—Seek out your mistress, sirrah.

OR. Yes, sir.—As shafts by piecing are made strong,
So shall thy life be straighten'd by this wrong.
[*Aside, and exit.*

LOD. } In troth, we are sorry.
AST., *&c.*}

MAT. Brave men must be crost; pish, it's but fortune's dice roving against me.—Come, sir, pray use me like a gentleman; let me not be carried through the streets like a pageant.

CON. If these gentlemen please, you shall go along with them.

LOD. } Be't so: come.
AST., *&c.*}

CON. What are you, sir?

BOTS. I, sir? sometimes a figure, sometimes a cipher, as the state has occasion to cast up her accounts: I'm a soldier.

CON. Your name is Bots, is't not?

BOTS. Bots is my name; Bots is known to this company.

CON. I know you are, sir.—What's she?

BOTS. A gentlewoman, my mother.

CON. Take 'em both along.

BOTS. Me, sir?[t]

[t] *Me, sir*] "This 'Me, sir?' and the Billmen's echo of it in the old copy are printed 'Me, Sirrr?' to indicate, perhaps, the manner in which Bots spoke it." COLLIER.

BILL. And, sir.
CON. If he swagger, raise the street.
BOTS. Gentlemen, gentlemen, whither will you drag us?
LOD. To the garden-house. Bots, are we even with you?
CON. To Bridewell with 'em.
BOTS. You will answer this.
CON. Better than a challenge; I've warrant for my work, sir.
LOD. We'll go before.
CON. Pray, do.—
[*Exeunt* MATHEO *with* LOD., AST., CAR., BER. *and* FONT.; BOTS *and* MIS. H. *with Billmen.*

Who, signor Candido? a citizen
Of your degree consorted thus, and revelling
In such a house?
CAN. Why, sir, what house, I pray?
CON. Lewd, and defam'd.
CAN. Is't so? thanks, sir: I'm gone.
CON. What have you there?
CAN. Lawns which I bought, sir, of the gentleman
That keeps the house.
CON. And I have warrant here
To search for such stoln ware: these lawns are stoln.
CAN. Indeed!
CON. So he's the thief, you the receiver:
I'm sorry for this chance, I must commit you.
CAN. Me, sir? for what?
CON. These goods are found upon you,
And you must answer't.
CAN. Must I so?
CON. Most certain.
CAN. I'll send for bail.

Cox. I dare not: yet, because
You are a citizen of worth, you shall not
Be made a pointing stock, but without guard
Pass only with myself.
Can. To Bridewell too?
Cox. No remedy.
Can. Yes, patience: being not mad,
They had me once to Bedlam: now I'm drawn
To Bridewell, loving no whores.
Cox. You will buy lawn! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter on one side Hippolito, *on the other* Lodovico, Astolfo, Carolo, Beraldo, *and* Fontinell.

Lod. Yonder's the lord Hippolito; by any means leave him and me together; now will I turn him to a madman.
Ast. } Save you, my lord.
Car., &c. }
[*Exeunt all except* Hippolito *and* Lodovico.
Lod. I ha' strange news to tell you.
Hip. What are they?
Lod. Your mare's i' th' pound.
Hip. How's this?
Lod. Your nightingale is in a lime-bush.
Hip. Ha!
Lod. Your puritanical Honest Whore sits in a blue gown.[u]

[u] *sits in a blue gown*] "It appears from a passage in *Promos and Cassandra* [and from a dozen other passages in various writers], that a *blue gown* was the habit in which a strumpet

Hip. Blue gown?

Lod. She'll chalk out your way to her now; she beats chalk.

Hip. Where? who dares ——

Lod. Do you know the brick-house of castigation, by the river-side that runs by Milan? the school where they pronounce no letter well but O?

Hip. I know it not.

Lod. Any man that has borne office of constable, or any woman[w] that has fallen from a horse-load to a cart-load, or like an old hen that has had none but rotten eggs in her nest, can direct you to her: there you shall see your punk amongst her back-friends,

There you may have her at your will,
For there she beats chalk, or grinds in the mill,[x]
With a whip, deedle, deedle, deedle, deedle.
Ah, little monkey!

Hip. What rogue durst serve that warrant, knowing I lov'd her?

Lod. Some worshipful rascal, I lay my life.

Hip. I'll beat the lodgings down about their ears
That are her keepers.

Lod. So you may bring an old house over her head.

did penance. So too in *The Northern Lass*, 1633, 'All the good you intended me was a lockram coif, a *blue gown*, a wheel,' &c. The *wheel*, as well as the *blue gown*, are mentioned in subsequent scenes of this comedy." Steevens.

[w] *any woman*, &c.] i. e. that has been carted, and pelted with rotten eggs.

[x] *beats chalk, or grinds in the mill*] "To beat chalk, grind in mills, raise sand and gravel, and make lime, were among the employments assigned for vagrants who were committed to Bridewell. See *Orders appointed to be executed in the Cittie of London, for setting roges and idle persons to worke, and for releefe of the poore.* Printed by Hugh Singleton." Reed.

HIP. I'll to her,
I'll to her, stood arm'd fiends to guard the doors!
[*Exit.*

LOD. O me, what monsters are men made by whores!
If this false fire do kindle him, there's one faggot
More to the bonfire. Now to my Bridewell-birds;
What song will they sing? [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in Bridewell.

Enter Duke, INFELICE, CAROLO, ASTOLFO, BERALDO, FONTINELL, *and several Masters of Bridewell.*

DUKE. Your Bridewell?[7] that the name? for beauty, strength,
Capacity and form of ancient building,

[7] *Your Bridewell,* &c.] "We have here a curious specimen of the license which ancient writers used to allow themselves of introducing facts and circumstances peculiar to one country into another. Every thing here said of Bridewell is applicable to the house of Correction which goes by that name in London. Changing the names of the duke and his son to those of Henry the Eighth and Edward the Sixth, all the events mentioned will be found to have happened in the English Bridewell. The situation of the place is also the same. In the time of Henry the Eighth princes were lodged there; part of it being built in the year 1522, for the reception of Charles the Fifth, whose nobles resided in it. In 1528, Cardinal Campeius had his first audience there; and after Henry's death, Edward the Sixth, in the seventh year of his reign, 1552, gave to the citizens of London this his palace for the purposes above mentioned. To complete the parallel, it was endowed with land, late belonging to the Savoy, to the amount of 700 marks a-year, with all the bedding and furniture of that hospital. See Stowe's *Survey,* Strype's edit. 1721, vol. i. p. 264. There is also the like anachronism in the First Part of this play, concerning Bethlem Hospital." REED.

Besides the river's neighbourhood, few houses
Wherein we keep our court can better it.
FIRST MAS. Hither from foreign courts have princes come,
And with our duke did acts of state commence;
Here that great cardinal had first audience,
The grave Campayne; that duke dead, his son,
That famous prince, gave free possession
Of this his palace to the citizens,
To be the poor man's warehouse, and endow'd it
With lands to th' value of seven hundred mark[s],[s]
With all the bedding and the furniture, once proper,
As the lands then were, to an hospital
Belonging to a duke of Savoy. Thus
Fortune can toss the world; a prince's court
Is thus a prison now.
DUKE. 'Tis fortune's sport:
These changes common are; the wheel of fate
Turns kingdoms up, till they fall desolate.
But how are these seven hundred marks by th' year
Employ'd in this your workhouse?
FIRST MAS. War and peace
Feed both upon those lands: when the iron doors
Of war[a] burst open, from this house are sent
Men furnish'd in all martial complement.
The moon hath through her bow scarce drawn to th' head,
Like to twelve silver arrows, all the months,
Since sixteen hundred soldiers went aboard.
Here providence and charity play such parts,
The house is like a very school of arts;
For when our soldiers, like ships driven from sea,
With ribs all broken and with tatter'd sides,
Cast anchor here again, their ragged backs

[s] *marks*] See note, p. 108. [a] *war*] Old ed. "warres."

How often do we cover! that, like men,
They may be sent to their own homes agen.[a]
All here are but one swarm of bees, and strive
To bring with wearied thighs honey to the hive.
The sturdy beggar and the lazy lown
Gets here hard hands or lac'd correction.
The vagabond grows staid, and learns t' obey;
The drone is beaten well, and sent away.
As other prisons are, some for the thief,
Some by which undone credit gets relief
From bridled debtors, others for the poor;
So this is for the bawd, the rogue, and whore.

CAR. An excellent team of horse!

FIRST MAS. Nor is it seen
That the whip draws blood here, to cool the spleen
Of any rugged bencher, nor does offence
Feel smart on[b] spiteful or rash evidence;
But pregnant testimony forth must stand
Ere justice leave them in the beadle's hand.
As iron, on the anvil are they laid,
Not to take blows alone, but to be made
And fashion'd to some charitable use.

DUKE. Thus wholesom'st laws spring from the worst abuse.

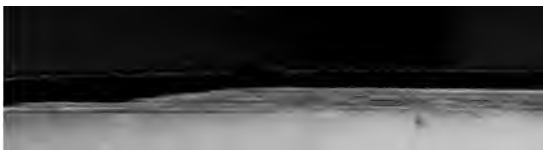
Enter ORLANDO *disguised as a Serving-man, and*[c] BELLAFRONT.

BEL. Let mercy touch your heart-strings, gracious lord,
That it may sound like music in the ear
Of a man desperate, being i' th' hands of law!

DUKE. His name?

BEL. Matheo.

[a] *agen*] See note, p. 182.
[b] *on*] Old ed. "or."
[c] *and*] Old ed. "before."



DUKE. For a robbery?
Where is he?[d]
BEL. In this house.
DUKE. Fetch you him hither.—
[*Exeunt Second Master and* BELLAFRONT.
Is this the party?
OR. This is the hen, my lord, that the cock with the lordly comb, your son-in-law, would crow over and tread.
DUKE. Are your two servants ready?
OR. My two pedlars are packed together, my good lord.
DUKE. 'Tis well: this day in judgment shall be spent:
Vice, like a wound lanc'd, mends by punishment.
INF. Let me be gone, my lord, or stand unseen;
'Tis rare when a judge strikes, and that none die,
And 'tis unfit then women should be by.
FIRST MAS. We'll place you, lady, in some private room.
INF. Pray do so.
[*Exit with First Master, who presently returns.*
OR. Thus nice dames swear, it is unfit their eyes
Should view men carv'd up for anatomies,[e]
Yet they'll see all, so they may stand unseen:
Many women sure will sin behind a screen.

Enter LODOVICO.

LOD. Your son, the lord Hippolito, is enter'd.

[d] *he*] Old ed. "she."
[e] *anatomies*] i. e. skeletons:

"And rouse from sleep that fell *anatomy*."
Shakespeare's *King John*, act iii. sc. 4.

DUKE. Tell him we wish his presence. A word, Sforza ;[f]
On what wings flew he hither?

LOD. These ; I told him his lark whom he loved was a Bridewell-bird; he's mad that this cage should hold her, and is come to let her out.

DUKE. 'Tis excellent: away, go call him hither.
[*Exit* LODOVICO.

Re-enter on one side Second Master and BELLAFRONT, *with* MATHEO *and Constable; on the other,* LODOVICO *with* HIPPOLITO. ORLANDO *goes out and returns with two of his servants disguised as pedlars.*

DUKE. You are to us a stranger, worthy lord;
'Tis strange to see you here.

HIP. It is most fit,
That where the sun goes, atomies[g] follow it.

DUKE. Atomies neither shape nor honour bear:
Be you yourself, a sunbeam to shine clear.—
Is this the gentleman? stand forth and hear
Your accusation.

MAT. I'll hear none; I fly high in that: rather than kites shall seize upon me, and pick out mine eyes to my face, I'll strike my talons thorough mine own heart first, and spit my blood in theirs. I am here for shriving those two fools of their sinful pack: when those jackdaws have cawed over me, then must I cry guilty, or not guilty; the law has work enough already, and therefore I'll put no work of mine into his hands; the hangman shall ha't first: I did pluck those ganders, did rob them.

DUKE. 'Tis well done to confess.

[f] *Sforza*] See note, p. 206.
[g] *atomies*] i. e. atoms.

MAT. Confess and be hanged, and then I fly high,—is't not so? that for that; a gallows is the worst rub that a good bowler can meet with; I stumbled against such a post, else this night I had played the part of a true son in these days, undone my father-in-law; with him would I ha' run at leap-frog, and come over his gold, though I had broke his neck for't: but the poor salmon-trout is now in the net.

HIP. And now the law must teach you to fly high.

MAT. Right, my lord, and then may you fly low; no more words:—a mouse, mum, you are stopt.

BEL. Be good to my poor husband, dear my lords!

MAT. Ass!

Why shouldst thou pray them to be good to me,
When no man here is good to one another?

DUKE. Did any hand work in this theft but yours?

MAT. O yes, my lord, yes: the hangman has never one son at a birth, his children always come by couples: though I cannot give the old dog my father a bone to gnaw, the daughter shall be sure of a choke-pear. Yes, my lord, there was one more that fiddled my fine pedlars, and that was my wife.

BEL. Alas, I?

OR. O everlasting, supernatural, superlative villain! [*Aside.*

DUKE, LOD., *&c.* } Your wife, Matheo?

HIP. Sure it cannot be.

MAT. O, sir, you love no quarters of mutton that hang up, you love none but whole mutton. She set the robbery, I performed it; she spurred me on, I galloped away.

Or. My lords ——

Bel. My lords—fellow, give me speech—if my poor life
May ransom thine, I yield it to the law.
Thou hurt'st thy soul, yet wip'st off no offence,
By casting blots upon my innocence:
Let not these spare me, but tell truth: no, see
Who slips his neck out of the misery,
Though not out of the mischief: let thy servant,
That shar'd in this base act, accuse me here:
Why should my husband perish, he go clear?

Or. A good child, hang thine own father! [*Aside.*

Duke. Old fellow, was thy hand in too?

Or. My hand was in the pie, my lord, I confess it: my mistress, I see, will bring me to the gallows, and so leave me; but I'll not leave her so: I had rather hang in a woman's company than in a man's; because if we should go to hell together, I should scarce be letten in, for all the devils are afraid to have any women come amongst them; as I am true thief, she neither consented to this felony nor knew of it.

Duke. What fury prompts thee on to kill thy wife?

Mat. It's my humour, sir; 'tis a foolish bagpipe that I make myself merry with: why should I eat hemp-seed at the hangman's thirteenpence-half-penny ordinary, and have this whore laugh at me as I swing, as I totter?

Duke. Is she a whore?

Mat. A sixpenny mutton pasty[h] for any to cut up.

Or. Ah, toad, toad, toad! [*Aside.*

[h] *mutton pasty*] See note, p. 102.

Mat. A barber's cittern[1] for every serving-man to play upon: that lord your son knows it.

Hip. I, sir? am I her bawd then?

Mat. No, sir, but she's your whore then.

Or. Yea, spider, dost catch at great flies? [*Aside.*

Hip. My whore?

Mat. I cannot talk, sir, and tell of your rems, and your rees, and your whirligigs and devices, —but, my lord, I found 'em like sparrows in one nest, billing together, and bulling of me: I took 'em in bed, was ready to kill him, was up to stab her ——

Hip. Close thy rank jaws;—pardon me, I am vex'd,—
Thou art a villain, a malicious devil!
Deep as the place where thou art lost, thou liest!
Since I am thus far got into this storm,
I'll through, and thou shalt see I'll through untouch'd,
When thou shalt perish in it.

Re-enter Infelice.

Inf. 'Tis my cue
To enter now.—Room, let my prize be play'd![1]
I ha' lurk'd in clouds, yet heard what all have said:
What jury more can prove sh'as wrong'd my bed
Than her own husband? she must be punished;
I challenge law, my lord; letters, and gold,
And jewels from my lord that woman took.

Hip. Against that black-mouth'd devil, 'gainst letters and gold,
And 'gainst a jealous wife, I do uphold

[1] *A barber's cittern*] See note, vol. i. p. 174.

[1] *prize be play'd*] See note, p. 86.

Thus far her reputation; I could sooner
Shake th' Appenine, and crumble rocks to dust,
Than, though Jove's shower rain'd down, tempt her to lust.

BEL. What shall I say?

OR. [*throwing off his disguise*] Say thou art not a whore, and that's more than fifteen women amongst five hundred dare swear without lying: this shalt thou say—no, let me say't for thee—thy husband's a knave, this lord's an honest man; thou art no punk, this lady's a right lady; Pacheco is a thief as his master is, but old Orlando is as true a man as thy father is.—I ha' seen you fly high, sir, and I ha' seen you fly low, sir; and to keep you from the gallows, sir, a blue coat have I worn, and a thief did I turn; mine own men are the pedlars: my twenty pound did fly high, sir, your wife's gown did fly low, sir: whither fly you now, sir? you ha' scaped the gallows, to the devil you fly next, sir.—Am I right, my liege?

DUKE. Your father has the true physician play'd.

MAT. And I am now his patient.

HIP. And be so still:
'Tis a good sign when our cheeks blush at ill.

CON. The linen-draper, signor Candido,
He whom the city terms the patient man,
Is likewise here for buying of those lawns
The pedlars lost.

INF. Alas, good Candido!

DUKE. Fetch him [*exit Constable*]: and when these payments up are cast,
Weigh out your light gold, but let's have them last.

Enter CANDIDO *with Constable, who presently goes out.*

In Bridewell, Candido?

CAN. Yes, my good lord.
DUKE. What make you here?
CAN. My lord, what make you here?
DUKE. I'm here to save right, and to drive wrong hence.
CAN. And I to bear wrong here with patience.
DUKE. You ha' bought stoln goods.
CAN. So they do say, my lord;
Yet bought I them upon a gentleman's word;
And I imagine now, as I thought then,
That there be thieves, but no thieves gentlemen.
HIP. Your credit's crack'd being here.
CAN. No more than gold
Being crack'd, which does his estimation hold.
I was in Bedlam once, but was I mad?
They made me pledge whores' healths, but am I bad
Because I'm with bad people?
DUKE. Well, stand by:
If you take wrong, we'll cure the injury.

Re-enter Constable, after him BOTS, *then two Beadles, one with hemp, the other with a beetle.*[k]

Stay, stay: what's he? a prisoner?
CON. Yes, my lord.
HIP. He seems a soldier.
BOTS. I am what I seem, sir, one of fortune's bastards, a soldier and a gentleman, and am brought in here with master constable's band of billmen,[l] because they face me down that I live, like those that keep bowling-alleys, by the sins of the people, in being a squire of the body.[m]

[k] *a beetle*] "A mallet." REED. See speech of First Master, p. 233.
[l] *billmen*] See note, p. 217.
[m] *a squire of the body*] "A squire of the body, says Mr. Steevens (note on the *First Part of Henry IV.*)—[Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), vol. xvi. p. 191]— signified, originally,

Hip. O, an apple-squire.[n]

Bots. Yes, sir, that degree of scurvy squires, and that I am maintained by the best part that is commonly in a woman, by the worst players of those parts; but I am known to all this company.

Lod. My lord, 'tis true, we all know him, 'tis lieutenant Bots.

Duke. Bots?—And where ha' you served, Bots?

Bots. In most of your hottest services in the Low Countries: at the Groyne I was wounded in this thigh, and halted upon't, but 'tis now sound; in Cleveland I missed but little having the bridge of my nose broken down with two great stones as I was scaling a fort: I ha' been tried, sir, too, in Guelderland, and scaped hardly there from being blown up at a breach; I was fired, and lay i' th' surgeon's hands for't till the fall of the leaf following.

Hip. All this may be, and yet you no soldier.

Bots. No soldier, sir? I hope these are services that your proudest commanders do venture upon, and never come off sometimes.

the attendant on a knight, the person who bore his headpiece, spear, and shield. It afterwards became a cant term for a *pimp*, and is so used here." Reed. So also B. Jonson uses the single word *squire* for pimp or procurer: (see Gifford's note on *Every Man in his Humour—Works*, vol. i. p. 132.) See also our author's *Fair Quarrel*, act iv. sc. 4.

[n] *apple-squire*] In a note on Hall's *Satires*, 1824, p. 8, the editor remarks: "This cant phrase has been erroneously explained as meaning a pander or pimp. The fact is, that it meant what is in modern slang called a *flash-man*: a *squire of the body* had the same meaning." No doubt one of its meanings was a kept gallant; but it generally signifies, as in our text, a pimp. Greene, enumerating the professors of the "sacking law," mentions "*The Bawd;* if a man, an *Apple squire*." *Notable Discouery of Coosenage*, 1592, sig. c 2. See also the fourth line of the song in our author's *Fair Quarrel*, act iv. sc. 4.

DUKE. Well, sir, because you say you are a soldier,
I'll use you like a gentleman.—Make room there,
Plant him amongst you; we shall have anon
Strange hawks fly here before us: if none light
On you, you shall with freedom take your flight;
But if you prove a bird of baser wing,
We'll use you like such birds, here you shall sing.
BOTS. I wish to be tried at no other weapon.
DUKE. Why is he furnish'd with those implements?
FIRST MAS. The pander is more dangerous to a state
Than is the common thief; and though our laws
Lie heavier on the thief, yet, that the pander
May know the hangman's ruff should fit him too,
Therefore he's set to beat hemp.
DUKE. This does savour
Of justice; basest slaves to basest labour.
Now, pray, set open hell, and let us see
The she-devils that are here.
INF. Methinks this place
Should make even Lais honest.
FIRST MAS. Some it turns good;
But as some men, whose hands are once in blood,
Do in a pride spill more, so some going hence,
Are, by being here, lost in more impudence.
Let it not to them, when they come, appear
That any one does as their judge sit here,
But that as gentlemen you come to see,
And then perhaps their tongues will walk more free.
DUKE. Let them be marshall'd in.
[*Exeunt First and Second Masters, Constable, and Beadles.*
Be cover'd all,
Fellows, now to make the scene more comical.
CAR. Will not you be smelt out, Bots?

Bots. No; your bravest whores have the worst noses.

Re-enter First and Second Masters and Constable, then Dorothea Target, *brave*;[o] *after her two Beadles, the one with a wheel, the other with a blue gown.*[p]

Lod. Are not you a bride, forsooth?

Dor. Say ye?

Car. He would know if these be not your bride-men.

Dor. Vuh, yes, sir; and look ye, do you see? the bride-laces that I give at my wedding will serve to tie rosemary[q] to both your coffins when you come from hanging,—scab!

Or. Fie, punk! fie, fie, fie!

Dor. Out, you stale, stinking head of garlic, foh, at my heels!

Or. My head's cloven.

Hip. O, let the gentlewoman alone, she's going to shrift.

Ast. Nay, to do penance.

Car. Ay, ay; go, punk, go to the Cross and be whipt.

Dor. Marry mew, marry muff,[r] marry hang you, goodman dog! whipt? do ye take me for a base spittle[s] whore? In troth, gentlemen, you wear the clothes of gentlemen, but you carry not the minds of gentlemen, to abuse a gentlewoman of my fashion.

Lod. Fashion? pox a' your fashions! art not a whore?

[o] *brave*] See note, p. 190.

[p] *a wheel . . . . . blue gown*] The use of both is presently mentioned in the text; and see note, p. 220.

[q] *rosemary*] See note, p. 151.

[r] *marry muff*] See note, p. 36.

[s] *spittle*] See note, vol. ii. p. 465.

Dor. Goodman slave!

Duke. O fie, abuse her not; let us two talk.—What mought[1] I call your name, pray?

Dor. I'm not ashamed of my name, sir; my name is mistress Doll Target, a western gentlewoman.

Lod. Her target against any pike in Milan!

Duke. Why is this wheel borne after her?

First Mas. She must spin.

Dor. A coarse thread it shall be, as all threads are.

Ast. If you spin, then you'll earn money here too?

Dor. I had rather get half-a-crown abroad than ten crowns here.

Or. Abroad? I think so.

Inf. Dost thou not weep now thou art here?

Dor. Say ye? weep? yes, forsooth, as you did when you lost your maidenhead; do you not hear how I weep? [*Sings.*

Lod. Farewell, Doll!

Dor. Farewell, dog! [*Exit with Beadles.*

Duke. Past shame, past penitence! Why is that blue gown?

First Mas. Being stript out of her wanton loose attire,
That garment she puts on, base to the eye,
Only to clothe her in humility.

Duke. Are all the rest like this?

First Mas. No, my good lord;
You see this drab swells with a wanton rein,
The next that enters has a different strain.

Duke. Variety is good; let's see the rest.

[*Exeunt First and Second Masters and Constable.*

Bots. Your grace sees I'm sound yet, and no bullets hit me.

[1] *mought*] i. e. might.

DUKE. Come off so, and 'tis well.
LOD. }
AST., &c. } Here's the second mess.

Re-enter First and Second Masters and Constable; then PENELOPE WHOREHOUND, *dressed like a citizen's wife; after her two Beadles, one with a blue gown, another with chalk*[t] *and a mallet.*

PEN. I ha' worn many a costly gown, but I was never thus guarded[u] with blue coats and beadles and constables and ——

CAR. Alas, fair mistress, spoil not thus your eyes!

PEN. O sweet sir, I fear the spoiling of other places about me that are dearer than my eyes! If you be gentlemen, if you be men, or ever came of a woman, pity my case! stand to me, stick to me, good sir, you are an old man!

OR. Hang not on me, I prithee; old trees bear no such fruit.

PEN. Will you bail me, gentlemen?

LOD. Bail thee? art in for debt?

PEN. No; God[v] is my judge, sir, I am in for no debts; I paid my tailor for this gown the last five shillings a-week that was behind yesterday.

DUKE. What is your name, I pray?

PEN. Penelope Whorehound, I come of the Whorehounds.—How does lieutenant Bots?

[t] *chalk*, &c.] See note, p. 221.

[u] *guarded*] A play on the word—trimmed, faced.

[v] *God*] "In the old copy there is a blank left for this word, to avoid the *prophanationem nominis Dei*, as T. Bastard terms it in his *Epigrams*. . . . . This vice, as is well known, was, not many years afterwards, reformed in a great degree, as far as the theatre was concerned. See the statute 3. James I. chap. xxi." COLLIER.

LOD. } Aha, Bots!
AST., &c. }

BOTS. A very honest woman, as I'm a soldier,—a pox Bots ye!

PEN. I was never in this pickle before; and yet, if I go amongst citizens' wives, they jeer at me; if I go among the loose-bodied gowns,[w] they cry a pox on me, because I go civilly attired, and swear their trade was a good trade till such as I am took it out of their hands. Good lieutenant Bots, speak to these captains to bail me.

FIRST MAS. Begging for bail still? you are a trim gossip.
Go give her the blue gown; set her to her chare.[x]
Work, huswife, for your bread; away!

PEN. Out, you dog!—a pox on you all!—women are born to curse thee—but I shall live to see twenty such flat-caps[y] shaking dice for a pennyworth of pippins—out, you blue-eyed rogue!

[*Exit with Beadles.*

LOD. } Ha, ha, ha!
AST., &c. }

DUKE. Even now she wept and pray'd; now does she curse?

FIRST MAS. Seeing me; if still sh'ad stay'd, this had been worse.

HIP. Was she ever here before?

FIRST MAS. Five times at least;
And thus if men come to her have her eyes
Wrung and wept out her bail.

LOD. } Bots, you know her!
AST., &c. }

[w] *loose-bodied gowns*] The common dress of courtesans: see note, vol. i. p. 491.

[x] *chare*] "i. e. task-work." REED.

[y] *flat-caps*] See note, p. 58.

Bots. Is there any gentleman here that knows not a whore, and is he a hair the worse for that?

Duke. Is she a city-dame, she's so attir'd?

First Mas. No, my good lord, that's only but the veil
To her loose body; I have seen her here
In gayer masking suits: as several sauces
Give one dish several tastes, so change of habits
In whores is a bewitching art; to-day
She's all in colours to besot gallants, then
In modest black to catch the citizen;
And this from their examination's drawn.
Now shall you see a monster both in shape
And nature quite from these, that sheds no tear,
Nor yet is nice, 'tis a plain ramping bear;
Many such whales are cast upon this shore.

Duke, Lod., &c. } Let's see her.

First Mas. Then behold a swaggering whore.

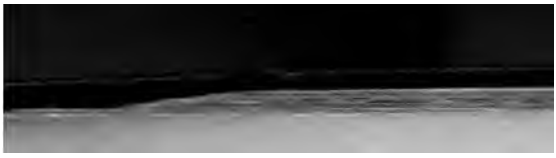
[*Exeunt First and Second Masters and Constable.*

Or. Keep your ground, Bots.

Bots. I do but traverse to spy advantage how to arm myself.

Re-enter First and Second Masters and Constable, after them a Beadle beating a basin,[2] *then* Catherina Bountinall *with* Mistress Horseleech,

[2] *a beadle beating a basin*] The First Master presently tells the Duke that the basin "is an emblem of their revelling." Here Reed cites a parallel passage from B. Jonson's *New Inn*, act iv. sc. 3, and a remark of Whalley, that it alludes "to the custom of old, when bawds and other infamous persons were carted. A mob of people used to precede them *beating basins* and other utensils of the same kind, to make the noise and tumult the bigger," &c. &c.



after them another Beadle with a blue head guarded[a] *with yellow.*

CATH. Sirrah, when I cry hold your hands, hold, you rogue-catcher, hold.—Bawd, are the French chilblains in your heels, that you can come no faster? are not you, bawd, a whore's ancient,[b] and must not I follow my colours?

MIS. H. O mistress Catherine, you do me wrong to accuse me here as you do, before the right worshipful! I am known for a motherly honest woman, and no bawd.

CATH. Marry, foh, honest? burnt at fourteen, seven times whipt, six times carted, nine times ducked, searched by some hundred and fifty constables, and yet you are honest! honest mistress Horseleech! is this world a world to keep bawds and whores honest? how many times hast thou given gentlemen a quart of wine in a gallon pot? how many twelve-penny fees, nay, two-shillings fees, nay, when any ambassadors ha' been here, how many half-crown fees hast thou taken? how many carriers hast thou bribed for country wenches? how often have I rinced your lungs in *aqua vitæ?*[c] and yet you are honest!

DUKE. And what were you the whilst?

CATH. Marry, hang you, master slave, who made you an examiner?

[a] *guarded*] See note, p. 236.

[b] *ancient*] i. e. "an ensign." REED. "This point will be better understood from the following [passage of *The Fleire*, by Sharpham, sig. F 2, ed. 1615.]

'FLEIRE. What, Signior! in loue with my Ladie's *Ancient*.
SPARKE. Why her Ancient?
FLEIRE. Because she carries her colours for her, but 'tis in a boxe.'" COLLIER. I doubt if there be any such point in our text.

[c] *aqua vitæ*] "Formerly the general name for spirits." REED.

LOD. Well said! belike this devil spares no man.

CATH. What art thou, prithee?

BOTS. Nay, what art thou, prithee?

CATH. A whore: art thou a thief?

BOTS. A thief? no, I defy[d] the calling; I am a soldier, have borne arms in the field, been in many a hot skirmish, yet come off sound.

CATH. Sound, with a pox to ye, ye abominable rogue! you a soldier! you in skirmishes! where? amongst pottle-pots in a bawdy-house?—Look, look here, you madam Wormeaten, do not you know him?

MIS. H. Lieutenant Bots, where have ye been this many a day?

BOTS. Old bawd, do not discredit me, seem not to know me.

MIS. H. Not to know ye, master Bots? as long as I have breath I cannot forget thy sweet face.

DUKE. Why, do you know him? he says he is a soldier.

CATH. He a soldier? a pander, a dog that will lick up sixpence. Do ye hear, you master swine's-snout, how long is't since you held the door for me, and cried, To't again, nobody comes! ye rogue you?

LOD. } Ha, ha, ha! you're smelt out again,
AST., &c. } Bots.

BOTS. Pox ruin her nose for't! and[e] I be not revenged for this—um, ye bitch!

LOD. D'ye hear ye, madam? why does your ladyship swagger thus? you're very brave,[f] methinks.

CATH. Not at your cost, master cod's-head. Is any man here blear-eyed to see me brave?

[d] *defy*] i. e. reject, disclaim.
[e] *and*] i. e. if.
[f] *brave*] See note, p. 190.

Ast. Yes, I am; because good clothes upon a whore's back is like fair painting upon a rotten wall.

Cath. Marry muff,[g] master whoremaster! you come upon me with sentences.

Ber. By this light has small sense for't.

Lod. O fie, fie, do not vex her! and yet methinks a creature of more scurvy conditions should not know what a good petticoat were.

Cath. Marry, come out, you're so busy about my petticoat, you'll creep up to my placket,[h] and[i] ye could but attain the honour: but and[i] the outsides offend your rogueships, look o' the lining, 'tis silk.

Duke. Is't silk 'tis lined with, then?

Cath. Silk? ay, silk, master slave; you would be glad to wipe your nose with the skirt on't. This 'tis to come among a company of cod's-heads, that know not how to use a gentlewoman!

Duke. Tell her the duke is here.

First Mas. Be modest, Kate, the duke is here.

Cath. If the devil were here, I care not.—Set forward, ye rogues, and give attendance according to your places! let bawds and whores be sad, for I'll sing and[i] the devil were a-dying.

[*Exit with* Mistress Horseleech *and Beadles.*

Duke. Why before her does the basin ring?

First Mas. It is an emblem of their revelling. The whips we use let[j] forth their wanton blood, Making them calm; and, more to calm their pride, Instead of coaches they in carts do ride.

[g] *marry muff*] See note, p. 36.

[h] *placket*] See vol. ii. p. 497. The assertion of Nares, there mentioned, is disproved by the present passage.

[i] *and*] i. e. if.

[j] *let*] Old ed. "lets."

Will your grace see more of this bad ware?

DUKE. No, shut up shop, we'll now break up the fair:

Yet ere we part—you, sir, that take upon ye
The name of soldier, that true name of worth,
Which action, not vain boasting, best sets forth,
To let you know how far a soldier's name
Stands from your title, and to let you see
Soldiers must not be wrong'd where princes be,
This be your sentence.

LOD. } Defend yourself, Bots!
AST., &c. }

DUKE. First, all the private sufferance that the house
Inflicts upon offenders, you, as the basest,
Shall undergo it double; after which
You shall be whipt, sir, round about the city,
Then banish'd from the land.

BOTS. Beseech your grace!

DUKE. Away with him, see't done.

[*Exit* BOTS *with Constable.*

Panders and whores
Are city-plagues, which being kept alive,
Nothing that looks like goodness e'er can thrive.—
Now, good Orlando, what say you to your bad son-in-law?

OR. Marry, this, my lord; he is my son-in-law, and in law will I be his father, for if law can pepper him, he shall be so parboiled, that he shall stink no more i' th' nose of the commonwealth.

BEL. Be yet more kind and merciful, good father!

OR. Dost thou beg for him, thou precious man's meat, thou? has he not beaten thee, kicked thee, trod on thee? and dost thou fawn on him like his spaniel? has he not pawned thee to thy petticoat,

sold thee to thy smock, made ye leap at a crust? yet would'st have me save him?

BEL. O yes, good sir! women shall learn of me
To love their husbands in greatest misery;
Then shew him pity, or you wreck myself.

OR. Have ye eaten pigeons, that you're so kind-hearted to your mate? Nay, you're a couple of wild bears, I'll have ye both baited at one stake: but as for this knave,—the gallows is thy due, and the gallows thou shalt have; I'll have justice of the duke, the law shall have thy life.—What, dost thou hold him? let go his hand: if thou dost not forsake him, a father's everlasting blessing fall upon both your heads! Away, go, kiss out of my sight; play thou the whore no more, nor thou the thief again, my house shall be thine, my meat shall be thine, and so shall my wine, but my money shall be mine, and yet when I die, so thou dost not fly high, take all;
Yet, good Matheo, mend.[j]
Thus for joy weeps Orlando, and doth end.

DUKE. Then hear, Matheo: all[k] your woes are stay'd
By your good father-in-law; all your ills
Are clear purg'd from you by his working pills.—
Come, signor Candido, these green young wits,
We see by circumstance, this plot have[l] laid,
Still to provoke thy patience, which they find
A wall of brass; no armour's like the mind:

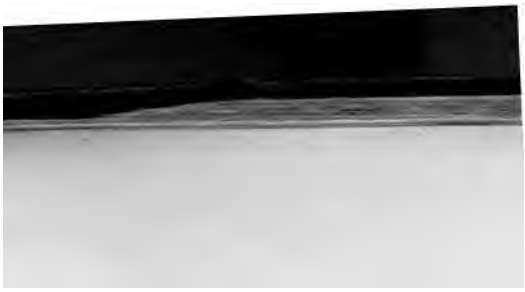
[j] *Yet, good*, &c.] An imperfect couplet: see note, p. 52. In the passage which immediately precedes it, Orlando seems to be seized with a fit of rhyming.

[k] *Then hear, Matheo: all*, &c.] Qy. "*Then* here, *Matheo, all*," &c.

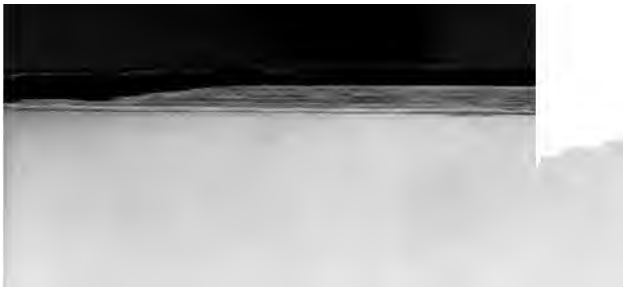
[l] *have*] Old ed. "hath."

Thou'st taught the city patience; now our court
Shall be thy sphere, where from thy good report,
Rumours this truth unto the world shall sing,
A patient man's a pattern for a king.

[*Exeunt omnes.*



THE WITCH.



A Tragi-Coomodie, called The Witch; Long since acted by His Maties Servants at the Black-Friers. Written by Tho. Middleton.

The MS., from which this drama is now given, forms part of Malone's Collection in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. In 1778 a small impression of *The Witch* was printed by Isaac Reed, for distribution among his friends: it was intended to exhibit the original text *verbatim et literatim*; but from a collation which was obligingly made for me by the Rev. Stephen Reay, I find that it is not without some errors and omissions.

On the disputed question, whether this drama was composed before or after the appearance of Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, see the Account of Middleton and his writings.

Some of the incidents in *The Witch* were suggested by the following passage of Machiavel's *Florentine History*. "Their [the Lombards'] kingdom descending upon Alboinus a bold and warlike man, they passed the Danube, and encountering Comundus King of the Lepides then possessed of Pannonia, overthrew and slew him. Amongst the captives Alboinus finds Rosamund the daughter of Comundus, and taking her to wife becomes Lord of Pannonia; but out of a brutish fierceness in his nature, he makes a drinking cup of Comundus's skull, and out of it used to carouse in memory of that victory. Invited now by Narsetes, with whom he had been in league during the Gothick war, he leaves Pannonia to the Huns, who, as we have said, were after the death of Attila returned into their own Countrey, and comes into Italy, which finding so strangely divided, he in an instant possesses himself of Pavia, Milan, Verona, Vicenza, all Tuscany, and the greatest part of Flaminia, at this day called Romania. So that by these great and sudden victories judging himself already Conquerour of Italy, he makes a solemn feast at Verona, and in the heat of wine growing merry, causes Comundus's skull to be filled full of wine, and would needs have it presented to Queen Rosamund, who sate at table over against him, telling her so loud that all might hear, that in such a time of mirth he would have her drink with her father; those words were as so many darts in the poor ladies bosome, and consulting with revenge, she bethought her self, how Almachildis a noble Lombard, young and valiant, courted one of the Ladies of her

bed-chamber; with her she contrives that she should promise Almachildis the kindness of admitting him by night to her chamber; and Almachildis according to her assignation being received into a dark room, lyes with the Queen, whilest he thought he lay with the Lady, who after the fact discovers herself, offering to his choice either the killing of Alboinus and enjoying her and the Crown, or the being made his sacrifice for defiling his bed. Almachildis consents to kill Alboinus; but they seeing afterwards their designs of seizing the kingdom prove unsuccessful, nay rather fearing to be put to death by the Lombards (such love bore they to Alboinus) they fled with all the Royal Treasure to Longinus at Ravenna," &c. *English translation*, 1674, pp. 17, 18.

See also *Histoires Tragiques* de Belleforest, 1616, t. iv. Hist. lxxiii.

TO THE

TRULY WORTHY AND GENEROUSLY AFFECTED

THOMAS HOLMES, Esquire.

Noble Sir,

As a true testimony of my ready inclination to your service, I have, merely upon a taste of your desire, recovered[a] into my hands, though not without much difficulty, this ignorantly ill-fated labour of mine.

Witches are, *ipso facto*, by the law condemned, and that only, I think, hath made her lie so long in an imprisoned obscurity. For your sake alone she hath thus far conjured herself abroad, and bears no other charms about her but what may tend to your recreation, nor no other spell but to possess you with a belief, that as she, so he that first taught her to enchant, will always be

Your devoted

THO. MIDDLETON.

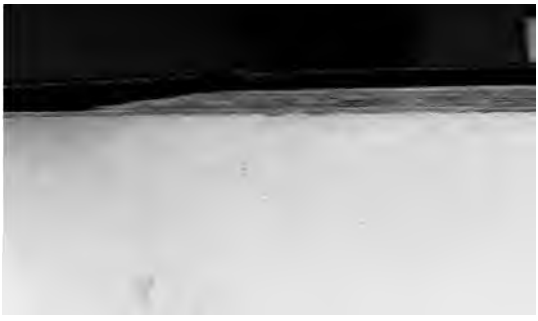
[a] *recovered*] From the playhouse probably, as Steevens conjectures.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke.
Lord Governor of Ravenna.
SEBASTIAN, *contracted to Isabella.*
FERNANDO, *his friend.*
ANTONIO, *husband to Isabella.*
ABERZANES, } *gentlemen.*
ALMACHILDES, }
GASPARO, } *servants to Antonio.*
HERMIO, }
FIRESTONE, *Hecate's son.*
Servants, &c.

Duchess.
ISABELLA, *wife to Antonio, and niece to the governor.*
FRANCISCA, *sister to Antonio.*
AMORETTA, *the duchess's woman.*
FLORIDA, *a courtesan.*
HECATE, *the chief witch.*
STADLIN, } *witches.*
HOPPO, }
Other Witches, &c.

Scene, RAVENNA and its neighbourhood.



THE WITCH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the House of the Lord Governor: a banquet set out.

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* FERNANDO.

SEB. My three years spent in war has now undone
My peace for ever.
FER. Good, be patient, sir.
SEB. She is my wife by contract before heaven
And all the angels, sir.
FER. I do believe you;
But where's the remedy now? you see she's gone,
Another has possession.
SEB. There's the torment!
FER. This day, being the first of your return,
Unluckily proves the first too of her fastening.
Her uncle, sir, the governor of Ravenna,
Holding a good opinion of the bridegroom,
As he's fair-spoken, sir, and wondrous mild ——
SEB. There goes the devil in a sheep-skin!
FER. With all speed
Clapp'd it up suddenly: I cannot think, sure,
That the maid over-loves him; though being married,
Perhaps, for her own credit, now she intends
Performance of an honest, duteous wife.

SEB. Sir, I've a world of business: question nothing;
You will but lose your labour; 'tis not fit
For any, hardly mine own secrecy,
To know what I intend. I take my leave, sir.
I find such strange employments in myself,
That unless death pity me and lay me down,
I shall not sleep these seven years; that's the least, sir. [*Exit.*

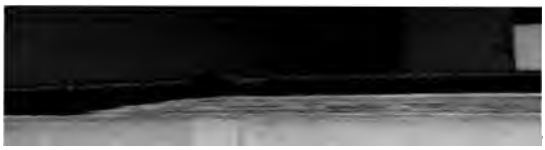
FER. That sorrow's dangerous can abide no counsel;
'Tis like a wound past cure: wrongs done to love
Strike the heart deeply; none can truly judge on't
But the poor sensible sufferer whom it racks
With unbelieved pains, which men in health,
That enjoy love, not possibly can act,
Nay, not so much as think. In troth, I pity him:
His sighs drink life-blood in this time of feasting.
A banquet towards[b] too! not yet hath riot
Play'd out her last scene? at such entertainments still
Forgetfulness obeys, and surfeit governs:
Here's marriage sweetly honour'd in gorg'd stomachs
And overflowing cups!

Enter GASPARO *and Servant.*

GAS. Where is she, sirrah?

SER. Not far off.

[b] *a banquet towards*] i. e. a banquet at hand, ready. *Banquet* means here, as in many (though not all) passages of our early writers, what we now call a dessert. Our ancestors usually quitted the eating-room as soon as they had dined, and removed to another apartment, where the *banquet* was set out.



GAS. Prithee, where? go fetch her hither:
I'll rid him away straight.— [*Exit Servant.*
The duke's[c] now risen, sir.
FER. I am a joyful man to hear it, sir,
It seems has drunk the less; though I think he
That has the least has certainly enough. [*Exit.*
GAS. I have observ'd this fellow: all the feast-time
He hath not pledg'd one cup, but look'd most wickedly
Upon good Malaga; flies to the black-jack still,
And sticks to small drink like a water-rat.
O, here she comes:

Enter FLORIDA.

Alas, the poor whore weeps!
'Tis not for grace now, all the world must judge;
It is for spleen and madness 'gainst this marriage:
I do but think how she could beat the vicar now,
Scratch the man horribly that gave the woman,
The woman worst of all, if she durst do it. [*Aside.*
Why, how now, mistress? this weeping needs not; for though
My master marry for his reputation,
He means to keep you too.
FLO. How, sir?
GAS. He doth indeed;
He swore't to me last night. Are you so simple,
And have been five years traded, as to think
One woman would serve him? fie, not an empress!
Why, he'll be sick o' th' wife within ten nights,
Or never trust my judgment.
FLO. Will he, think'st thou?
GAS. Will he!
FLO. I find thee still so comfortable,

[c] *duke's*] MS. "king's."

Beshrew my heart, if I know[c] how to miss thee:
They talk of gentlemen, perfumers, and such things;
Give me the kindness of the master's man
In my distress, say I.

GAS. 'Tis your great love, forsooth.
Please you withdraw yourself to yond private parlour;
I'll send you venison, custard, parsnip-pie;
For banqueting stuff, as suckets,[d] jellies, sirups,
I will bring in myself.

FLO. I'll take 'em kindly, sir. [*Exit.*

GAS. Sh'as your grand strumpet's complement to a tittle.
'Tis a fair building: it had need; it has
Just at this time some one and twenty inmates;
But half of 'em are young merchants, they'll depart shortly;
They take but rooms for summer, and away they
When 't grows foul weather: marry, then come the termers,[e]
And commonly they're well-booted for all seasons.
But peace, no word; the guests are coming in.
[*Retires.*

Enter ALMACHILDES *and* AMORETTA.

ALM. The fates have bless'd me; have I met you privately?

AM. Why, sir, why, Almachildes!——

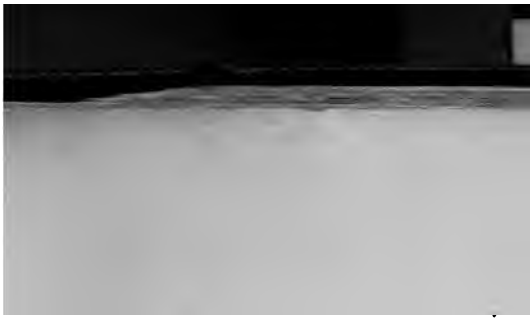
ALM. Not a kiss?

AM. I'll call aloud, i'faith.

ALM. I'll stop your mouth.

AM. Upon my love to reputation,
I'll tell the duchess once more.

[c] *know*] MS. "knew." [d] *suckets*] i. e. sweetmeats.
[e] *termers*] i. e. persons resorting to the capital during term-time: compare vol. ii. pp. 107, 433.



ALM. 'Tis the way
To make her laugh a little.
AM. She'll not think
That you dare use a maid of honour thus.
ALM. Amsterdam[e] swallow thee for a puritan,
And Geneva cast thee up again! like she that sunk[f]
At Charing Cross, and rose again at Queenhithe!
AM. Ay, these are the silly fruits of the sweet vine, sir. [*Retires.*
ALM. Sweet venery be with thee, and I at the tail
Of my wish! I am a little headstrong, and so
Are most of the company. I will to the witches.
They say they have charms[g] and tricks to make
A wench fall backwards, and lead a man herself
To a country-house,[h] some mile out of the town,
Like a fire-drake. There be such whoreson kind girls
And such bawdy witches; and I'll try conclusions.[i]

[e] *Amsterdam*] See note, vol. i. p. 205.

[f] *she that sunk*, &c.] i. e. Queen Elinor, wife to King Edward the First: see Peele's drama entitled *Edward I.*, and the Ballad prefixed to it, in my sec. ed. of his *Works*, vol. i. p. 69. 1829.

[g] *charms*] Written in MS. "*charmes*"—is used as a dissyllable in the next scene,

"Knit with these *charms* and retentive knots."

But perhaps I ought to have reduced the present hobbling speech to prose.

[h] *a country house*, &c.] "The country house here alluded to," says Malone, "was at Brentford; and in the plays written in 1607, and for some years afterwards, there are frequent allusions to the practice of carrying women of the town thither." *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 428 (*Sh. by Boswell*, vol. ii.)

[i] *conclusions*] i. e. experiments.

Enter Duke, Duchess, Lord Governor, ANTONIO, ISABELLA, *and* FRANCISCA.

DUKE. A banquet[1] yet! why surely, my lord governor,
Bacchus could ne'er boast of a day till now,
To spread his power, and make his glory known.
DUCH. Sir, you've done nobly; though in modesty
You keep it from us, know, we understand so much,
All this day's cost 'tis your great love bestows,
In honour of the bride, your virtuous neice.
Gov. In love to goodness and your presence, madam;
So understood, 'tis rightly.
DUKE. Now will I
Have a strange health after all these.
Gov. What's that, my lord?
DUKE. A health in a strange cup; and 't shall go round.
Gov. Your grace need not doubt that, sir, having seen
So many pledg'd already: this fair company
Cannot shrink now for one, so it end there.
DUKE. It shall, for all ends here: here's a full period. [*Produces a skull set as a cup.*
Gov. A skull, my lord?
DUKE. Call it a soldier's cup, man:
Fie, how you fright the women! I have sworn
It shall go round, excepting only you, sir,
For your late sickness, and the bride herself,
Whose health it is.
ISA. Marry, I thank heaven for that!
DUKE. Our duchess, I know, will pledge us, though the cup

[1] *A banquet*] See note, p. 252.

Was once her father's head, which, as a trophy,
We'll keep till death in memory of that conquest.
He was the greatest foe our steel e'er strook at,
And he was bravely slain: then took we thee
Into our bosom's love: thou mad'st the peace
For all thy country, thou, that beauty, did.
We're dearer than a father, are we not?

DUCH. Yes, sir, by much.

DUKE. And we shall find that straight.

ANT. That's an ill bride-cup for a marriage-day,
I do not like the face on't.

GOV. Good my lord,
The duchess looks pale: let her not pledge you there.

DUKE. Pale?

DUCH. Sir, not I.

DUKE. See how your lordship fails now;
The rose not fresher, nor the sun at rising
More comfortably pleasing.

DUCH. Sir, to you,
The lord of this day's honour. [*Drinks.*

ANT. All first moving
From your grace, madam, and the duke's great favour,
Since it must. [*Drinks.*

FRAN. This the worst fright that could come
To a conceal'd great belly! I'm with child;
And this will bring it out, or make me come
Some seven weeks sooner than we maidens reckon.
[*Aside.*

DUCH. Did ever cruel barbarous art match this?
Twice have[1] his surfeits brought my father's memory
Thus spitefully and scornfully to mine eyes;

[1] *have*] MS. "hath."

And I'll endure 't no more; 'tis in my heart since:
I'll be reveng'd as far as death can lead one.
[*Aside.*

ALM. Am I the last man, then? I may deserve
To be first one day. [*Drinks.*

GOV. Sir, it has gone round now.

DUKE. The round?[k] an excellent way to train up soldiers!
Where's bride and bridegroom?

ANT. At your happy service.

DUKE. A boy to-night, at least; I charge you look to't,
Or I'll renounce you for industrious subjects.

ANT. Your grace speaks like a worthy and tried soldier.

GAS. And you'll do well for one that ne'er toss'd pike, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The abode of HECATE.

Enter HECATE.[l]

HEC. Titty and Tiffin, Suckin and Pidgen, Liard and Robin! white spirits, black spirits, grey spirits, red spirits! devil-toad, devil-ram, devil-cat, and

[k] *The round*] See note, vol. ii. p. 190.

[l] *The abode of Hecate. Enter Hecate*] MS. has, "*Enter Heccat; and other Witches (with Properties, and Habitts fitting).*"—I had originally prefixed to this scene, "*A Cave: Hecate discovered in front of the stage: Stadlin, Hoppo, other witches, and Firestone, in an inner cave, where a caldron is boiling:*" but Hecate does not *see* the caldron; and as we shall presently find that Almachildes (vide p. 268) is on the point of falling into it, *before* he meets with Hecate, it could not have been placed in an *inner* cave.

devil-dam! why, Hoppo and Stadlin,[m] Hellwain[n] and Puckle![o]

STAD. [*within*] Here, sweating at the vessel.

HEC. Boil it well.

HOP. [*within*] It gallops now.

HEC. Are the flames blue enough?
Or shall I use a little seething more?

STAD. [*within*] The nips of fairies[p] upon maids' white hips
Are not more perfect asure.

HEC. Tend it carefully.
Send Stadlin to me with a brazen dish,
That I may fall to work upon these serpents,
And squeeze 'em ready for the second hour:
Why, when?[q]

Enter STADLIN *with a dish.*

STAD. Here's Stadlin and the dish.

HEC. There, take this unbaptised brat;[r]
[*Giving the dead body of a child.*
Boil it well; preserve the fat:

[m] *Hoppo and Stadlin*] See quotation from R. Scot, note, p. 265.

[n] *Hellwain*] MS. "Hellwin:" see note, p. 264.

[o] *Puckle*] MS. "Prickle."

[p] *The nips of fairies*, &c.] This passage is explained by the following lines of Browne:

"where oft the Fairy-Queene
At twy-light sate, and did command her Elues
To pinch those Maids that had not swept their shelues;
And further if by Maidens ouersight
Within doores water were not brought at night,
Or if they spread no Table, set no Bread,
They should haue nips from toe vnto the head."

Britannia's Pastorals, b. i. song ii. p. 41, ed. 1625.

[q] *Why, when*] See note, p. 164.

[r] *There, take this unbaptised brat*, &c.] Here, and in the next three speeches of Hecate, Middleton follows Reginald Scot,

You know 'tis precious to transfer
Our 'nointed flesh into the air,
In moonlight nights, on steeple-tops,
Mountains, and pine-trees, that like pricks or stops
Seem to our height; high towers and roofs of princes
Like wrinkles in the earth; whole provinces
Appear to our sight then even leek[s]
A russet mole upon some lady's cheek.
When hundred leagues in air, we feast and sing,
Dance, kiss, and coll,[t] use every thing:
What young man can we wish to pleasure us,
But we enjoy him in an incubus?
Thou know'st it, Stadlin?

STAD. Usually that's done.

using sometimes the very words of that curious writer. In the *Discouerie of Witchcraft*, Scot gives from "John Bapt. Neap." i. e. Porta, the following receipts for the miraculous transportation of witches: "℞. *The fat of yoong children, and seeth it with water in a brasen vessell*, reseruing the thickest of that which remaineth boiled in the bottome, which they laie vp and keepe, vntill occasion serueth to vse it. *They put hereunto Eleoselinum, Aconitum, frondes populeas, and soote.*" "℞. *Sium, acarum vulgare, pentaphyllon, the bloud of a flitter-mouse, solanum somniferum et oleum.* They stampe all these togither, and then they rubbe all parts of their bodies exceedinglie, till they looke red and be verie hot, so as the pores may be opened and their flesh soluble and loose. They ioine herewithall either fat or oile in steed thereof, that the force of the ointment maie the rather pearse inwardly, and so be more effectual. By this means (saith he) *in a moone light night they seeme to be carried in the aire, to feasting, singing, dansing, kissing, culling, and other acts of venerie, with such youthes as they loue and desire most*," &c. B. x. c. viii. p. 184, ed. 1584.—See the original of this in Porta's *Magiæ Naturalis, sive De Miraculis Rerum Naturalium Libri iiii.*, 1561, 12mo. p. 180. Porta omitted the passage in (at least some) later and enlarged editions of his work.

[s] *leek*] i. e. like—for the sake of the rhyme.

[t] *coll*] i. e. embrace, or clasp round the neck.

HEC. Last night thou got'st the mayor of Whelplie's[u] son;
I knew him by his black cloak lin'd with yellow;
I think thou'st spoil'd the youth, he's but seventeen:
I'll have him the next mounting. Away, in:
Go, feed the vessel for the second hour.
STAD. Where be the magical herbs?
HEC. They're down his throat;[v]
His mouth cramm'd full, his ears and nostrils stuff'd.
I thrust in eleoselinum lately,
Aconitum, frondes populeas, and soot—
You may see that, he looks so b[l]ack i' th' mouth—
Then sium, acorum vulgare too,
Pentaphyllon,[w] the blood of a flitter-mouse,[x]
Solanum somnificum et oleum.
STAD. Then there's all, Hecate.
HEC. Is the heart of wax
Stuck full of magic needles?
STAD. 'Tis done, Hecate.
HEC. And is the farmer's picture and his wife's
Laid down to th' fire yet?
STAD. They're a-roasting both too.
HEC. Good [*exit* STADLIN]; then their marrows are a-melting subtly,
And three months' sickness sucks up life in 'em.
They denied me often flour, barm, and milk,
Goose-grease and tar, when I ne'er hurt their churnings,[y]
Their brew-locks, nor their batches, nor forespoke

[u] *Whelplie's*] What place is meant by this word I know not.
[v] *his throat*] i. e. the dead child's.
[w] *Pentaphyllon*] MS. "Dentaphillon."
[x] *flitter-mouse*] Or *flicker*-mouse—i. e. bat.
[y] *churnings*] MS. "charmings."

Any of their breedings. Now I'll be meet[y] with 'em:
Seven of their young pigs I've bewitch'd already,
Of the last litter;
Nine ducklings, thirteen goslings, and a hog,
Fell lame last Sunday after even-song too;
And mark how their sheep prosper, or what sup
Each milch-kine gives to th' pail: I'll send these snakes
Shall milk 'em all
Beforehand; the dew-skirted[z] dairy-wenches
Shall stroke dry dugs for this, and go home cursing;
I'll mar their sillabubs and swathy feastings[a]
Under cows' bellies with the parish-youths.
Where's Firestone, our son Firestone?

Enter FIRESTONE.

FIRE. Here am I, mother.

HEC. Take in this brazen dish full of dear ware:
[*Gives dish.*
Thou shalt have all when I die; and that will be
Even just at twelve a' clock at night come three year.

FIRE. And may you not have one a' clock in to th' dozen, mother?

HEC. No.

FIRE. Your spirits are, then, more unconscionable than bakers. You'll have lived then, mother, six-score year to the hundred; and, methinks, after sixscore years, the devil might give you a cast, for he's a fruiterer too, and has been from the beginning; the first apple that e'er was eaten came through his fingers: the costermonger's,[b] then, I hold to be the ancientest trade, though some would have the tailor pricked down before him.

[y] *meet*] i. e. even.

[z] *dew-skirted*] MS. "dew'd-skirted."

[a] *swathy feastings*] i. e. (I suppose) feastings among the *swaths*—the mown rows of grass.

[b] *costermonger's*] i. e. apple-seller's.

Hec. Go, and take heed you shed not by the way;
The hour must have her portion: 'tis dear sirup;
Each charmed drop is able to confound
A family consisting of nineteen
Or one-and-twenty feeders.
Fire. Marry, here's stuff indeed!
Dear sirup call you it? a little thing
Would make me give you a dram on't in a posset,
And cut you three years shorter. [*Aside.*
Hec. Thou art now
About some villany.
Fire. Not I, forsooth.—
Truly the devil's in her, I think: how one villain smells out another straight! there's no knavery but is nosed like a dog, and can smell out a dog's meaning. [*Aside.*]—Mother, I pray, give me leave to ramble abroad to-night with the Nightmare, for I have a great mind to overlay a fat parson's daughter.
Hec. And who shall lie with me, then?
Fire. The great cat
For one night, mother; 'tis but a night:
Make shift with him for once.
Hec. You're a kind son!
But 'tis the nature of you all, I see that;
You had rather hunt after strange women still
Than lie with your own mothers. Get thee gone;
Sweat thy six ounces out about the vessel,
And thou shalt play at midnight; the Nightmare
Shall call thee when it walks.
Fire. Thanks, most sweet mother. [*Exit.*
Hec. Urchins, Elves, Hags, Satyrs, Pans, Fawns, Sylvans,[b] Kitt-with-the-candlestick, Tritons, Cen-

[b] *Sylvans*] MS. "Silence."—Here again Middleton borrows from Reginald Scot: "And they haue so fraied vs

taurs, Dwarfs, Imps, the Spoo[r]n, the Mare, the Man-i'-th'-oak, the Hellwain, the Fire-drake, the Puckle! A ab hur hus!

Enter SEBASTIAN.

SEB. Heaven knows with what unwillingness and hate
I enter this damn'd place: but such extremes
Of wrongs in love fight 'gainst religion's knowledge,
That were I led by this disease to deaths
As numberless as creatures that must die,
I could not shun the way. I know what 'tis
To pity madmen now; they're wretched things

with bull beggers, spirits, witches, *urchens*, *elues*, *hags*, fairies, *satyrs*, *pans*, *faunes*, *sylens* [sylvans], *kit with the cansticke*, *tritons*, *centaurs*, *dwarfes*, giants, *imps*, calcars, coniurors, nymphes, changlings, Incubus, Robin good-fellowe, *the spoorne*, *the mare*, *the man in the oke*, *the hell waine*, *the fierdrake*, *the puckle*, Tom thombe, hob gobblin, Tom tumbler, boneles, and such other bugs, that we are afraid of our owne shadowes." *Discouerie of Witchcraft*, b. vii. c. xv. p. 153, ed. 1584.—Sir W. Scott, having given the above quotation from the work of his namesake, observes: "It would require a better demonologist than I am to explain the various obsolete superstitions which Reginald Scot has introduced, as articles of the old English faith, into the preceding passage. I might indeed say, the Phuca is a Celtic superstition, from which the word Pook, or Puckle, was doubtless derived; and I might conjecture, that the man-in-the-oak was the same with the Erl-König of the Germans; and that the hellwain were a kind of wandering spirits, the descendants of a champion named Hellequin, who are introduced into the romance of Richard sans Peur. But most antiquarians will be at fault concerning the spoorn, Kitt-with-the-candlestick, Boneless, and some others." *Letters on Demonology, &c.*, p. 174, sec. ed.—Whatever "Hellwain" may be properly, Middleton meant to express by the term some individual spirit: see p. 259, and the 3d scene of act iii.—The words with which Hecate concludes this speech, "A ab hur hus!" are also borrowed from R. Scot's work, b. xii. c. xiv. p. 244, where they are mentioned as a charm against the toothache.

That ever were created, if they be
Of woman's making, and her faithless vows.
I fear they're now a-kissing: what's a'clock?
'Tis now but supper-time; but night will come,
And all new-married couples make short suppers.—
Whate'er thou art, I've no spare time to fear thee;
My horrors are so strong and great already,
That thou seemest nothing. Up, and laze not:
Hadst thou my business, thou couldst ne'er sit so;
'Twould firk thee into air a thousand mile,
Beyond thy ointments. I would I were read
So much in thy black power as[b] mine own griefs!
I'm in great need of help; wilt give me any?

HEC. Thy boldness takes me bravely; we're all sworn
To sweat for such a spirit: see, I regard thee;
I rise and bid thee welcome. What's thy wish now?

SEB. O, my heart swells with't! I must take breath first.

HEC. Is't to confound some enemy on the seas?
It may be done to-night: Stadlin's within;[c]
She raises all your sudden ruinous storms,
That shipwreck barks, and tear[d] up growing oaks,

[b] *as*] MS. "and."

[c] *Stadlin's within*, &c.] From R. Scot: "It is constantlie affirmed in M. Mal. that Stafus vsed alwaies to hide himselfe in a monshoall [mouse-hole], and had a disciple called Hoppo, who made Stadlin a maister witch, and could all when they list inuisiblie transferre the third part of their neighbours doong, hay, corne, &c. into their owne ground, make haile, tempests, and flouds, with thunder and lightning; and kill children, cattell, &c.: reueale things hidden, and many other tricks, when and where they list." *Discouerie of Witchcraft*, b. xii. c. v. p. 222, ed. 1584.—See Sprenger's *Malleus Maleficarum*, Pars Sec. quæst. i. cap. xv. p. 267, ed. 1576, where the name *Stadio*, not *Stadlin*, is found; but the latter occurs at p. 210.

[d] *tear*] MS. "teares"—and in the next line "Flyes," and "takes."

Fly over houses, and take *Anno Domini*[e]
Out of a rich man's chimney—a sweet place for't!
He'd be hang'd ere he would set his own years there;
They must be chamber'd in a five-pound picture,
A green silk curtain drawn before the eyes on't;
His rotten, diseas'd years!—or dost thou envy
The fat prosperity of any neighbour?
I'll call forth Hoppo, and her incantation
Can straight destroy the young of all his cattle;
Blast vineyards, orchards, meadows; or in one night
Transport his dung, hay, corn, by reeks,[f] whole stacks,
Into thine own ground.

SEB. This would come most richly now
To many a country grazier; but my envy
Lies not so low as cattle, corn, or vines:
'Twill trouble your best powers to give me ease.

HEC. Is it to starve up generation?
To strike a barrenness in man or woman?

SEB. Hah!

HEC. Hah, did you feel me there? I knew your grief.

SEB. Can there be such things done?

HEC. Are these the skins
Of serpents? these of snakes?

SEB. I see they are.

HEC. So sure into what house these are convey'd,
[*Giving serpent-skins, &c. to* SEBASTIAN.
Knit with these charms[g] and retentive knots,
Neither the man begets nor woman breeds,

[e] *Anno Domini*] i. e. the date of the house, frequently affixed to old buildings.

[f] *reeks*] i. e. ricks.

[g] *charms*] See note, p. 255.

No, nor performs the least desires of wedlock,
Being then a mutual duty. . I could give thee
Chirocineta,[h] adincantida,
Archimedon, marmaritin, calicia,
Which I could sort to villanous barren ends;
But this leads the same way. More I could instance;
As, the same needles thrust into their pillows
That sew and sock[i] up dead men in their sheets;
A privy gristle of a man that hangs
After sunset; good, excellent; yet all's there, sir.

SEB. You could not do a man that special kindness
To part 'em utterly now? could you do that?

HEC. No, time must do't: we cannot disjoin wedlock;
'Tis of heaven's fastening. Well may we raise jars,
Jealousies, strifes, and heart-burning disagreements,
Like a thick scurf o'er life, as did our master
Upon that patient miracle;[j] but the work itself
Our power cannot disjoint.

SEB. I depart happy
In what I have then, being constrain'd to this.—
And grant, you greater powers that dispose men,
That I may never need this hag agen![k]

[*Aside, and exit.*

[h] *Chirocineta*, &c.] From R. Scot: "Pythagoras and Democritus giue vs the names of a great manie magicall hearbs and stones, whereof now both the vertue and the things themselues also are vnknowne: as *Marmaritin*, whereby spirits might be raised: *Archimedon*, which would make one bewraie in his sleepe all the secrets in his heart: *Adincantida*, *Calicia*, Meuais, *Chirocineta*, &c.: which had all their seuerall vertues, or rather poisons." *Discouerie of Witchcraft*, b. vi. c. iii. p. 117, ed. 1584.

[i] *sew and sock*] MS. "soawes *and* socks."

[j] *patient miracle*] i. e. Job.

[k] *agen*] See note, p. 182.

HEC. I know he loves me not,[l] nor there's no hope on't;
'Tis for the love of mischief I do this,
And that we're sworn to the first oath we take.

Re-enter FIRESTONE.

FIRE. O mother, mother!

HEC. What's the news with thee now?

FIRE. There's the bravest[m] young gentleman within, and the fineliest drunk! I thought he would have fallen into the vessel; he stumbled at a pipkin of child's grease; reeled against Stadlin, overthrew her, and in the tumbling-cast struck up old Puckle's heels with her clothes over her ears.

HEC. Hoyday!

FIRE. I was fain to throw the cat upon her to save her honesty, and all little enough; I cried out still, I pray, be covered.[n] See where he comes now, mother.

Enter ALMACHILDES.

ALM. Call you these witches? they be tumblers, methinks,
Very flat tumblers.

HEC. 'Tis Almachildes—fresh blood stirs in me—

[l] *I know he loves me not*] Steevens, enumerating the parallel passages of *Macbeth* and *The Witch*, compares the present observation of Hecate with what the same personage says in Shakespeare's play;

> "And, which is worse, all you have done
> Hath been but for a wayward son,
> Spiteful and wrathful; who, as others do,
> *Loves for his own ends, not for you.*" Act iii. sc. 5.

[m] *bravest*] i. e. fineliest dressed.

[n] *I pray, be covered*] I may just observe, that, in the language of the time, these words meant, properly,—put on your hat.

The man that I have lusted to enjoy;
I've had him thrice in incubus already. [*Aside.*
ALM. Is your name Goody Hag?
HEC. 'Tis any thing:
Call me the horrid'st and unhallow'd things
That life and nature tremble[o] at, for thee
I'll be the same. Thou com'st for a love-charm now?
ALM. Why, thou'rt a witch, I think.
HEC. Thou shalt have choice of twenty, wet or dry.
ALM. Nay, let's have dry ones.
HEC. If thou wilt use't by way of cup and potion,
I'll give thee a remora shall bewitch her straight.
ALM. A remora? what's that?
HEC. A little suck-stone;
Some call it a sea-lamprey, a small fish.
ALM. And must be butter'd?
HEC. The bones of a green frog too, wondrous precious,
The flesh consum'd by pismires.
ALM. Pismires? give me a chamber-pot!
FIRE. You shall see him go nigh to be so unmannerly, he'll make water before my mother anon. [*Aside.*
ALM. And now you talk of frogs, I've somewhat here;
I come not empty-pocketed from a banquet,
I learn'd that of my haberdasher's wife:
Look, goody witch, there's a toad in marchpane[p] for you. [*Gives marchpane.*
HEC. O sir, you've fitted me!

[o] *tremble*] MS. "trembles."

[p] *a toad in marchpane*] Marchpane was a composition of almonds and sugar, &c. pounded and baked together. It

ALM. And here's a spawn or two
Of the same paddock-brood too, for your son.
[*Gives other pieces of marchpane.*
FIRE. I thank your worship, sir: how comes your handkercher
So sweetly thus beray'd[q] sure 'tis wet sucket,[r] sir.
ALM. 'Tis nothing but the sirup the toad spit;
Take all, I prithee.
HEC. This was kindly done, sir;
And you shall sup with me to-night for this.
ALM. How? sup with thee? dost think I'll eat fried rats
And pickled spiders?
HEC. No; I can command, sir,
The best meat i' th' whole province for my friends,
And reverently serv'd in too.
ALM. How?
HEC. In good fashion.
ALM. Let me but see that, and I'll sup with you.
[HECATE *conjures; and enter a Cat playing on a fiddle, and Spirits with meat.*
The Cat and Fiddle's an excellent ordinary:
You had a devil once in a fox-skin?
HEC. O, I have him still: come, walk with me, sir. [*Exeunt all except* FIRESTONE.
FIRE. How apt and ready is a drunkard now to reel to the devil! Well, I'll even in and see how he eats; and I'll be hanged if I be not the fatter of the twain with laughing at him. [*Exit.*

was a constant article at *banquets* [i. e. desserts], and was wrought into various figures. Taylor, the water-poet, mentions

"Conseru's and *Marchpanes*, made in sundry shapes,
As Castles, Towres, Horses, Beares and Apes."
The Siege of Jerusalem, p. 15—*Workes*, 1630.

[q] *beray'd*] i. e. befouled. [r] *sucket*] i. e. sweetmeat.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Hall in ANTONIO'S *House.*

Enter ANTONIO *and* GASPARO.

GAS. Good sir, whence springs this sadness? trust me, sir,
You look not like a man was married yesterday:
There could come no ill tidings since last night
To cause that discontent. I was wont to know all,
Before you had a wife, sir: you ne'er found me
Without those parts of manhood, trust and secrecy.

ANT. I will not tell thee this.

GAS. Not your true servant, sir?

ANT. True? you'll all flout according to your talent,
The best a man can keep of you; and a hell 'tis
For masters to pay wages to be laugh'd at.
Give order that two cocks be boil'd to jelly.

GAS. How? two cocks boil'd to jelly?

ANT. Fetch half an ounce of pearl. [*Exit.*

GAS. This is a cullis[s]
For a consumption; and I hope one night
Has not brought you to need the cook already,
And some part of the goldsmith: what, two trades
In four-and-twenty hours, and less time?
Pray heaven, the surgeon and the pothecary
Keep out! and then 'tis well. You'd better fortune,
As far as I see, with your strumpet sojourner,
Your little four nobles[t] a-week: I ne'er knew you
Eat one panado[u] all the time you've kept her;

[s] *cullis*] i. e. a strong broth, a savoury jelly: among its ingredients the old receipt-books mention fine gold and orient pearl.

[t] *nobles*] Gold coins worth 6*s.* 8*d.* each.

[u] *panado*] "A kind of caudle, made of water, grated bread, currans, mace, cinnamon, sack, or white wine and sugar, with

And is't in one night now come up to two cock-broth[s]?
I wonder at the alteration strangely.

Enter FRANCISCA.

FRAN. Good morrow, Gaspar.
GAS. Your hearty wishes, mistress,
And your sweet dreams come upon you!
FRAN. What's that, sir?
GAS. In a good husband; that's my real meaning.
FRAN. Saw you my brother lately?
GAS. Yes.
FRAN. I met him now,
As sad, methought, as grief could make a man:
Know you the cause?
GAS. Not I: I know nothing,
But half an ounce of pearl, and kitchen business,
Which I will see perform'd with all fidelity:
I'll break my trust in nothing, not in porridge, I.
[*Exit.*
FRAN. I have the hardest fortune, I think, of a hundred gentlewomen:
Some[u] can make merry with a friend seven year,
And nothing seen; as perfect a maid still,
To the world's knowledge, as she came from rocking.
But 'twas my luck, at the first hour, forsooth,
To prove too fruitful: sure I'm near my time;
I'm yet but a young scholar, I may fail
In my account; but certainly I do not.
These bastards come upon poor venturing gentlewomen ten to one faster than your legitimate

yolks of eggs boiled." R. Holme's *Ac. of Armory*, b. iii. c. iii. p. 84.

[u] *Some*, &c.] In this speech I have printed several lines as prose, which might, perhaps, be tortured into verse.

children: if I had been married, I'll be hanged if I had been with child so soon now. When they are our husbands, they'll be whipt ere they take such pains as a friend will do; to come by water to the back-door at midnight, there stay perhaps an hour in all weathers, with a pair of reeking watermen laden with bottles of wine, chewets,[v] and currant-custards. I may curse those egg-pies, they are meat that help forward too fast.
This hath been usual with me night by night,
Honesty forgive me! when my brother has been
Dreaming of no such juncket; yet he hath far'd
The better for my sake, though he little think
For what, nor must he ever. My friend promis'd me
To provide safely for me, and devise
A means to save my credit here i' th' house.
My brother sure would kill me if he knew't,
And powder up my friend, and all his kindred,
For an East Indian voyage.

Enter ISABELLA.

ISA. Alone, sister?
FRAN. No, there's another with me, though you see't not.— [*Aside.*
Morrow, sweet sister: how have you slept to-night?
ISA. More than I thought I should; I've had good rest.
FRAN. I am glad to hear't.
ISA. Sister, methinks you are too long alone,
And lose much good time, sociable and honest:
I'm for the married life; I must praise that now.
FRAN. I cannot blame you, sister, to commend it;
You've happen'd well, no doubt, on a kind husband,

[v] *chewets*] "*Chewit*, or small pie, minced or otherwise." R. Holme's *Ac. of Armory*, b. iii. c. iii. p. 82.

And that's not every woman's fortune, sister:
You know if he were any but my brother,
My praises should not leave him yet so soon.
Isa. I must acknowledge, sister, that my life
Is happily blest with him: he is no gamester,[w]
That ever I could find or hear of yet,
Nor midnight surfeiter; he does intend
To leave tobacco too.
Fran. Why, here's a husband!
Isa. He saw it did offend me, and swore freely
He'd ne'er take pleasure in a toy[x] again
That should displease me: some knights' wives in town
Will have great hope, upon his reformation,
To bring their husbands' breaths into th' old fashion,
And make 'em kiss like Christians, not like Pagans.
Fran. I promise you, sister, 'twill be a worthy work
To put down all these pipers; 'tis great pity
There should not be a statute against them,
As against fiddlers.
Isa. These good offices,
If you had a husband, you might exercise,
To th' good o' th' commonwealth, and do much profit:
Beside, it is a comfort to a woman
T' have children, sister; a great blessing certainly.
Fran. They will come fast enough.
Isa. Not so fast neither
As they're still welcome to an honest woman.
Fran. How near she comes to me! I protest she grates
My very skin. [*Aside.*

[w] *gamester*] i. e. debauched fellow.
[x] *toy*] i. e. trifle.

ISA. Were I conceiv'd with child,
Beshrew my heart, I should be so proud on't!
FRAN. That's natural; pride is a kind of swelling:—
But yet I've small cause to be proud of mine.
[*Aside.*

ISA. You are no good companion for a wife:
Get you a husband; prithee, sister, do,
That I may ask your counsel now and then:
'Twill mend your discourse much; you maids know nothing.
FRAN. No, we are fools; but commonly we prove
Quicker mothers than you that have husbands:—
I'm sure I shall else: I may speak for one.
[*Aside.*

Re-enter ANTONIO.

ANT. I will not look upon her; I'll pass by,
And make as though I see her not. [*Aside.*
ISA. Why, sir,—
Pray, your opinion, by the way, with leave, sir:
I'm counselling your sister here to marry.
ANT. To marry? soft; the priest is not at leisure yet;
Some five year hence.—Would you fain marry, sister?
FRA. I've no such hunger to't, sir,—for I think
I've a good bit that well may stay my stomach,
As well as any that broke fast, a sinner. [*Aside.*
ANT. Though she seem tall of growth, she's short in years
Of some that seem much lower.—How old, sister?
Not seventeen, for a yard of lawn!
FRAN. Not yet, sir.
ANT. I told you so.

FRAN. I would he'd laid a wager of old shirts rather;
I shall have more need of them shortly; and yet,
A yard of lawn will serve for a christening-cloth;
I've use for every thing, as my case stands. [*Aside.*
ISA. I care not if I try my voice this morning;
But I have got a cold, sir, by your means.
ANT. I'll strive to mend that fault.
ISA. I thank you, sir. [*Sings.*

In a maiden-time profest,
Then we say that life is best;
Tasting once the married life,
Then we only praise the wife:
There's but one state more to try,
Which makes women laugh or cry—
Widow, widow: of these three
The middle's best, and that give me.

ANT. There's thy reward. [*Kisses her.*
ISA. I will not grumble, sir,
Like some musician; if more come, 'tis welcome.
FRAN. Such tricks have[7] made me do all that I have done:
Your kissing married folks spoil[8] all the maids
That ever live i' th' house with 'em. O, here
He comes with his bags and bottles; he was born
To lead poor watermen[9] and I. [*Aside.*

Enter ABERZANES, *and Servants carrying baked meats and bottles.*

ABER. Go, fellows, into th' larder; let the bake-meats
Be sorted by themselves.
ANT. Why, sir—

[7] *have*] MS. "has."
[8] *spoil*] MS. "spoiles."
[9] *watermen*] Compare p. 273, line 6.

ABER. Look the canary-bottles be well stopt;
The three of claret shall be drunk at dinner.
[*Exeunt Servants.*
ANT. My good sir, you're too plenteous of these courtesies,
Indeed you are; forbear 'em, I beseech ye:
I know no merit in me, but poor love
And a true friend's well-wishing, that can cause
This kindness in excess.—I' th' state that I am,
I shall go near to kick this fellow shortly,
And send him down stairs with his bag and baggage:
Why comes he now I'm married? there's the point.
[*Aside.*
I pray, forbear these things.
ABER. Alas, you know, sir,
These idle toys,[b] which you call courtesies,
They cost me nothing but my servants' travail!
One office must be kind, sir, to another:
You know the fashion. What! the gentlewoman
Your sister 's sad, methinks.
ANT. I know no cause she has.
FRAN. Nor shall you, by my good will. [*Aside.*]
—What do you mean, sir?
Shall I stay here, to shame myself and you?
The time may be to-night, for aught you know.
ABER. Peace; there's means wrought, I tell thee.

Enter SEBASTIAN *and Gentleman.*

FRAN. Ay, sir, when?
ANT. How now? what's he?
ISA. O, this is the man, sir,
I entertain'd this morning for my service;
Please you to give your liking.

[b] *toys*] i. e. trifles.

Ant. Yes, he's welcome;
I like him not amiss.—Thou wouldst speak business,
Wouldst thou not?

Ser. Yes; may it please you, sir,
There is a gentleman from the northern parts
Hath brought a letter, as it seems in haste.

Ant. From whom?

Gent. Your bonny lady mother, sir.
[*Giving letter to* Antonio.

Ant. You are kindly welcome, sir: how doth she?

Gent. I left her heal[c] varray well, sir.

Ant. [*reads*] *I pray send your sister down with all speed to me: I hope it will prove much for her good in the way of her preferment. Fail me not, I desire you, son, nor let any excuse of hers withhold her: I have sent, ready furnished, horse and man for her.*

Aber. Now, have I thought upon you?

Fran. Peace, good sir;
You're worthy of a kindness another time.

Ant. Her will shall be obey'd.—Sister, prepare yourself;
You must down with all speed.

Fran. I know, down I must;
And good speed send me! [*Aside.*

Ant. 'Tis our mother's pleasure.

Fran. Good sir, write back again, and certify her
I'm at my heart's wish here; I'm with my friends,
And can be but well, say.

Ant. You shall pardon me, sister;
I hold it no wise part to contradict her,
Nor would I counsel you to't.

[c] *heal*] i. e. health—*Scotch*—at Ravenna!

FRAN. 'Tis so uncouth
Living i' th' country, now I'm us'd to th' city,
That I shall ne'er endure't.
ABER. Perhaps, forsooth,
'Tis not her meaning you shall live there long:
I do not think but after a month or so,
You'll be sent up again; that's my conceit.
However, let her have her will.
ANT. Ay, good sir,
Great reason 'tis she should.
ISA. I'm sorry, sister,
'Tis our hard fortune thus to part so soon.
FRAN. The sorrow will be mine.
ANT. Please you walk in, sir;
We'll have one health unto those northern parts,
Though I be sick at heart.
[*Exeunt* ANTONIO, ISABELLA, *and Gentleman.*
ABER. Ay, sir, a deep one—
Which you shall pledge too.
FRAN. You shall pardon me;
I have pledg'd one too deep already, sir.
ABER. Peace; all's provided for: thy wine's laid in,
Sugar and spice; the place not ten mile hence.
What cause have maids now to complain of men,
When a farm-house can make all whole agen?[d]
[*Exeunt* ABERZANES *and* FRANCISCA.
SEB. It takes; has no content: how well she bears it yet!
Hardly myself can find so much from her
That am acquainted with the cold disease:
O honesty's a rare wealth in a woman!
It knows no want, at least will express none,
Not in a look. Yet I'm not throughly happy:

[d] *agen*] See note, p. 182.

His ill does me no good; well may it keep me
From open rage and madness for a time.
But I feel heart's grief in the same place still.
What makes the greatest torment mongst lost souls?
'Tis not so much the horror of their pains,
Though they be infinite, as the loss of joys;
It is that deprivation is the mother
Of all the groans in hell, and here on earth
Of all the red sighs in the hearts of lovers.
Still she's not mine, that can be no man's else
Till I be nothing, if religion
Have the same strength for me as 't has for others:
Holy vows, witness that our souls were married!

Re-enter GASPARO, *ushering in Lord Governor attended by Gentlemen.*

GAS. Where are you, sir? come, pray, give your attendance;
Here's my lord governor come.
GOV. Where's our new kindred?
Not stirring yet, I think.
GAS. Yes, my good lord:
Please you, walk near.
GOV. Come, gentlemen, we'll enter.
SEB. I ha' done't upon a breach; this a less venture. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Gallery in the Duke's House.

Enter ALMACHILDES.

ALM. What a mad toy[e] took me to sup with witches!

[e] *toy*] i. e. whim, fancy.

Fie of all drunken humours! by this hand,
I could beat myself when I think on't: and the rascals
Made me good cheer too; and to my understanding then
Eat some of every dish, and spoil'd the rest:
But coming to my lodging, I remember
I was as hungry as a tirèd foot-post.
What's this?
[*Takes from his pocket a ribbon.*
O, 'tis the charm her hagship gave me
For my duchess' obstinate woman; round about
A threepenny silk ribbon of three colours,
Necte tribus nodis ternos Amoretta colores;
Amoretta! why, there's her name indeed:
Necte Amoretta; again, two boughts,[f]
Nodo et Veneris dic vincula necte;
Nay, if Veneris be one, I'm sure there's no dead flesh in't.
If I should undertake to construe this now,
I should make a fine piece of work of it,
For few young gallants are given to good construction
Of any thing, hardly of their best friends' wives,
Sisters, or nieces. Let me see what I can do now.
Necte tribus nodis,—Nick of the tribe of noddies;
Ternos colores,—that makes turned colours;
Nodo et Veneris,—goes to his venery like a noddy;
Dic vincula,—with Dick the vintner's boy.
Here were a sweet[g] charm now, if this were the meaning on't, and very likely to overcome an honourable gentlewoman. The whorson old hellcat would have given me the brain of a cat once in my

[f] *boughts*] i. e. knots, twists.
[g] *Here were a sweet*, &c.] See note, p. 272.

handkercher; I bade her make sauce with't, with a vengeance! and a little bone in the hithermost part of a wolf's tail; I bade her pick her teeth with't, with a pestilence! Nay, this is somewhat cleanly yet and handsome; a coloured ribbon, a fine, gentle charm! a man may give't his sister, his brother's wife, ordinarily. See, here she comes, luckily.

Enter AMORETTA.

AMO. Blest powers, what secret sin have I committed
That still you send this punishment upon me?

ALM. 'Tis but a gentle punishment; so take it.

AMO. Why, sir, what mean you? will you ravish me?

ALM. What, in the gallery, and the sun peep in?
There's fitter time and place.—
[*As he embraces her, he thrusts the ribbon into her bosom.*
'Tis in her bosom now. [*Aside.*

AMO. Go, you're the rudest thing e'er came at court!

ALM. Well, well; I hope you'll tell me another tale
Ere you be two hours older: a rude thing?
I'll make you eat your word; I'll make all split[h] else. [*Exit.*

AMO. Nay, now I think on't better, I'm to blame too:
There's not a sweeter gentleman in court;
Nobly descended too, and dances well.
Beshrew my heart, I'll take him when there's time;
He will be catch'd up quickly. The duchess says

[h] *all split*] See note, vol. ii. p. 518.

Sh'as some employment for him, and has sworn me
To use my best art in't: life of my joys,
There were good stuff! I will not trust her with him.
I'll call him back again; he must not keep
Out of my sight so long; I shall grow mad then.

Enter Duchess.

Duch. He lives not now to see to-morrow spent,
If this means take effect, as there's no hardness in't.
Last night he play'd his horrid game again,
Came to my bed-side at the full of midnight,
And in his hand that fatal, fearful cup;
Wak'd me, and forc'd me pledge him, to my trembling
And my dead father's scorn: that wounds my sight,
That his remembrance should be rais'd in spite:
But either his confusion or mine ends it.— [*Aside.*
O, Amoretta,—hast thou met him yet?
Speak, wench, hast done that for me?
Amo. What, good madam?
Duch. Destruction of my hopes! dost ask that now?
Didst thou not swear to me, out of thy hate
To Almachildes, thou'dst dissemble him
A loving entertainment, and a meeting
Where I should work my will?
Amo. Good madam, pardon me:
A loving entertainment I do protest
Myself to give him, with all speed I can too;
But, as I'm yet a maid, a perfect one
As the old time was wont to afford, when
There were[1] few tricks and little cunning stirring,
I can dissemble none that will serve your turn;
He must have even a right one and a plain one.

[1] *were*] MS. "was."

Duch. Thou mak'st me doubt thy health; speak, art thou well?

Amo. O, never better! if he would make haste
And come back quickly! he stays now too long.
[*The ribbon falls out of her bosom.*

Duch. I'm quite lost in this woman: what's that fell
Out of her bosom now? some love-token?

Amo. Nay, I'll say that for him, he's the uncivil'st gentleman,
And every way desertless.

Duch. Who's that now
She discommends so fast?

Amo. I could not love him, madam,
Of any man in court.

Duch. What's he now, prithee?

Amo. Who should it be but Almachildes, madam?
I never hated man so deeply yet.

Duch. As Almachildes?

Amo. I am sick, good madam,
When I but hear him nam'd.

Duch. How is this possible?
But now thou saidst thou lov'dst him, and didst raise him
'Bove all the court in praises.

Amo. How great people
May speak their pleasure, madam! but surely I
Should think the worse of my tongue while I liv'd then.

Duch. No longer have I patience to forbear thee,
Thou that retain'st an envious soul to goodness!
He is a gentleman deserves as much
As ever fortune yet bestow'd on man;
The glory and prime lustre of our court;
Nor can there any but ourself be worthy of him:
And take you notice of that now from me,

Say you have warning on't, if you did love him,
You must not now.
AMO. Let your grace never fear it.
DUCH. Thy name is Amoretta, as ours is;
Has made me love and trust thee.
AMO. And my faithfulness
Has appear'd well i' th' proof still; has't not, madam?
DUCH. But if't fail now, 'tis nothing.
AMO. Then it shall not.
I know he will not be long from fluttering
About this place, now has had a sight of me;
And I'll perform
In all that I vow'd, madam, faithfully.
DUCH. Then am I bleat both in revenge and love,
And thou shalt taste the sweetness. [*Exit.*
AMO. What your aims be
I list not to inquire; all I desire
Is to preserve a competent honesty,
Both for mine own and his use that shall have me,

Re-enter ALMACHILDES.

Whose luck soe'er it be. O, he's return'd already;
I knew he would not fail.
ALM. It works by this time,
Or the devil's in't, I think; I'll ne'er trust witch else,
Nor sup with 'em this twelvemonth. [*Aside.*
AMO. I must soothe him now;
And 'tis great pain to do't against one's stomach.
[*Aside.*
ALM. Now, Amoretta!
AMO. Now you're welcome, sir,
If you'd come always thus.
ALM. O, am I so?
Is the case alter'd since?

AMO. If you'd be ru[]'d,
And know your times, 'twere somewhat; a great comfort.
'Las, I could be as loving and as venturous
As any woman — we're all flesh and blood, man—
If you could play the game out modestly,
And not betray your hand. I must have care, sir;
You know I have a marriage-time to come,
And that's for life: your best folks will be merry,
But look to the main chance, that's reputation,
And then do what they list.

ALM. Wilt hear my oath?
By the sweet health of youth, I will be careful,
And never prate on't, hor, like a cunning snarer,
Make thy clipp'd[1] name the bird to call in others.

AMO. Well, yielding then to such conditions
As my poor bashfulness shall require from you,
I shall yield shortly after.

ALM. I'll consent to 'em;
And may thy sweet humility be a pattern
For all proud women living!

AMO. They're beholding[2] to you. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.

The neighbourhood of Ravenna.

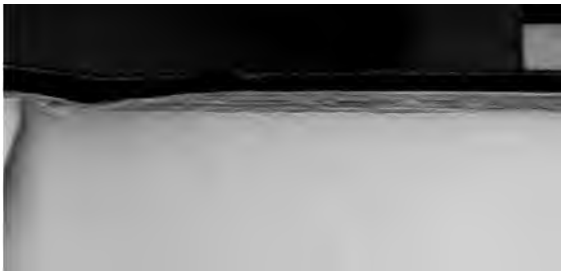
Enter ABERZANES, *and old Woman carrying an infa*

ABER. So, so, away with him! I love to get 'e
But not to keep 'em. Dost thou know the house

OLD WOM. No matter for the house, I know t
porch.

[1] *clipp'd*] Or *cleped*—i. e. called.

[2] *beholding*] For *beholden*—a common form in our o writers.



ABER. There's sixpence more for that: away, keep close.— [*Exit old Woman.*

My tailor told me he sent away a maid-servant
Well ballast of all sides within these nine days;
His wife ne'er dream'd on't; gave the drab ten pounds,
And she ne'er troubles him: a common fashion
He told me 'twas to rid away a scape;
And I have sent him this for't. I remember
A friend of mine once serv'd a prating tradesman
Just on this fashion, to a hair, in troth.
'Tis a good ease to a man: you can swell a maid up,
And rid her for ten pound; there's the purse back again,
Whate'er becomes of your money or your maid.
This comes of bragging, now. It's well for the boy too;
He'll get an excellent trade by't; and on Sundays
Go like a gentleman that has pawn'd his rapier:
He need not care what countryman his father was,
Nor what his mother was when he was gotten:
The boy will do well certain: give him grace
To have a quick hand and convey things cleanly!

Enter FRANCISCA.

'Twill be his own another day. O, well said!
Art almost furnish'd? there's such a toil always
To set a woman to horse, a mighty trouble.
The letter came to your brother's hands, I know,
On Thursday last by noon: you were expected there
Yesterday night.

FRAN. It makes the better, sir.

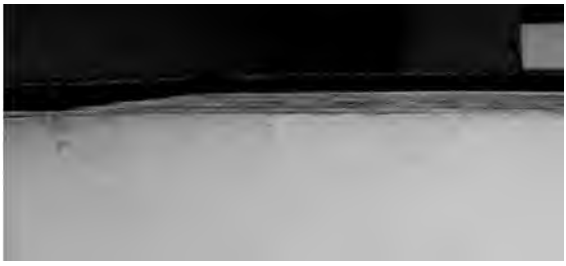
ABER. We must take heed we ride through all the puddles

'Twixt this and that now, that your safeguard[k] there
May be most probably dabbled.
FRAN. Alas, sir,
I never mark'd till now—I hate myself—
How monstrous thin I look!
ABER. Not monstrous neither;
A little sharp i' th' nose, like a country woodcock.
FRAN. Fie, fie, how pale I am! I shall betray myself.
I would you'd box me well and handsomely,
To get me into colour.
ABER. Not I, pardon me;
That let a husband do when he has married you:
A friend at court will never offer that.
Come, how much spice and sugar have you left now,
At this poor one month's voyage?
FRAN. Sure, not much, sir;
I think some quarter of a pound of sugar,
And half an ounce of spice.
ABER. Here's no sweet charge![l]
And there was thirty pound good weight and true,
Beside what my man stole when 't was a-weighing,
And that was three pound more, I'll speak with least.
The Rhenish wine, is't all run out in caudles too?
FRAN. Do you ask that, sir? 'tis of a week's departure.
You see what 'tis now to get children, sir.

Enter Boy.

BOY. Your mares are ready both, sir.

[k] *safeguard*] See note, vol. ii. p. 459.
[l] *Here's no sweet charge*] See note, vol. i. p. 169.



ABER. Come, we'll up, then.—
Youth, give my sister a straight wand: there's two-pence.
BOY. I'll give her a fine whip, sir.
ABER. No, nb, no;
Though we have both deserv'd it.
BOY. Here's a new one.
ABER. Prithee, talk to us of no whips, good boy;
My heart aches when I see 'em.—Let's away,
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Duke's House.

Enter Duchess, leading ALMACHILDES *blindfold.*

ALM. This you that was a maid? how are you born
To deceive men! I'd thought to have married you:
I had been finely handled, had I not?
I'll say that man is wise ever hereafter
That tries his wife beforehand. 'Tis no marvel
You should profess such bashfulness, to blind one,
As if you durst not look a man i' th' face,
Your modesty would blush so. Why do you not run
And tell the duchess now? go; you should tell all:
Let her know this too.—Why, here's the plague now:
'Tis hard at first to win 'em; when they're gotten,
There's no way to be rid on 'em; they stick
To a man like bird-lime.—My oath is out:
Will you release me? I'll release myself else.

DUCH. Nay, sure, I'll bring you to your sight again. [*Taking off the bandage from his eyes.*
Say, thou must either die, or kill the duke;
For one of them thou must do.
ALM. How, good madam?
DUCH. Thou hast thy choice, and to that purpose, sir,
I've given thee knowledge now of what thou hast,
And what thou must do, to be worthy on't.
You must not think to come by such a fortune
Without desert; that were unreasonable.
He that's not born to honour must not look
To have it come with ease to him; he must win't.
Take but unto thine actions wit and courage,
That's all we ask of thee. But if through weakness
Of a poor spirit thou deniest me this,
Think but how thou shalt die! as I'll work means for't,
No murderer ever like thee; for I purpose
To call this subtle, sinful snare of mine
An act of force from thee. Thou'rt proud and youthful;
I shall be believ'd: besides, thy wantonness
Is at this hour in question 'mongst our women,
Which will make ill for thee.
ALM. I had hard chance
To light upon this pleasure that's so costly;
'Tis not content with what a man can do,
And give him breath, but seeks to have that too.
DUCH. Well, take thy choice.
ALM. I see no choice in't, madam,
For 'tis all death, methinks.
DUCH. Thou'st an ill sight then
Of a young man. 'Tis death if thou refuse it;
And say, my zeal has warn'd thee. But consenting,

'Twill be new life, great honour, and my love,
Which in perpetual bands I'll fasten to thee.
ALM. How, madam?
DUCH. I'll do't religiously;
Make thee my husband; may I lose all sense
Of pleasure in life else, and be more miserable
Than ever creature was! for nothing lives
But has a joy in somewhat.
ALM. Then by all
The hopeful fortunes of a young man's rising,
I will perform it, madam.
DUCH. There's a pledge then
Of a duchess' love for thee; and now trust me
For thy most happy safety. I will choose
That time shall never hurt thee: when a man
Shews resolution, and there's worth in him,
I'll have a care of him. Part now for this time;
But still be near about us, till thou canst
Be nearer, that's ourself.
ALM. And that I'll venture hard for.
DUCH. Good speed to thee! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in ANTONIO'S *House.*

Enter GASPARO *and* FLORIDA.

FLO. Prithee, be careful of me, very careful now!
GAS. I warrant you: he that cannot be careful of a quean, can be careful of nobody; 'tis every man's humour that: I should never look to a wife half so handsomely.
FLO. O softly, sweet sir! should your mistress meet me now
In her own house, I were undone for ever.

Gas. Never fear her: she's at her prick-song close;
There's all the joy she has, or takes delight in.
Look, here's the garden-key, my master gave't me,
And will'd me to be careful: doubt not you on't.
Flo. Your master is a noble complete gentleman,
And does a woman all the right that may be.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. How now? what's she?
Gas. A kind of doubtful creature:
I'll tell thee more anon.
[*Exeunt* Gasparo *and* Florida.
Seb. I know that face
To be a strumpet's, or mine eye is envious,
And would fain wish it so where I would have it.
I fail, if the condition[m] of this fellow
Wears not about it a strong scent of baseness.
I saw her once before here, five days since 'tis,
And the same wary panderous diligence
Was then bestow'd on her: she came alter'd then,
And more inclining to the city-tuck.
Whom should this piece of transformation visit,
After the common courtesy of frailty,
In our house here? surely not any servant;
They are not kept so lusty, she so low.
I'm at a strange stand: love and luck assist me!

Re-enter Gasparo.

The truth I shall win from him by false play.
He's now return'd.—Well, sir, as you were saying,—
Go forward with your tale.
Gas. What? I know nothing.
Seb. The gentlewoman.

[m] *condition*] i. e. quality, disposition.

GAS. She's gone out at the back-door now.
SEB. Then farewell she, and you, if that be all.
GAS. Come, come, thou shalt have more: I have no power
To lock myself up from thee.
SEB. So methinks.
GAS. You shall not think, trust me, sir, you shall not:
Your ear; she's one o' th' falling family,
A quean my master keeps; she lies at Rutney's.
SEB. Is't possible? I thought I'd seen her somewhere.
GAS. I tell you truth sincerely. Sh'as been thrice here
By stealth within these ten days, and departed still
With pleasure and with thanks, sir; 'tis her luck.
Surely I think if ever there were man
Bewitch'd in this world, 'tis my master, sirrah.
SEB. Think'st thou so, Gaspar?
GAS. O sir, too apparent.
SEB. This may prove happy: 'tis the likeliest means
That fortune yet e'er shew'd me. [*Aside.*

Enter ISABELLA *with a letter.*

ISA. You're both here now,
And strangers newly lighted! where's your attendance?
SEB. I know what makes you waspish: a pox on't!
She'll every day be angry now at nothing. [*Aside.*
[*Exeunt* GASPARO *and* SEBASTIAN.
ISA. I'll call her stranger ever in my heart:
Sh'as kill'd the name of sister through base lust,
And fled to shifts. O how a brother's good thoughts
May be beguil'd in woman! here's a letter,

Found in her absence, reports strangely of her,
And speaks her impudence: sh'as undone herself—
I could not hold from weeping when I read it—
Abus'd her brother's house and his good confidence.
'Twas done not like herself; I blame her much:
But if she can but keep it from his knowledge,
I will not grieve him first; it shall not come
By my means to his heart.—

Re-enter GASPARO.

Now, sir, the news?

GAS. You call'd 'em strangers; 'tis my master's sister, madam.

ISA. O, is it so? she's welcome: who's come with her?

GAS. I see none but Aberzanes. [*Exit.*

ISA. He's enough
To bring a woman to confusion,
More than a wiser man or a far greater.
A letter came last week to her brother's hands,
To make way for her coming up again,
After her shame was lighten'd; and she writ there,
The gentleman her mother wish'd her to,
Taking a violent surfeit at a wedding,
Died ere she came to see him: what strange cunning
Sin helps a woman to! Here she comes now.—

Enter FRANCISCA *and* ABERZANES.

Sister, you're welcome home again.

FRAN. Thanks, sweet sister.

ISA. You've had good speed.

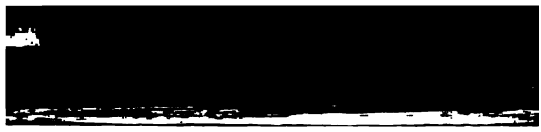
FRAN. What says she? [*Aside.*]—I have made
All the best speed I could.

ISA. I well believe you.—
Sir, we're all much beholding[n] to your kindness.

[n] *beholding*] See note, p. 286.

ABER. My service ever, madam, to a gentlewoman.
I took a bonny mare I keep, and met her
Some ten mile out of town,—eleven, I think.—
'Twas at the stump I met you, I remember,
At bottom of the hill.
FRAN. 'Twas thereabout, sir.
ABER. Full eleven then, by the rod, if they were measur'd.
ISA. You look ill, methinks: have you been sick of late?—
Troth, very bleak, doth she not? how think you, sir?
ABER. No, no; a little sharp with riding; sh'as rid sore.
FRAN. I ever look lean after a journey, sister;
One shall do that has travell'd, travell'd hard.
ABER. Till evening I commend you to yourselves, ladies. [*Exit.*
ISA. And that's best trusting to, if you were hang'd.— [*Aside.*
You're well acquainted with his hand went out now?
FRAN. His hand?
ISA. I speak of nothing else; I think 'tis there.
[*Giving letter.*
Please you to look upon't; and when you've done,
If you did weep, it could not be amiss,
A sign you could say grace after a full meal.
You had not need look paler, yet you do.
'Twas ill done to abuse yourself and us,
To wrong so good a brother, and the thoughts
That we both held of you. I did doubt you much
Before our marriage; but then my strangeness[o]
And better hope still kept me off from speaking.

[o] *strangeness*] i. e. shyness, reserve.



Yet may you find a kind and peaceful sister of me,
If you desist here, and shake hands with folly,
Which you ha' more cause to do than I to wish you.
As truly as I bear a love to goodness,
Your brother knows not yet on't, nor shall ever
For my part, so you leave his company.
But if I find you impudent in sinning,
I will not keep't an hour, nay, prove your enemy,
And you know who will aid me. As you've goodness,
You may make use of this; I'll leave it with you.
[*Exit.*

FRAN. Here's a sweet churching after a woman's labour,
And a fine Give you joy! why, where the devil
Lay you to be found out? the sudden hurry
Of hastening to prevent shame brought shame forth:
That's still the curse of all lascivious stuff;
Misdeeds could never yet be wary enough.
Now must I stand in fear of every look,
Nay, tremble at a whisper. She can keep it secret?
That's very likely, and a woman too!
I'm sure I could not do't; and I am made
As well as she can be for any purpose:
'Twould ne'er stay with me two days — I have cast[p] it —
The third would be a terrible sick day with me,
Not possible to bear it: should I then
Trust to her strength in't, that lies every night
Whispering the day's news in a husband's ear?
No; and I've thought upon the means: blest fortune!
I must be quit with her in the same fashion,
Or else 'tis nothing: there is no way like it,

[p] *cast*] i. e. contrived.

To bring her honesty into question cunningly.
My brother will believe small likelihoods,
Coming from me too. I lying now i' th' house
May work things to my will, beyond conceit too:
Disgrace her first, her tale will ne'er be heard;
I learn'd that counsel first of a sound guard.
I do suspect Gaspar, my brother's squire there,
Had some hand in this mischief, for he's cunning;
And I perhaps may fit him.

Enter ANTONIO.

ANT. Your sister told me you were come; thou'rt welcome.
FRAN. Where is she?
ANT. Who, my wife?
FRAN. Ay, sir.
ANT. Within.
FRAN. Not within hearing, think you?
ANT. Within hearing?
What's thy conceit in that? why shak'st thy head so,
And look'st so pale and poorly?
FRAN. I'm a fool indeed
To take such grief for others; for your fortune, sir.
ANT. My fortune? worse things yet? farewell life then!
FRAN. I fear you're much deceiv'd, sir, in this woman.
ANT. Who? in my wife? speak low; come hither; softly, sister.
FRAN. I love her as a woman you made choice of;
But when she wrongs you, natural love is touch'd, brother,
And that will speak, you know.
ANT. I trust it will.

Fran. I held a shrewd suspicion of her lightness
At first, when I went down, which made me haste
the sooner;
But more, to make amends, at my return now,
I found apparent signs.
Ant. Apparent, sayst thou?
Fran. Ay, and of base lust too; that makes th' affliction.
Ant. There has been villany wrought upon me then;
'Tis too plain now.
Fran. Happy are they, I say still,
That have their sisters living i' th' house with 'em,
Their mothers, or some kindred; a great comfort
To all poor married men; it is not possible
A young wife can abuse a husband then;
'Tis found straight. But swear service to this, brother.
Ant. To this, and all thou wilt have.
Fran. Then this follows, sir. [*Whispers him.*
Ant. I praise thy counsel well; I'll put't in use straight.
See where she comes herself. [*Exit* Francisca.

Re-enter Isabella.

Kind, honest lady,
I must now borrow a whole fortnight's leave of thee.
Isa. How, sir, a fortnight's?
Ant. It may be but ten days, I know not yet;
'Tis business for the state, and 't must be done.
Isa. I wish good speed to't then.
Ant. Why, that was well spoke.
I'll take but a foot-boy; I need no more;
The rest I'll leave at home to do you service.
Isa. Use your own pleasure, sir.

ANT. Till my return
You'll be good company, my sister and you.
ISA. We shall make shift, sir.
ANT. I'm glad now she's come;
And so the wishes of my love to both!
ISA. And our good prayers with you, sir!
[*Exit* ANTONIO.

Re-enter SEBASTIAN.

SEB. Now, my fortune!— [*Aside.*
By your kind favour, madam.
ISA. With me, sir?
SEB. The words shall not be many, but the faithfulness
And true respect that are[r] included in 'em
Is worthy your attention, and may put upon me
The fair repute of a just, honest servant.
ISA. What's here to do, sir,
There's such great preparation toward?
SEB. In brief, that goodness in you is abus'd, madam;
You have the married life, but 'tis a strumpet
That has the joy on't and the fruitfulness;
There goes away your comfort.
ISA. How? a strumpet?
SEB. Of five years' cost and upwards, a dear mischief,
As they are all of 'em; his fortnight's journey
Is to that country: if it be not rudeness
To speak the truth, I've found it all out, madam.
ISA. Thou'st found out thine own ruin; for to my knowledge
Thou dost belie him basely: I dare swear

[r] *are*] MS. "is."

He's a gentleman as free from that folly
As ever took religious life upon him.
SEB. Be not too confident to your own abuse, madam.
Since I've begun the truth, neither your frowns—
The only curses that I have on earth,
Because my means depend[s] upon your service—
Nor all the execration of man's fury,
Shall put me off: though I be poor, I'm honest,
And too just in this business. I perceive now
Too much respect and faithfulness to ladies
May be a wrong to servants.
ISA. Art thou yet
So impudent to stand in't?
SEB. Are you yet so cold, madam,
In the belief on't? there my wonder's fix'd:
Having such blessed health and youth about you,
Which makes the injury mighty.
ISA. Why, I tell thee,
It were too great a fortune for thy lowness
To find out such a thing; thou dost not look
As if thou'rt made for't. By the sweets[t] of love,
I would give half my wealth for such a bargain,
And think 'twere bought too cheap: thou canst not guess
Thy means and happiness, should I find this true.
First, I'd prefer thee to the lord my uncle;
He's governor of Ravenna, all th' advancements
I' th' kingdom flow[u] from him: what need I boast that
Which common fame can teach thee?
SEB. Then thus, madam:

[s] *depend*] MS. "depends."
[t] *sweets*] MS. "pretious *sweetes*."
[u] *flow*] MS. "flowes."

Since I presume now on your height of spirit,
And your regard to your own youth and fruitfulness,
Which every woman naturally loves and covets,
Accept but of my labour in directions,
You shall both find your wrongs, which you may right
At your own pleasure, yet not miss'd to-night
Here in the house neither; none shall take notice
Of any absence in you, as I've thought on't.

ISA. Do this, and take my praise and thanks for ever.

SEB. As I deserve, I wish 'em, and will serve you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Field.

Enter HECATE, STADLIN, HOPPO, *and other Witches;* FIRESTONE *in the back-ground.*

HEC. The moon's a gallant; see how brisk she rides!

STAD. Here's a rich evening, Hecate.

HEC. Ay, is't not, wenches,
To take a journey of five thousand mile?

HOP. Ours will be more to-night.

HEC. O 'twill be precious!
Heard you the owl yet?[v]

STAD. Briefly in the copse,
As we came through now.

[v] *Heard you the owl yet*, &c.

. . . . . .

'Tis high time for us then] So in Shakespeare's *Macbeth*;

"3. *Witch.* Harper cries:—'Tis time, 'tis time."
Act iv. sc. 1.

HEC. Tis high time for us then.
STAD. There was a bat hung at my lips three times
As we came through the woods, and drank her fill:
Old Puckle saw her.
HEC. You are fortunate still;
The very screech-owl lights upon your shoulder
And woos you, like a pigeon. Are you furnish'd?
Have you your ointments?
STAD. All.
HEC. Prepare to flight then;
I'll overtake you swiftly.
STAD. Hie thee, Hecate;
We shall be up betimes.
HEC. I'll reach you quickly.
[*Exeunt all the Witches except* HECATE.
FIRE. They are all going a-birding to-night: they talk of fowls i' th' air that fly by day; I am sure they'll be a company of foul sluts there to-night: if we have not mortality after't, I'll be hanged, for they are able to putrefy it, to infect a whole region. She spies me now.
HEC. What, Firestone, our sweet son?
FIRE. A little sweeter than some of you, or a dunghill were too good for me. [*Aside.*
HEC. How much hast here?
FIRE. Nineteen, and all brave plump ones,
Besides six lizards and three serpentine eggs.
HEC. Dear and sweet boy! what herbs hast thou?
FIRE. I have some marmaritin and mandragon.
HEC. Marmaritin and mandragora, thou wouldst say.
FIRE. Here's panax too—I thank thee—my pan aches, I'm sure,
With kneeling down to cut 'em.
HEC. And selago,

Hedge-hyssop too: how near he goes my cuttings!
Were they all cropt by moonlight?

FIRE. Every blade of 'em,
Or I'm a moon-calf, mother.

HEC. Hie thee home with 'em:
Look well to the house to-night; I'm for aloft.

FIRE. Aloft, quoth you? I would you would break your neck once, that I might have all quickly! [*Aside.*]—Hark, hark, mother! they are, above the steeple already, flying over your head with a noise[w] of musicians.

HEC. They're they indeed. Help, help me; I'm too late else.

Song above.[x]

Come away, come away,
Hecate, Hecate, come away!

HEC. I come, I come, I come, I come,
With all the speed I may,
With all the speed I may.
Where's Stadlin?
[*Voice above.*] Here.

[w] *noise*] i. e. company: see note, vol. ii. p. 498.
[x] *Song above.*
Come away, come away, &c.

. . . . . .

Or cannon's throat our height can reach] In act iii. sc. 5 of Davenant's alteration of *Macbeth*, this passage is inserted, with some variations. It is so highly fanciful, and comes in so happily where Davenant has placed it (viz. immediately after these lines of the original *Macbeth*—

"SONG [*within*]. *Come away, come away*, &c.
HECATE. Hark, I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me.")

that one is almost tempted to believe it was written by Shakespeare, and had been omitted in the printed copies of his play. Till the MS. of *The Witch* was discovered, towards the end of the last century, the passage in question was of course supposed to be the composition of Davenant.

HEC. Where's Puckle?
[*Voice above.*] Here;
And Hoppo too, and Hellwain too;
We lack but you, we lack but you;
Come away, make up the count.
HEC. I will but 'noint, and then I mount.
[*A Spirit like a cat descends.*
[*Voice above.*] There's one comes down to fetch his dues,
A kiss, a coll,[y] a sip of blood;
And why thou stay'st so long
I muse, I muse,
Since the air's so sweet and good.
HEC. O, art thou come?
What news, what news?
SPIRIT. All goes still to our delight:
Either come, or else
Refuse, refuse.
HEC. Now I'm furnish'd for the flight.
FIRE. Hark, hark, the cat sings a brave treble in her own language!
HEC. [*going up*] Now I go, now I fly,
Malkin my sweet spirit and I.
O what a dainty pleasure 'tis
To ride in the air
When the moon shines fair,
And sing and dance, and toy and kiss!
Over woods, high rocks, and mountains,
Over seas, our mistress' fountains,
Over steep[z] towers and turrets,
We fly by night, 'mongst troops of spirits:

[y] *coll*] i. e. embrace.
[z] *Over steep*, &c.] Davenant gives,
"*Over* steeples, *towers, and turrets*,"
which I suspect is the true reading: compare what Hecate says at p. 260,
"In moonlight nights, on *steeple-tops*," &c.

No ring of bells to our ears sounds,
No howls of wolves, no yelps of hounds;
No, not the noise of water's breach,
Or cannon's throat our height can reach.
[*Voices above.*] No ring of bells, *&c.*

FIRE. Well, mother, I thank your kindness: you must be gambolling i' th' air, and leave me to walk here like a fool and a mortal. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Duke's House.

Enter ALMACHILDES.

ALM. Though the fates have endued me with a pretty kind of lightness, that I can laugh at the world in a corner on't, and can make myself merry on fasting nights to rub out a supper (which were a precious quality in a young formal student), yet let the world know there is some difference betwixt my jovial condition and the lunary state of madness. I am not quite out of my wits: I know a bawd from an aqua-vitæ shop,[a] a strumpet from wildfire, and a beadle from brimstone. Now shall I try the honesty of a great woman soundly. She reckoning the duke's made away, I'll be hanged if I be not the next now. If I trust her, as she's a woman, let one of her long hairs wind about my heart, and be the end of me; which were a piteous lamentable tragedy, and might be entituled *A fair Warning for all hair-bracelets.*[b]
Already there's an insurrection

[a] *aqua-vitæ shop*] See note, p. 239.

[b] *A fair Warning*, &c.] So there is an old play entitled *A Warning for faire Women*, 1599, 4to, the author unknown.

Among the people: they are up in arms
Not out of any reason, but their wills,
Which are in them their saints, sweating and swearing.
Out of their zeal to rudeness, that no stranger,
As they term her, shall govern over them;
They say they'll raise a duke among themselves first.

Enter Duchess.

DUCH. O Almachildes, I perceive already
Our loves are born to curses! we're beset
By multitudes; and, which is worse, I fear me
Unfriended too of any: my chief care
Is for thy sweet youth's safety.

ALM. He that believes you not
Goes the right way to heaven, o' my conscience.
[*Aside.*

DUCH. There is no trusting of 'em; they're all as barren
In pity as in faith: he that puts confidence
In them, dies openly to the sight of all men,
Not with his friends and neighbours in peace private;
But as his shame, so his cold farewell is,
Public and full of noise. But keep you close, sir,
Not seen of any, till I see the way
Plain for your safety. I expect the coming
Of the lord governor, whom I will flatter
With fair entreaties, to appease their wildness;
And before him take a great grief upon me
For the duke's death, his strange and sudden loss;
And when a quiet comes, expect thy joys.

ALM. I do expect now to be made away
'Twixt this and Tuesday night: if I live Wednesday,
Say I have been careful, and shunn'd spoon-meat.
[*Aside and exit.*

Duch. This fellow lives too long after the deed;
I'm weary of his sight; he must die quickly,
Or I've small hope of safety. My great aim 's
At the lord governor's love; he is a spirit
Can sway and countenance; these obey and crouch.
My guiltiness had need of such a master,
That with a beck can suppress multitudes,
And dim misdeeds with radiance of his glory,
Not to be seen with dazzled popular eyes:
And here behold him come.

Enter Lord Governor, attended by Gentlemen.

Gov. Return back to 'em,
Say we desire 'em to be friends of peace
Till they hear farther from us. [*Exeunt Gentlemen.*
Duch. O my lord,
I fly unto the pity of your nobleness,
The grieved'st lady that was e'er beset
With storms of sorrows, or wild rage of people!
Never was woman's grief for loss of lord
Dearer[b] than mine to me.
Gov. There's no right done
To him now, madam, by wrong done to yourself;
Your own good wisdom may instruct you so far:
And for the people's tumult, which oft grows
From liberty, or rankness of long peace,
I'll labour to restrain, as I've begun, madam.
Duch. My thanks and praises shall ne'er forget you, sir,
And, in time to come, my love.
Gov. Your love, sweet madam?
You make my joys too happy; I did covet
To be the fortunate man that blessing visits,
Which I'll esteem the crown and full reward
Of service present and deserts to come:

[b] *Dearer*] i. e. more afflictive.

It is a happiness I'll be bold to sue for,
When I have set a calm upon these spirits
That now are up for ruin.

DUCH. Sir, my wishes
Are so well met in yours, so fairly answer'd,
And nobly recompens'd, it makes me suffer
In those extremes that few have ever felt;
To hold two passions in one heart at once,
Of gladness and of sorrow.

Gov. Then, as the olive
Is the meek ensign of fair fruitful peace,
So is this kiss of yours.

DUCH. Love's power be with you, sir!

Gov. How sh'as betray'd her! may I breathe no longer
Than to do virtue service, and bring forth
The fruits of noble thoughts, honest and loyal!
This will be worth th' observing; and I'll do't.
[*Aside and exit.*

DUCH. What a sure happiness confirms joy to me,
Now in the times of my most imminent dangers!
I look'd for ruin, and increase of honour
Meets me auspiciously. But my hopes are clogg'd now
With an unworthy weight; there's the misfortune!
What course shall I take now with this young man?
For he must be no hinderance: I have thought on't;
I'll take some witch's counsel for his end,
That will be sur'st: mischief is mischief's friend.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in FERNANDO'S *House.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* FERNANDO.

SEB. If ever you knew force of love in life, sir,
Give to mine pity.

FER. You do ill to doubt me.
SEB. I could make bold with no friend seemlier
Than with yourself, because you were in presence
At our vow-making.
FER. I'm a witness to't.
SEB. Then you best understand, of all men living,
This is no wrong I offer, no abuse
Either to faith or friendship, for we're register'd
Husband and wife in heaven; though there wants that
Which often keeps licentious men[c] in awe
From starting from their wedlocks, the knot public,
'Tis in our souls knit fast; and how more precious
The soul is than the body, so much judge
The sacred and celestial tie within us
More than the outward form, which calls but witness
Here upon earth to what is done in heaven:
Though I must needs confess the least is honourable;
As an ambassador sent from a king
Has honour by th' employment, yet there's greater
Dwells in the king that sent him; so in this.

Enter FLORIDA.

FER. I approve all you speak, and will appear to you
A faithful, pitying friend.
SEB. Look, there is she, sir,
One good for nothing but to make use of;
And I'm constrain'd t' employ her to make all things
Plain, easy, and probable; for when she comes
And finds one here that claims him, as I've taught
Both this to do't, and he to compound with her,
'Twill stir belief the more of such a business.

[c] *men*] MS. "man."

FER. I praise the carriage well.
SEB. Hark you, sweet mistress,
I shall do you a simple turn in this;
For she disgrac'd thus, you are up in favour
For ever with her husband.
FLO. That's my hope, sir,
I would not take the pains else. Have you the keys
Of the garden-side, that I may get betimes in
Closely, and take her lodging?
SEB. Yes, I've thought upon you:
Here be the keys. [*Giving keys.*
FLO. Marry, and thanks, sweet sir:
Set me to work so still.
SEB. Your joys are false ones,
You're like to lie alone; you'll be deceiv'd
Of the bed-fellow you look for, else my purpose
Were in an ill case: he's on his fortnight's journey;
You'll find cold comfort there; a dream will be
Even the best market you can make to-night.
[*Aside.*
She'll not be long now: you may lose no time neither;
If she but take you at the door, 'tis enough:
When a suspect doth catch once, it burns mainly.
There may you end your business, and as cunningly
As if you were i' th' chamber, if you please
To use but the same art.
FLO. What need you urge that
Which comes so naturally I cannot miss on't?
What makes the devil so greedy of a soul,
But 'cause has lost his own, to all joys lost?
So 'tis our trade to set snares for other women,
'Cause we were once caught ourselves. [*Exit.*
SEB. A sweet allusion!
Hell and a whore it seems are partners then
In one ambition: yet thou'rt here deceiv'd now;

Thou canst set none to hurt or wrong her honour,
It rather makes it perfect. Best of friends
That ever love's extremities were bless'd with,
I feel mine arms with thee, and call my peace
The offspring of thy friendship. I will think
This night my wedding-night; and with a joy
As reverend as religion can make man's,
I will embrace this blessing. Honest actions
Are laws unto themselves, and that good fear
Which is on others forc'd, grows kindly there.
[*Knocking within.*

FER. Hark, hark! one knocks: away, sir; 'tis she certainly: [*Exit* SEBASTIAN.
It sounds much like a woman's jealous 'larum.

Enter ISABELLA.

ISA. By your leave, sir.
FER. You're welcome, gentlewoman.
ISA. Our ladyship then stands us in no stead now. [*Aside.*
One word in private, sir. [*Whispers him.*
FER. No, surely, forsooth,
There is no such here, you've mistook the house.
ISA. O sir, that have I not; excuse me there,
I come not with such ignorance; think not so, sir.
'Twas told me at the entering of your house here
By one that knows him too well.
FER. Who should that be?
ISA. Nay, sir, betraying is not my profession:
But here I know he is; and I presume
He would give me admittance, if he knew on't,
As one on 's nearest friends.
FER. You're not his wife, forsooth?
ISA. Yes, by my faith, am I.
FER. Cry you mercy then, lady.

Isa. She goes here by the name on 's wife: good stuff!
But the bold strumpet never told me that. [*Aside.*
Fer. We are so oft deceiv'd that let our lodgings,
We know not whom to trust: 'tis such a world,
There are so many odd tricks now-a-days
Put upon housekeepers.
Isa. Why, do you think I'd wrong
You or the reputation of your house?
Pray, shew me the way to him.
Fer. He's asleep, lady,
The curtains drawn about him.
Isa. Well, well, sir,
I'll have that care I'll not disease[c] him much,
Tread you but lightly.—O, of what gross falsehood
Is man's heart made of! had my first love liv'd
And return'd safe, he would have been a light
To all men's actions, his faith shin'd so bright.
[*Aside, and exit with* Fernando.

Re-enter Sebastian.

Seb. I cannot so deceive her, 'twere too sinful,
There's more religion in my love than so.
It is not treacherous lust that gives content
T' an honest mind; and this could prove no better.
Were it in me a part of manly justice,
That have sought strange hard means to keep her chaste
To her first vow, and I t' abuse her first?
Better I never knew what comfort were
In woman's love than wickedly to know it.
What could the falsehood of one night avail him
That must enjoy for ever, or he's lost?
'Tis the way rather to draw hate upon me;

[c] *disease*] i. e. disturb.

For, known, 'tis as impossible she should love me,
As youth in health to doat upon a grief,
Or one that's robb'd and bound t' affect the thief:
No, he that would soul's sacred comfort win
Must burn in pure love, like a seraphin.

Re-enter ISABELLA.

ISA. Celio!
SEB. Sweet madam?
ISA. Thou hast deluded me;
There's nobody.
SEB. How? I wonder he would miss, madam,
Having appointed too: 'twere a strange goodness
If heaven should turn his heart now by the way.
ISA. O, never, Celio!
SEB. Yes, I ha' known the like:
Man is not at his own disposing, madam,
The bless'd powers have provided better for him,
Or he were miserable. He may come yet;
'Tis early, madam; if you would be pleas'd
T' embrace my counsel, you should see this night over,
Since you've bestow'd this pains.
ISA. I intend so.
SEB. That strumpet would be found, else she should go.
I curse the time now I did e'er make use
Of such a plague: sin knows not what it does.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Hall in ANTONIO'S *House.*

Enter FRANCISCA *above.*[c]

FRAN. 'Tis now my brother's time, even much about it;
For though he dissembled a whole fortnight's absence,
He comes again to-night; 'twas so agreed
Before he went. I must bestir my wits now,
To catch this sister of mine, and bring her name
To some disgrace first, to preserve mine own:
There's profit in that cunning. She cast off
My company betimes to-night by tricks and slights,[d]
And I was well contented. I'm resolv'd[e]
There's no hate lost between us; for I know
She does not love me now, but painfully,
Like one that's forc'd to smile upon a grief,
To bring some purpose forward; and I'll pay her
In her own metal. They're now all at rest,
And Gaspar there, and all: list! fast asleep;
He cries it hither: I must disease you straight, sir.
For the maid-servants and the girls o' th' house,
I spic'd them lately with a drowsy posset,[f]
They will not hear in haste. [*Noise within.*] My brother's come:

[c] *Enter Francisca above*] MS. has, "*Enter Francisca* in her Chamber;" but it is evident that she entered on what was called the upper stage: see note, vol. ii. p. 125.

[d] *slights*] i. e. artifices.

[e] *resolv'd*] i. e. satisfied, convinced.

[f] *He cries it hither: I must disease you straight, sir.*
For the maid-servants and the girls o' th' house,
I spic'd them lately with a drowsy posset] *Cries*, i. e. snores —*disease*, i. e. disturb, waken. It was formerly a general custom to eat possets just before bed-time.—Steevens compares

O, where's this key now for him? here 'tis, happily:
But I must wake him first.—Why, Gaspar, Gaspar!
GAS. [*within*] What a pox gasp you for?
FRAN. Now I'll throw't down.
GAS. [*within*] Who's that call'd me now? somebody call'd Gaspar?
FRAN. O, up, as thou'rt an honest fellow, Gaspar!
GAS. [*within*] I shall not rise to-night then. What's the matter?
Who's that? young mistress?
FRAN. Ay; up, up, sweet Gaspar!

Enter GASPARO.

My sister hath both knock'd and call'd this hour,
And not a maid will stir.
GAS. They'll stir enough sometimes.
FRAN. Hark, hark, again! Gaspar, O run, run, prithee!
GAS. Give me leave to clothe myself.
FRAN. Stand'st upon clothing
In an extremity? Hark, hark again!
She may be dead ere thou com'st: O, in quickly!—
[*Exit* GASPARO.
He's gone: he cannot choose but be took now,
Or met in his return; that will be enough.—

Enter ANTONIO.

Brother? here, take this light.
ANT. My careful sister!

this passage with the following one of Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, act ii. sc. 2;

" the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with *snores*: I have *drugg'd their possets*," &c.

and observes, that Macbeth's expression, act ii. sc. 1, " There's no such thing," is likewise used by Francisca (see p. 317), when she undeceives her brother.

FRAN. Look first in his own lodging ere you enter. [*Exit* ANTONIO.

ANT. [*within*] O abus'd confidence! there's nothing of him
But what betrays him more.

FRAN. Then 'tis too true, brother?

ANT. [*within*] I'll make base lust a terrible example;
No villany e'er paid dearer.

FLO.[f] [*within*] Help! hold, sir!

ANT. [*within*] I'm deaf to all humanity.

FRAN. List, list!
A strange and sudden silence after all:
I trust has spoil'd 'em both; too dear a happiness!
O how I tremble between doubts and joys!

ANT. [*within*] There perish both, down to the house of falsehood,
Where perjurous wedlock weeps!
[*Re-entering with his sword drawn.*
O perjurous woman!
Sh'ad took the innocence of sleep upon her
At my approach, and would not see me come;
As if sh'ad lain there like a harmless soul,
And never dream'd of mischief. What's all this now?
I feel no ease; the burden's not yet off
So long as the abuse sticks in my knowledge.
O, 'tis a pain of hell to know one's shame!
Had it been hid and done, 't had been done happy,
For he that's ignorant lives long and merry.

FRAN. I shall know all now. [*Aside.*]—Brother!

ANT. Come down quickly,
For I must kill thee too.

FRAN. Me?

ANT. Stay not long:

[f] *Flo.*] MS. "Fra."

If thou desir'st to die with little pain,
Make haste I'd wish thee, and come willingly;
If I be forc'd to come, I shall be cruel
Above a man to thee.

FRAN. Why, sir!—my brother! ——

ANT. Talk to thy soul, if thou wilt talk at all;
To me thou'rt lost for ever.

FRAN. This is fearful in you:
Beyond all reason, brother, would you thus
Reward me for my care and truth shewn to you?

ANT. A curse upon 'em both, and thee for company!
'Tis that too diligent, thankless care of thine
Makes me a murderer, and that ruinous[g] truth
That lights me to the knowledge of my shame.
Hadst thou been secret, then had I been happy,
And had a hope, like man, of joys to come:
Now here I stand a stain to my creation;
And, which is heavier than all torments to me,
The understanding of this base adultery:
And that thou toldst me first, which thou deserv'st
Death worthily for.

FRAN. If that be the worst, hold, sir,
Hold, brother; I can ease your knowledge[h] straight,
By my soul's hopes, I can! there's no such thing.

ANT. How?

FRAN. Bless me but with life, I'll tell you all:
Your bed was never wrong'd.

ANT. What? never wrong'd?

FRAN. I ask but mercy as I deal with truth now:
'Twas only my deceit, my plot, and cunning,
To bring disgrace upon her; by that means
To keep mine own hid, which none knew but she:
To speak troth, I had a child by Aberzanes, sir.

[g] *ruinous*] MS. "ruynes."
[h] *knowledge*] Altered by Reed to "conscience."

ANT. How! Aberzanes!
FRAN. And my mother's letter
Was counterfeited, to get time and place
For my delivery.
ANT. O, my wrath's redoubled!
FRAN. At my return she could speak all my folly,
And blam'd me, with good counsel. I, for fear
It should be made known, thus rewarded her;
Wrought you into suspicion without cause,
And at your coming rais'd up Gaspar suddenly,
Sent him but in before you, by a falsehood,
Which to your kindled jealousy I knew
Would add enough: what's now confess'd is true.
ANT. The more I hear, the worse it fares with me.
I ha' kill'd 'em now for nothing; yet the shame
Follows my blood still. Once more, come down:
Look you, my sword goes up. [*Sheathing sword.*]
Call Hermio to me:
Let the new man alone; he'll wake too soon
[*Exit* FRANCISCA *above.*
To find his mistress dead, and lose a service.
Already the day breaks upon my guilt;

Enter HERMIO.

I must be brief and sudden.—Hermio.
HER. Sir?
ANT. Run, knock up Aberzanes speedily;
Say I desire his company this morning
To yonder horse-race, tell him; that will fetch him:
O, hark you, by the way—— [*Whispers.*
HER. Yes, sir.
ANT. Use speed now,
Or I will ne'er use thee more; and, perhaps,
I speak in a right hour. My grief o'erflows;
I must in private go and vent my woes. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Hall in ANTONIO'S *House.*

Enter ANTONIO[g] *and* ABERZANES.

ANT. You're welcome, sir.

ABER. I think I'm worthy on't,
For, look you, sir, I come untruss'd,[h] in troth.

ANT. The more's the pity—honester men go to't—
That slaves should 'scape it. What blade have you got there?

ABER. Nay, I know not that, sir: I am not acquainted greatly with the blade; I am sure 'tis a good scabbard, and that satisfies me.

ANT. 'Tis long enough indeed, if that be good.

ABER. I love to wear a long weapon; 'tis a thing commendable.

ANT. I pray, draw it, sir.

ABER. It is not to be drawn.

ANT. Not to be drawn?

ABER. I do not care to see't: to tell you troth, sir, 'tis only a holyday thing, to wear by a man's side.

ANT. Draw it, or I'll rip thee down from neck to navel,
Though there's small glory in't.

ABER. Are you in earnest, sir?

ANT. I'll tell thee that anon.

ABER. Why, what's the matter, sir?

ANT. What a base misery is this in life now!

[g] *Antonio*] MS. has "Sebastian," and prefixes "Seb." to the first and third speeches in this scene.

[h] *untruss'd*] i. e. the points or tagged laces by which the hose or breeches were attached to the doublet, being yet untied.

This slave had so much daring courage in him
To act a sin would shame whole generations,
But hath not so much honest strength about him
To draw a sword in way of satisfaction.
This shews thy great guilt, that thou dar'st not fight.

ABER. Yes, I dare fight, sir, in an honest cause.

ANT. Why, come then, slave! thou'st made my sister a whore.

ABER. Prove that an honest cause, and I'll be hang'd.

ANT. So many starting holes? can I light no way?
Go to, you shall have your wish, all honest play.—
Come forth, thou fruitful wickedness, thou seed
Of shame and murder! take to thee in wedlock
Baseness and cowardice, a fit match for thee!—
Come, sir, along with me.

Enter FRANCISCA.

ABER. 'Las, what to do?
I am too young to take a wife, in troth.

ANT. But old enough to take a strumpet though:
You'd fain get all your children beforehand,
And marry when you've done; that's a strange course, sir.
This woman I bestow on thee: what dost thou say?

ABER. I would I had such another to bestow on you, sir!

ANT. Uncharitable slave! dog, coward as thou art,
To wish a plague so great as thine to any!

ABER. To my friend, sir, where I think I may be bold.

ANT. Down, and do't solemnly; contract yourselves
With truth and zeal, or ne'er rise up again.

I will not have her die i' th' state of strumpet,
Though she took pride to live one.—Hermio, the wine!

Enter HERMIO *with wine.*

HER. 'Tis here, sir.—Troth, I wonder at some things;
But I'll keep honest. [*Aside.*
ANT. So, here's to you both now, [*They drink.*
And to your joys, if 't be your luck to find 'em:
I tell you, you must weep hard, if you do.
Divide it 'twixt you both; you shall not need
A strong bill of divorcement after that,
If you mislike your bargain. Go, get in now;
Kneel and pray heartily to get forgiveness
Of those two souls whose bodies thou hast murder'd.—
[*Exeunt* ABERZANES *and* FRANCISCA.
Spread, subtle poison! Now my shame in her
Will die when I die; there's some comfort yet.
I do but think how each man's punishment
Proves still a kind of justice to himself.
I was the man that told this innocent gentlewoman,
Whom I did falsely wed and falsely kill,
That he that was her husband first by contract
Was slain i' th' field; and he's known yet to live:
So did I cruelly beguile his heart,
For which I'm well rewarded; so is Gaspar,
Who, to befriend my love, swore fearful oaths
He saw the last breath fly from him. I see now
'Tis a thing dreadful t' abuse holy vows,
And falls most weight[il]y.
HER. Take comfort, sir;
You're guilty of no death; they're only hurt,
And that not mortally.

Enter GASPARO.

ANT. Thou breath'st untruths.
HER. Speak, Gaspar, for me then.
GAS. Your unjust rage, sir,
Has hurt me without cause.
ANT. 'Tis chang'd to grief for't.
How fares my wife?
GAS. No doubt, sir, she fares well,
For she ne'er felt your fury. The poor sinner
That hath this seven year kept herself sound for you,
'Tis your luck to bring her into th' surgeon's hands now.
ANT. Florida?
GAS. She: I know no other, sir;
You were ne'er at charge yet but with one light-horse.
ANT. Why, where's your lady? where's my wife to-night then?
GAS. Nay, ask not me, sir; your struck doe within
Tells a strange tale of her.
ANT. This is unsufferable!
Never had man such means to make him mad.
O that the poison would but spare my life
Till I had found her out!
HER. Your wish is granted, sir:
Upon the faithfulness of a pitying servant,
I gave you none at all; my heart was kinder.
Let not conceit abuse you; you're as healthful,
For any drug, as life yet ever found you.
ANT. Why, here's a happiness wipes off mighty sorrows:
The benefit of ever-pleasing service
Bless thy profession!—

Enter Lord Governor, attended by Gentlemen.

O my worthy lord,
I've an ill bargain, never man had worse!
The woman that, unworthy, wears your blood
To countenance sin in her, your niece, she's false.
Gov. False?
Ant. Impudent, adulterous.
Gov. You're too loud,
And grow too bold too with her virtuous meekness.

Enter Florida.

Who dare accuse her?
Flo. Here's one dare and can.
She lies this night with Celio, her own servant;
The place, Fernando's house.
Gov. Thou dost amaze us.
Ant. Why, here's but lust translated from one baseness
Into another: here I thought t' have caught 'em,
But lighted wrong, by false intelligence,
And made me hurt the innocent. But now
I'll make my revenge dreadfuller than a tempest;
An army should not stop me, or a sea
Divide 'em from my revenge. [*Exit.*
Gov. I'll not speak
To have her spar'd, if she be base and guilty:
If otherwise, heaven will not see her wrong'd,
I need not take care for her. Let that woman
Be carefully look'd to, both for health and sureness.—
It is not that mistaken wound thou wear'st
Shall be thy privilege.
Flo. You cannot torture me
Worse than the surgeon does: so long I care not.
[*Exit with* Gasparo *and a Gentleman.*

Gov. If she be[1] adulterous, I will never trust
Virtues in women; they're but veils for lust.
[*Exit with Gentlemen.*

Her. To what a lasting ruin mischief runs!
I had thought I'd well and happily ended all,
In keeping back the poison; and new rage now
Spreads a worse venom. My poor lady grieves me:
'Tis strange to me that her sweet-seeming virtues
Should be so meanly overtook with Celio,
A servant: 'tis not possible.

Enter Isabella *and* Sebastian.

Isa. Good morrow, Hermio:
My sister stirring yet?

Her. How? stirring, forsooth!
Here has been simple stirring. Are you not hurt, madam?
Pray, speak; we have a surgeon ready.

Isa. How? a surgeon!

Her. Hath been at work these five hours.

Isa. How he talks!

Her. Did you not meet my master?

Isa. How, your master?
Why, came he home to-night?

Her. Then know you nothing, madam?
Please you but walk in, you shall hear strange business.

Isa. I'm much beholding[1] to your truth now, am I not?
You've serv'd me fair; my credit's stain'd for ever!
[*Exit with* Hermio.

Seb. This is the wicked'st fortune that e'er blew:

[1] *If she be*, &c.] The MS. makes these two lines a part of Florida's speech.

[1] *beholding*] See note, p. 286.

We're both undone, for nothing: there's no way
Flatters recovery now, the thing's so gross:
Her disgrace grieves me more than a life's loss.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Abode of HECATE: *a caldron in the centre.*

Enter Duchess, HECATE, *and* FIRESTONE.

HEC. What death is't you desire for Almachildes?
DUCH. A sudden and a subtle.
HEC. Then I've fitted you.
Here lie the gifts of both; sudden and subtle:
His picture made in wax, and gently molten
By a blue fire kindled with dead men's eyes,
Will waste him by degrees.
DUCH. In what time, prithee?
HEC. Perhaps in a moon's progress.
DUCH. What, a month?
Out upon pictures, if they be so tedious!
Give me things with some life.
HEC. Then seek no farther.
DUCH. This must be done with speed, despatch'd this night,
If it may possible.
HEC. I have it for you;
Here's that will do't: stay but perfection's time,
And that's not five hours hence.
DUCH. Canst thou do this?
HEC. Can I!
DUCH. I mean, so closely.
HEC. So closely do you mean too!
DUCH. So artfully, so cunningly.
HEC. Worse and worse; doubts and incredulities!
They make me mad. Let scrupulous creatures know

Cum volui,[k] *ripis ipsis mirantibus, amnes*
In fontes rediere suos; concussaque sisto,
Stantia concutio cantu freta; nubila pello,
Nubilaque induco; ventos abigoque vocoque;
Vipereas rumpo verbis et carmine fauces;
Et silvas moveo; jubeoque tremiscere montes,
Et mugire solum, manesque exire sepulchris.
Te [que]que, luna, traho. Can you doubt me then, daughter,
That can make mountains tremble, miles of woods walk,
Whole earth's foundation bellow, and the spirits
Of the entomb'd to burst out from their marbles,
Nay, draw yood moon to my involv'd designs?

FIRE. I know as well as can be when my mother's mad, and our great cat angry, for one spits French then, and th' other spits Latin. [*Aside.*

DUCH. I did not doubt you, mother.

HEC. No! what did you?
My power's so firm, it is not to be question'd.

DUCH. Forgive what's past: and now I know th' offensiveness
That vexes art, I'll shun th' occasion ever.

HEC. Leave all to me and my five sisters, daughter:
It shall be convey'd in at howlet-time;
Take you no care: my spirits know their moments;

[k] *Cum volui*, &c.] Ovid, *Met.* vii. 199, where the first line is

"Quorum ope, *cum volui, ripis mirantibus amnes!*"

but I find it quoted, as in our text, by Corn. Agrippa, *Occult. Philos.* lib. i. cap. lxxii. p. 113. *Opp.* t. i. ed. Lugd.; by R. Scot, *Discouerie of Witchcraft*, l. xii. c. vii. p. 225, ed. 1584; and by Bodinus, *De Magorum Dæmonomania*, lib. ii. cap. ii. p. 130, ed. 1590. From the last-mentioned work, indeed, Middleton seems to have transcribed the passage, since he omits, as Bodinus does, a line after "*Vipereas rumpo*," &c.

Raven or screech-owl never fly by th' door
But they call in—I thank 'em—and they lose not by't;
I give 'em barley soak'd in infants' blood;
They shall have *semina cum sanguine*,
Their gorge cramm'd full, if they come once to our house;
We are no niggard. [*Exit Duchess.*

FIRE. They fare but too well when they come hither; they eat up as much t'other night as would have made me a good conscionable pudding.

HEC. Give me some lizard's-brain; quickly, Firestone.

[FIRESTONE *brings the different ingredients for the charm, as* HECATE *calls for them.*

Where's grannam Stadlin, and all the rest o' th' sisters?

FIRE. All at hand, forsooth.

Enter STADLIN, HOPPO, *and other Witches.*

HEC. Give me marmaritin, some bear-breech: when?[l]

FIRE. Here's bear-breech and lizard's-brain, forsooth.

HEC. Into the vessel;
And fetch three ounces of the red-hair'd girl
I kill'd last midnight.

FIRE. Whereabouts, sweet mother?

HEC. Hip; hip or flank. Where is the acopus?[m]

FIRE. You shall have acopus, forsooth.

HEC. Stir, stir about, whilst I begin the charm.

[l] *when*] See note, vol. i. p. 164.

[m] *acopus*] I am uncertain about the meaning of this word. Pliny mentions an herb, and also a stone, called *acopos*: see *Hist. Nat.* lib. xxvii. cap. iv. t. ii. p. 423, and lib. xxxvii. cap. x. t. ii. p. 787, ed. Hard. 1723.

Black spirits[n] and white, red spirits and gray,
Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may!
Titty, Tiffin,
Keep it stiff in;
Firedrake, Puckey,
Make it lucky;
Liard, Robin,
You must bob in.
Round, around, around, about, about!
All ill come running in, all good keep out!

First Witch. Here's the blood of a bat.

Hec. Put in that, O, put in that!

Sec. Witch. Here's libbard's-bane.

Hec. Put in again![o]

First Witch. The juice of toad, the oil of adder.

Sec. Witch. Those will make the younker madder.

Hec. Put in—there's all—and rid the stench.

Fire. Nay, here's three ounces of the red-hair'd wench.

All the Witches. Round, around, around, &c.

Hec. So, so, enough: into the vessel with it.
There, 't hath the true perfection. I'm so light
At any mischief! there's no villany
But is a tune, methinks.

Fire. A tune? 'tis to the tune of damnation then, I warrant you, and that song hath a villanous burthen. [*Aside.*

[n] *Black spirits and white, red spirits and gray,*
Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may] Preceded in MS. by the words "*A charme Song about a Vessell,*"—is the "Song" of the witches "about the caldron," *Macbeth*, act iv. sc. 1. In the folios of Shakespeare we find only "*Musicke and a Song. Blacke Spirits, &c.;*" in later editions the rest has been supplied from Davenant's alteration of *Macbeth*, (see note, p. 303) where what follows in our text is inserted, with some variations.

[o] *again*] Davenant gives "a grain"—a specious reading, but not, I believe, the true one.

HEC. Come, my sweet sisters; let the air[P] strike our tune,
Whilst we shew reverence to yond peeping moon.
[*They dance the Witches' Dance, and exeunt.*

[P] *let the air*, &c.] So the 1st Witch says in Shakespeare's *Macbeth*;

"*I'll charm the air to give a sound,*
While you perform your antic round:
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.
Musick. The Witches dance, and vanish."
Act iv. sc. 1.

In the passage just quoted, the modern editions wrongly retain *antique*, the old spelling of *antic*.

"Though," says Lamb, "some resemblance may be traced between the Charms in Macbeth and the Incantations in this Play, which is supposed to have preceded it, this coincidence will not detract much from the originality of Shakspeare. His Witches are distinguished from the Witches of Middleton by essential differences. These are creatures to whom man or woman plotting some dire mischief might resort for occasional consultation. Those originate deeds of blood and begin bad impulses to men. From the moment that their eyes first meet with Macbeth's, he is spell-bound. That meeting sways his destiny. He can never break the fascination. These Witches can hurt the body; those have power over the soul. Hecate in Middleton has a son, a low buffoon: the hags of Shakspeare have neither child of their own, nor seem to be descended from any parent. They are foul Anomalies, of whom we know not whence they are sprung, nor whether they have beginning or ending. As they are without human passions, so they seem to be without human relations. They come with thunder and lightning, and vanish to airy music. This is all we know of them. Except Hecate, they have no names; which heightens their mysteriousness. The names and some of the properties which Middleton has given to his Hags excite smiles. The Weird Sisters are serious things. Their presence cannot coexist with mirth. But, in a lesser degree, the Witches of Middleton are fine creations. Their power too is, in some measure, over the mind. They raise jars, jealousies, strifes, *like a thick scurf o'er life*." *Spec. of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 174.

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the House of the Lord Governor.

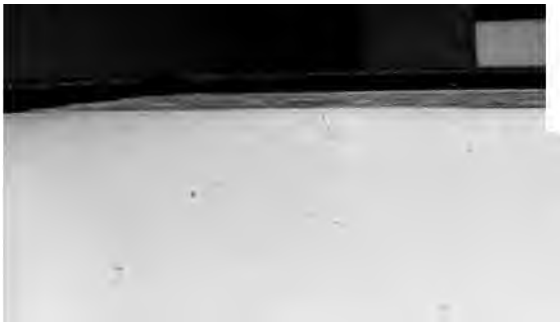
Enter Lord Governor, ISABELLA, FLORIDA, SEBASTIAN, GASPARO, *and Servants.*[1]

ISA. My lord, I've given you nothing but the truth
Of a most plain and innocent intent.
My wrongs being so apparent in this woman—
A creature that robs wedlock of all comfort,
Where'er she fastens—I could do no less
But seek means privately to shame his folly.
No farther reach'd my malice; and it glads me
That none but my base injurer is found
To be my false accuser.

GOV. This is strange,
That he should give the wrongs, yet seek revenge.—
But, sirrah, you; you are accus'd here doubly:
First, by your lady, for a false intelligence
That caus'd her absence, which much hurts her name,
Though her intents were blameless; next, by this woman,
For an adulterous design and plot
Practis'd between you to entrap her honour,
Whilst she, for her hire, should enjoy her husband.
Your answer.

SEB. Part of this is truth, my lord,
To which I'm guilty in a rash intent,
But clear in act; and she most clear in both,
Not sanctity more spotless.

[1] *Servants*] Here the MS. marks also the entrance of "*Francisca*" and "*Aberzanes*;" but they have no speeches during the present scene.



Enter HERMIO.

HER. O my lord!
GOV. What news breaks there?
HER. Of strange destruction:
Here stands the lady that within this hour
Was made a widow.
GOV. How?[r]
HER. Your niece, my lord.
A fearful, unexpected accident
Brought death to meet his fury: for my lord
Entering Fernando's house, like a rais'd tempest,
Which nothing heeds but its own violent rage,
Blinded with wrath and jealousy, which scorn guides,
From a false trap-door fell into a depth
Exceeds a temple's height, which takes into it
Part of the dungeon that falls threescore fathom
Under the castle.
GOV. O you seed of lust,
Wrongs and revenges wrongful, with what terrors
You do present yourselves to wretched man
When his soul least expects you!
ISA. I forgive him
All his wrongs now, and sign it with my pity.
FLO. O my sweet servant! [*Swoons.*
GOV. Look to yond light mistress.
GAS. She's in a swoon, my lord.
GOV. Convey her hence:
It is a sight would grieve a modest eye
To see a strumpet's soul sink into passion[s]
For him that was the husband of another.—
[*Servants remove* FLORIDA.
Yet all this clears not you.

[r] *How*] Qy. "Who?"
[s] *passion*] i. e. violent grief.

Gov. Sebastian!
Seb. The same, much
Isa. Am I certain
Of what mine eye takes j
Seb. Your service can
ledge;
I am your servant ever.
Gov. Welcome to life, s
Gaspar, thou swor'st his d
Gas. I did indeed, my l
And have been since well p
mouth
Hath got me two or three n
Seb. I was dead, sir,
Both to my joys and all men
Till this my hour of life; fo
To make the first of my retu
A witness to that marriage;
I've walk'd beneath myself, a
Like one on earth whose joy
And though it had been offe
T' enjoy mine own, I left he
Gov. The greater and more
For where heaven's bounty h
'Tis like a sea, encompassing
Her. The duchess comes,
Enter Duchess and
Gov. Be you then all with
Of an intent most horrid.
Duch. One poor

Better his meaner fortunes wept than ours,
That took the true height of a princess' spirit
To match unto their greatness. Such lives as his
Were only made to break the force of fate
Ere it came at us, and receive the venom.
'Tis but a usual friendship for a mistress
To lose some forty years' life in hopeful time,
And hazard an eternal soul for ever:
As young as he has done['t], and more desertful.
[*Aside.*

Gov. Madam.

Duch. My lord?

Gov. This is the hour that I've so long desir'd;
The tumult's full appeas'd; now may we both
Exchange embraces with a fortunate arm,
And practise to make love-knots, thus.

[*A curtain is drawn, and the Duke discovered on a couch, as if dead.*

Duch. My lord!

Gov. Thus, lustful woman and bold murderess, thus.
Blessed powers,
To make my loyalty and truth so happy!
Look thee, thou shame of greatness, stain of honour,
Behold thy work, and weep before thy death!
If thou be'st blest with sorrow and a conscience,
Which is a gift from heaven, and seldom knocks
At any murderer's breast with sounds of comfort,
See this thy worthy and unequall'd piece;
A fair encouragement for another husband!

Duch. Bestow me upon death, sir; I am guilty,
And of a cruelty above my cause:
His injury was too low for my revenge.
Perform a justice that may light all others
To noble actions: life is hateful to me,
Beholding my dead lord. Make us an one

In death, whom marriage made one of two living,
Till cursed fury parted us: my lord,
I covet to be like him.
Gov. No, my sword
Shall never stain the virgin brightness on't
With blood of an adulteress.
Duch. There, my lord,
I dare my accusers, and defy the world,
Death, shame, and torment: blood I'm guilty of,
But not adultery, not the breach of honour.
Gov. No?—Come forth, Almachildes!

Enter Almachildes.

Duch. Almachildes?
Hath time brought him about to save himself
By my destruction? I am justly doom'd.
Gov. Do you know this woman?
Alm. I've known her better, sir, than at this time.
Gov. But she defies you there.
Alm. That's the common trick of them all.
Duch. Nay, since I'm touch'd so near, before my death then,
In right of honour's innocence, I'm bold
To call heaven and my woman here to witness.
My lord, let her speak truth, or may she perish!
Amo. Then, sir, by all the hopes of a maid's comfort
Either in faithful service or blest marriage,
The woman that his blinded folly knew
Was only a hir'd strumpet, a professor
Of lust and impudence, which here is ready
To approve what I have spoken.
Alm. A common strumpet?
This comes of scarfs: I'll never more wear
An haberdasher's shop before mine eyes again.

Gov. My sword is proud thou'rt lighten'd of that sin:
Die then a murderess only!
Duke [*rising and embracing her*]. Live a duchess!
Better than ever lov'd, embrac'd, and honour'd.
Duch. My lord!
Duke. Nay, since in honour thou canst justly rise,
Vanish all wrongs, thy former practice dies!—
I thank thee, Almachildes, for my life,
This lord for truth, and heaven for such a wife,
Who, though her intent sinn'd, yet she makes amends
With grief and honour, virtue's noblest ends.—
What griev'd you then shall never more offend you;
Your father's skull with honour we'll inter,
And give the peace due to the sepulchre:
And in all times may this day ever prove
A day of triumph, joy, and honest love!
[*Exeunt omnes.*

futility of revenge;
forgiveness
in "Anti-Revengers' Tragedy"?

THE WIDOW.

The Widdow A Comedie. As it was Acted at the private House in Black-Fryers, with great Applause, by His late Majesties Servants.

Written by { *Ben: Johnson.* / *John Fletcher.* / *Tho: Middleton.* } *Gent.*

Printed by the Originall Copy. London, Printed for Humphrey Moseley and are to be Sold at his Shop, at the Sign of the Princes Arms in St. Pauls Church-yard. 1652. 4to.

On the title-page of a copy of the 4to, in my possession, "*Ben: Johnson*" and "*John Fletcher*" are drawn through with a pen, and the word "alone" is written, in an old hand, after "*Tho: Middleton.*"

This drama has been reprinted in the various editions of Dodsley's *Old Plays* (vol. vi. of the first ed. and vol. xii. of the last two eds.); also in Weber's edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Works*, vol. xiv.

Malone, by mistake, has stated that "Middleton wrote *The Widow* with Fletcher and *Massinger*:" *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 434—(*Sh.* by Boswell, vol. ii.)

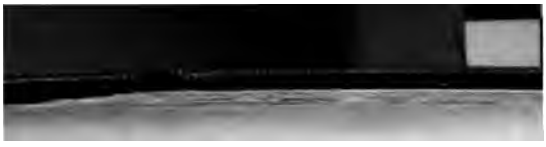
"He [Ben Jonson] is said to have assisted Middleton and Fletcher in writing *The Widow*, which must have appeared about this time [i. e. soon after 1621]. This comedy was very popular, and not undeservedly, for it has a considerable degree of merit. I cannot, however, discover many traces of Jonson in it. The authors' names rest, I believe, on the authority of the editor, A. Gough, who sent the play to the press in 1652." Such is Gifford's note on *Memoirs of B. Jonson*, p. cxliv. But in a note on Jonson's *New Inn* (*Works*, vol. v. p. 433), he says, that *The Widow* "appeared on the stage so early as 1618."

The last editor of Dodsley's *Old Plays* thinks "there is internal evidence that Ben Jonson contributed to *The Widow*, and it is rather surprising that Mr. Gifford did not trace his pen through the whole of the fourth act."

The mention of "yellow bands" as "*hateful*" (see act v. sc. 1, and note), in consequence of Mrs. Turner's execution, November 1615, shews that *The Widow* was written *after* that period: but in all probability it was produced *very soon after*,

for a play, entitled *The Honest Lawyer, by S. S.*, and printed in 1616, contains a manifest imitation of a passage in act iv. sc. 2: vide note. We can hardly suppose that the author (or authors) of *The Widow* would have borrowed from the dramatist just mentioned.

We learn from Sir Henry Herbert's papers that *The Widow* was one of the stock-pieces belonging to the Red Bull actors, who afterwards became the king's servants, and that it was played in 1660: see Malone's *Hist. Acc. of the English Stage*, pp. 273-5 (*Shakespeare*, by Boswell, vol. iii.). Downes also mentions that it was performed at a somewhat later period: vide *Roscius Anglicanus*, p. 17, ed. Waldron. And Langbaine says, "It was reviv'd not many years ago, at the King's House, with a new Prologue and Epilogue, which the Reader may find in *London Drollery*, p. 11, 12." *Acc. of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 298.



TO THE READER.

CONSIDERING how the curious pay some part of their esteem to excellent persons in the careful preservation but of their defaced statues; instead of decayed medals of the Romans' greatness, I believed it of more value to present you this lively piece, drawn by the art of Jonson, Fletcher, and Middleton, which is thought to have a near resemblance to the portraiture we have in Terence of those worthy minds, where the great Scipio and Lælius strove to twist the poet's ivy with the victor's bays. As the one was deserved by their work in subduing their country's enemies, so the other by their recreation and delight, which was to banish that folly and sadness that were worse than Hannibal or all the monsters and venom of Africa. Since our own countrymen are not in any thing inferior, it were to be wished they had but so much encouragement, that the past license and abuses charged on the stage might not ever be thought too unpardonable to pass in oblivion, and so good laws and instructions for manners, uncapable of being regulated, which, if but according to this pattern, certainly none need think himself the less a good Christian for owning the same desire as

Your humble servant,

ALEXANDER GOUGH.[a]

[a] *Alexander Gough*] An actor, who, during the suppression of the theatres, "helpt Mr. Mosely the bookseller to this and several other dramatic Manuscripts." Langbaine's *Acc. of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 298.

PROLOGUE.

A SPORT only for Christmas is the play
This hour presents t' you ; to make you merry [b]
Is all th' ambition 't has, and fullest aim
Bent at your smiles, to win itself a name ;
And if your edge be not quite taken off,
Wearied with sports, I hope 'twill make you laugh.

[b] *merry*] Was altered by Weber to "gay," for the sake of a better rhyme.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

BRANDINO, *a justice.*
MARTINO, *his clerk.*
FRANCISCO.
ATTILIO.
RICARDO, *suitor to Valeria.*
Two Old Men, suitors to Valeria.
LATROCINIO, OCCULTO, SILVIO, STRATIO, FIDUCIO, *Thieves.*
SERVELLIO.
Officers, Servants.

VALERIA, *a widow.*
PHILIPPA, *her sister, wife to Brandino.*
MARTIA, *daughter to one of Valeria's suitors, and disguised as Analdo.*
VIOLETTA, *waiting-maid to Philippa.*

Scene, CAPO D'ISTRIA and the neighbouring country.

THE WIDOW.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in BRANDINO'S *House.*[c]

MARTINO *seated at a writing-table: enter* FRANCISCO.

FRAN. Martino!

MAR. Signor Francisco? you're the luckiest gentleman to meet or see first in a morning: I never saw you yet but I was sure of money within less than half an hour.

FRAN. I bring you the same luck still.

MAR. What, you do not? I hope, sir, you are not come for another warrant?

FRAN. Yes, faith, for another warrant.

MAR. Why, there's my dream come out then. I never dreamed of a buttock but I was sure to have money for a warrant; it is the luckiest part of all the body to me: let every man speak as he finds. Now your usurer is of opinion, that to dream

[c] *A Room in Brandino's House*] Weber marked this scene "*The Country. An Inner Court of Brandino's House:*" and he did so, I presume, because Philippa and Violetta presently "*appear at a window.*" But the scene evidently takes place within the house. So in *A Trick to catch the Old One*, vol. ii. p. 82, Joyce "*appears above,*" and, like Philippa, throws down a letter to Witgood, who is standing in a room of Hoard's house. See also p. 314 of this vol. On such occasions the upper stage was used: vide note, vol. ii. p. 125.

of the devil is your wealthier dream; and I think if a man dream of that part that brings many to the devil, 'tis as good, and has all one smatch indeed, for if one be the flesh, th' other's the broth: so 'tis in all his members, and[e] we mark it; if gluttony be the meat, lechery is the porridge; they're both boiled together, and we clerks will have our modicum too, though it conclude in the twopenny chop.
Why, sir, signor Francisco!

FRAN. 'Twas her voice sure,
Or my soul takes delight to think it was,
And makes a sound like her's. [*Aside.*

MAR. Sir, I beseech you——

FRAN. It is the prettiest-contriv'd building this! What posy's[f] that, I prithee?

MAR. Which, sir? that
Under the great brass squirt?

FRAN. Ay, that, sir, that.

MAR. *From fire, from water, and all things amiss,*
Deliver the house of an honest justice.

FRAN. There's like to be a good house kept then when fire and water's forbidden to come into the kitchen.—
Not yet a sight of her! this hour's unfortunate.—
[*Aside.*
And what's that yonder, prithee?—O love's famine,
There's no affliction like thee! [*Aside.*]—Ay, I hear you, sir.

MAR. You're quicker-ear'd than I then; you hear me
Before I heard myself.

[e] *and*] i. e. if.

[f] *What posy's*, &c.] Our ancestors were so fond of *posies*, that they had them inscribed on various parts of the house—nay, even on their cheese-trenchers: see vol. i. p. 31, and the present vol. p. 98.

THE WIDOW.

For more I cannot hope for, she's so strict;
Yet that I cannot have. [*Aside.*

Mar. I'm ready now, signor. Here are blank warrants of all dispositions; give me but the name and nature of your malefactor, and I'll bestow him according to his merits.

Fran. This only is th' excuse that bears me out,
And keeps off impudence and suspicion
From my too frequent coming. What name now
Shall I think on, and not to wrong the house?
This coxcomb will be prating. [*Aside.*]—One Astilio,[j]
His offence wilful murder.

Mar. Wilful murder? O, I love a' life[k] to have such a fellow come under my fingers! like a beggar that's long a-taking leave of a fat louse, I'm loath to part with him; I must look upon him over and over first. Are you wilful? i'faith, I'll be as wilful as you then. [*Writes.*

[Philippa *and* Violetta *appear above at a window.*

Phil. Martino!

Mar. Mistress?

Phil. Make haste, your master's going.

Mar. I'm but about a wilful murder, forsooth; I'll despatch that presently.

Phil. Good morrow, sir.—O that I durst say more! [*Aside, and exit above with* Violetta.

Fran. 'Tis gone again: since such are all life's pleasures,
No sooner known but lost, he that enjoys 'em
The length of life has but a longer dream,
He wakes to this i' th' end, and sees all nothing.

[Philippa *and* Violetta *appear again above.*

[j] *Astilio*] Qy. "Attilio?" one of the characters in the play.
[k] *a' life*] i. e. as my life, exceedingly.

PHIL. He cannot see me now; I'll mark him better
Before I be too rash. Sweetly compos'd he is;
Now as he stands he's worth a woman's love
That loves only for shape, as most on 's do:
But I must have him wise as well as proper,[k]
He comes not in my books else;[l] and indeed
I've thought upon a course to try his wit.
Violetta.
VIO. Mistress?
PHIL. Yonder's the gentleman again.
VIO. O sweet mistress,
Pray give me leave to see him!
PHIL. Nay, take heed,
Open not the window, and[m] you love me.
VIO. No, I've the view of [his] whole body here, mistress,
At this poor little slit: O, enough, enough!
In troth, 'tis a fine outside.
PHIL. I see that.
VIO. Has curl'd his hair most judiciously well.
PHIL. Ay, there's thy love now! it begins in barbarism. She buys a goose with feathers that loves a gentleman for 's hair; she may be cozened to her face, wench. Away: he takes his leave. Reach me that letter hither; quick, quick, wench.

[VIOLETTA *brings a letter, which* PHILIPPA *presently throws down.*

MAR. [*giving warrant to* FRANCISCO] Nay, look upon't, and spare not: every one cannot get that kind of warrant from me, signor. Do you see this

[k] *proper*] i. e. handsome.
[l] *in my books*] i. e. in my favour: see more than enough concerning this expression, in the notes on Shakespeare's *Much ado about Nothing*, act i. sc. 1, and Nares's *Gloss.*
[m] *and*] i. e. if.

prick i' th' bottom? it betokens power and speed: it is a privy mark that runs betwixt the constables and my master: those that cannot read, when they see this, know 'tis for lechery or murder; and this being away, the warrant comes gelded and insufficient.

FRAN. I thank you, sir.

MAR. Look you; all these are *nihils;*
They want the punction.

FRAN. Yes, I see they do, sir.
There's for thy pains [*giving money*]:—mine must go unrewarded:
The better love, the worse by fate regarded.
[*Aside, and exit.*[n]

MAR. Well, go thy ways for the sweetest customer that ever penman was blest withal! Now will he come for another to-morrow again: if he hold on this course, he will leave never a knave i' th' town within this twelvemonth: no matter, I shall be rich enough by that time.

PHIL. Martino!

MAR. Say you, forsooth?

PHIL. What paper's that the gentleman let fall there?

MAR. Paper?—'Tis the warrant, I hope: if it be, I'll hide it, and make him pay for't again. No, pox; 'tis not so happy. [*Aside.*

PHIL. What is't, sirrah?

MAR. 'Tis nothing but a letter, forsooth.

PHIL. Is that nothing?

MAR. Nothing in respect of a warrant, mistress.

[n] *exit*] Here Weber put a stage-direction, "*Drops a letter, and exit.*" Wonderful that he should have read the play, without perceiving that the letter was thrown down by Philippa! The other editors adopted the safer plan of adding nothing to the stage-directions of the 4to.

PHIL. A letter? why, 't has been many a man's undoing, sir.

MAR. So has a warrant, and° you go to that, mistress.

PHIL. Read but the superscription, and away with't.
Alas, it may concern the gentleman nearly!

MAR. Why, mistress, this letter is at home already.

PHIL. At home? how mean you, sir?

MAR. You shall hear, mistress [*reads*]:—*To the deservingest of all her sex, and most worthy of his best respect and love, mistress Philippa Brandino.*

PHIL. How, sir, to me?

MAR. To you, mistress.

PHIL. Run, as thou lov'st my honour and thy life,
Call him again; I'll not endure this injury:—
But stay, stay, now I think on't, 'tis my credit,
I'll have your master's counsel. Ah, base fellow,
To leave his loose lines thus! 'tis even as much
As a poor honest gentlewoman's undoing,
Had I not a grave wise man to my husband:
And thou a vigilant varlet to admit
Thou car'st not whom!

MAR. 'Las, 'tis my office, mistress!
You know you have a kirtle every year,
And 'tis within two months of the time now;
The velvet's coming over: pray be milder.
A man that has a place must take money of any body: please you to throw me down but half a dollar, and I'll make you a warrant for him now; that's all I care for him.

PHIL. Well, look you be clear now from this foul conspiracy

° *and*] i. e. if.

Against mine honour; or your master's love to you,
That makes you stout, shall not maintain you here;
It shall not, trust to't. [*Exit above, with* VIOLETTA.

MAR. This is strange to me now:
Dare she do this, and but eight weeks to new-year's tide?
A man that had his blood as hot as her's now
Would fit her with French velvet: I'll go near it.

Enter BRANDINO *and* PHILIPPA.

PHIL. If this be a wrong to modest reputation,
Be you the censurer, sir, that are the master
Both of your fame and mine.

BRAN. Signor Francisco!
I'll make him fly the land.

MAR. That will be hard, sir:
I think he be not so well-feather'd, master;
Has spent the best part of his patrimony.

PHIL. Hark of his bold confederate!

BRAN. There thou'rt bitter;
And I must chide thee now.

PHIL. What should I think, sir?
He comes to your man for warrants.

BRAN. There it goes then.—
Come hither, knave: comes he to you for warrants?

MAR. Why, what of that, sir?
You know I give no warrants to make cuckolds:
That comes by fortune and by nature, sir.

BRAN. True, that comes by fortune and by nature.—Wife,
Why dost thou wrong this man?

MAR. He needs no warrant, master, that goes about such business: a cuckold-maker carries always his warrant about him.

BRAN. La, has he answer'd well now, to the full?
What cause hast thou t' abuse him?

PHIL. Hear me out, I pray:
Through his admittance, has had opportunity[p]
To come into the house, and court me boldly.
BRAN. Sirrah, you're foul again, methinks.
MAR. Who, I, sir?
BRAN. You gave this man admittance into th' house.
MAR. That's true, sir: you ne'er gave me any order yet
To write my warrants i' th' street.
BRAN. Why, sure thou tak'st delight
To wrong this fellow, wife, ha? 'cause I love him.
PHIL. Pray, see the fruits; see what has left behind here:
Be angry where you should be: there's few wives
Would do as I do.
BRAN. Nay, I'll say that for thee,
I ne'er found thee but honest.
PHIL. She's a beast
That ever was found otherways.
BRAN. Read, Martino:
Mine eyes are sore already, and such business
Would put 'em out quite.
MAR. [*reads letter*] *Fair, dear, and incomparable mistress* ——
BRAN. O, every letter draws a tooth, methinks!
MAR. And it leads mine to watering.
PHIL. Here's no villany![q]
MAR. [*reads*] *My love being so violent, and the opportunity so precious in your husband's absence to-night, who, as I understand, takes a journey this morning* ——

[p] *has had opportunity*] In Dodsley's *Old Plays*, and Weber's *B. and F.*, we find (among many similar improvements of the metre), "he *has had* an *opportunity*."

[q] *Here's no villany*] See note, vol. i. p. 169.

BRAN. O plot of villany!

PHIL. Am I honest, think you, sir?

BRAN. Exactly honest, perfectly improv'd.[r]—On, on, Martino.

MAR. [*reads*] *I will make bold, dear mistress, though your chastity has given me many a repulse, to wait the sweet blessings of this long-desired opportunity at the back gate, between nine and ten this night* ——

BRAN. I feel this Inns-a'-court man in my temples!

MAR. [*reads*] *Where, if your affection be pleased to receive me, you receive the faithfullest that ever vowed service to woman.—Francisco.*

BRAN. I will make Francisco smart for't!

PHIL. Shew him the letter, let him know you know him;
That will torment him: all your other courses
Are nothing, sir, to that; that breaks his heart.

BRAN. The strings shall not hold long then.—Come, Martino.

PHIL. Now if Francisco have any wit at all,
He comes at night; if not, he never shall. [*Aside.*

[*Exeunt.*

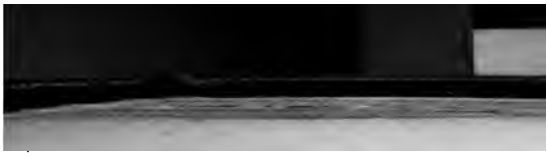
SCENE II.

The Country: near FRANCISCO'S *House.*

Enter FRANCISCO, RICARDO, *and* ATTILIO.

RIC. Nay, mark, mark it, Francisco; it was the naturallest courtesy that ever was ordained; a young gentleman being spent, to have a rich widow set him up again. To see how fortune has pro-

[r] *improv'd*] Qy. "approv'd?"



vided for all mortality's ruins! your college for your old-standing scholar, your hospital for your lame-creeping soldier, your bawd for your mangled roarer,[a] your open house for your beggar, and your widow for your gentleman;—ha, Francisco?

FRAN. Ay, sir, you may be merry; you're in hope of a rich widow.

RIC. And why shouldst not thou be in hope of another, if there were any spirit in thee? thou art as likely a fellow as any is in the company. I'll be hanged now if I do not hit the true cause of thy sadness; and confess truly, i'faith; thou hast some land unsold yet, I hold my life.

FRAN. Marry, I hope so, sir.

RIC. A pox on't, have I found it? 'Slight, away with't with all speed, man! I was never merry at heart while I had a foot. Why, man, fortune never minds us till we are left alone to ourselves; for what need she take care for them that do nothing but take care for themselves? Why, dost think if I had kept my lands still, I should ever have looked after a rich widow? alas, I should have married some poor young maid, got five and twenty children, and undone myself!

FRAN. I protest, sir, I should not have the face though, to come to a rich widow with nothing.

RIC. Why, art thou so simple as thou makest thyself? dost think, i'faith, I come to a rich widow with nothing?

FRAN. I mean with state not answerable to her's.

RIC. Why, there's the fortune, man, that I talk'd on;
She knows all this, and yet I'm welcome to her.

FRAN. Ay? that's strange, sir.

[a] *roarer*] See note on *A Fair Quarrel*, act ii. sc. 2. in this vol.

Ric. Nay more, to pierce thy hard heart,
And make thee sell thy land, if thou'st any grace,
She has, 'mongst others, two substantial suitors:
One, in good time he't spoke, I owe much money to;
She knows this too, and yet I'm welcome to her,
Nor dares th' unconscionable rascal trouble me;
Sh'as told him thus, those that profess love to her
Shall have the liberty to come and go.
Or else get him gone first: she knows not yet
Where fortune may bestow her: she's her gift,
Therefore to all will shew a kind respect.

Fran. Why, this is like a woman: I ha' no luck in't.

Ric. And as at a sheriff's table,—O blest custom!—
A poor indebted gentleman may dine,
Feed well and without fear, and depart so,
So to her lips fearless I come and go.

Fran. You may well boast, you're much the happier man, sir.

Ric. So you would be, and[s] you would sell your land, sir.

Fran. I've heard the circumstance of your sweet fortunes:
Prithee give ear to my unlucky tale now.

Ric. That's an ill hearing; but come on for once, sir.

Fran. I never yet lov'd but one woman.

Ric. Right,
I begun so too; but I've lov'd a thousand since.

Fran. Pray, hear me, sir: but this is a man's wife.

Ric. So have[t] five hundred of my thousand been.

Fran. Nay see and[s] you'll regard me!

[s] *and*] i. e. if. [t] *have*] Old ed. "has."

Ric. No? you see I do;
I bring you an example in for every thing.
Fran. This man's wife ——
Ric. So you said.
Fran. Seems very strict.
Ric. Ha, humph!
Fran. Do you laugh at that?
Ric. Seems very strict, you said;
I hear you, man, i'faith; you're so jealous still!
Fran. But why should that make you laugh?
Ric. Because she seems so: you're such another!
Fran. Nay, sir, I think she is.
Ric. You cannot tell[u] then?
Fran. I dare not ask the question, I protest,
For fear of a repulse; which yet not having,
My mind's the quieter, and I live in hope still.
Ric. Ha, hum! this 'tis to be a landed man.
Come, I perceive I must shew you a little of my fortune, and instruct you.
Not ask the question?
Fran. Methought still she frown'd, sir.
Ric. Why that's the cause, fool, that she look'd so scurvily.
Come, come, make me your woman; you'll ne'er do't else;
I'll shew you her condition[v] presently.
I perceive you must begin like a young vaulter, and get up at horse-tail before you get into the saddle: have you the boldness to utter your mind to me now, being but in hose[w] and doublet? I think, if I should put on a farthingale, thou wouldst never have the heart to do't.

[u] *cannot tell*] i. e. know not what to say, or think, of it: see Gifford's note on B. Jonson's *Works*, vol. i. p. 125.
[v] *condition*] See note, p. 292.
[w] *hose*] i. e. breeches.

Fran. Perhaps I should not then for laughing at you, sir.

Ric. In the mean time I fear I shall laugh at thee without one.

Fran. Nay, you must think, friend, I dare speak to a woman.

Ric. You shall pardon me for that, friend: I will not think it till I see't.

Fran. Why, you shall then: I shall be glad to learn too
Of one so deep as you are.

Ric. So you may, sir.—
Now 'tis my best course to look mildly; I shall put him out at first else.

Fran. A word, sweet lady!

Ric. With me, sir? say your pleasure.

Fran. O Ricardo,
Thou art too good to be a woman long!

Ric. Do not find fault with this, for fear I prove Too scornful; be content when you're well us'd.

Fran. You say well, sir.—Lady, I've lov'd you long.

Ric. 'Tis a good hearing, sir.—If he be not out now, I'll be hanged!

Fran. You play a scornful woman! I perceive, Ricardo, you have not been used to 'em; why, I'll come in at my pleasure with you. Alas, 'tis nothing for a man to talk when a woman gives way to't! one shall seldom meet with a lady so kind as thou playedst her.

Ric. Not altogether, perhaps: he that draws their pictures must flatter 'em a little; they'll look he that plays 'em should do't a great deal then.

Fran. Come, come, I'll play the woman that I'm us'd to:

I see you ne'er wore shoe that pinch'd you yet;
All your things come[w] on easy.

Ric. Say you so, sir?

I'll try your ladyship, 'faith.—Lady, well met.

Fran. I do not think so, sir.

Ric. A scornful gom![x] and at the first dash too!
My widow never gave me such an answer;
I'll to you again, sir.—
Fairest of creatures, I do love thee infinitely!

Fran. There's nobody bids you, sir.

Ric. Pox on thee, thou art the beastliest, crossest baggage that ever man met withal! but I'll see thee hanged, sweet lady, ere I be daunted with this.—Why, thou'rt too awkward, sirrah.

Fran. Hang thee, base fellow!

Ric. Now, by this light, he thinks he does 't indeed!
Nay, then, have at your plum-tree![y] faith, I'll not be foiled.—Though you seem to be careless, madam, as you have enough wherewithal to be, yet I do, must, and will love you.

Fran. Sir, if you begin to be rude, I'll call my woman.

Ric. What a pestilent quean's this! I shall have much ado with her, I see that.—Tell me, as you're a woman, lady, what serve kisses for but to stop all your mouths?

Fran. Hold, hold, Ricardo!

Ric. Disgrace me, widow?

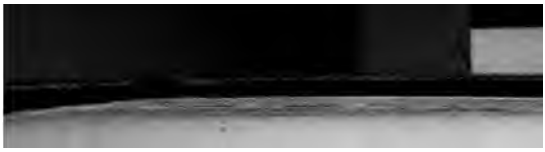
[w] *come*] Old ed. "comes."

[x] *gom*] i. e. man, fellow: *Anglo-Sax.* The word occurs frequently in our earliest poetry.

[y] *have at your plum-tree*] So in Nash's *Haue with you to Saffron-Walden*, 1596; "Yea Madam Gabriela, you are such an old ierker, then Hey ding a ding . . . *haue at your plum-tree.*" Sig. R 4.

FRAN. Art mad? I'm Francisco.
ATT. Signor Ricardo, up, up!
RIC. Who is't? Francisco?
FRAN. Francisco, quotha! what, are you mad, sir?
RIC. A bots on thee, thou dost not know what injury thou hast done me; I was i' th' fairest dream. This is your way now, and[s] you can follow it.
FRAN. 'Tis a strange way, methinks.
RIC. Learn you to play a woman not so scornfully then;
For I am like the actor that you spoke on:
I must have the part that overcomes the lady,
I never like the play else. Now your friendship,
But to assist a subtle trick I ha' thought on,
And the rich widow's mine within these three hours.
ATT. } We should be proud of that, sir.
FRAN. }
RIC. List to me then.
I'll place you two,—I can do't handsomely,
I know the house so well,—to hear the conference
'Twixt her and I. She's a most affable one,
Her words will give advantage, and I'll urge 'em
To the kind proof, to catch her in a contract;
Then shall you both step in as witnesses,
And take her in the snare.
FRAN. But do you love her?
And then 'twill prosper.
RIC. By this hand, I do,
Not for her wealth, but for her person too.
FRAN. It shall be done then.
RIC. But stay, stay, Francisco;
Where shall we meet with thee some two hours hence, now?
FRAN. Why, hark you, sir. [*Whispers.*

[s] *and*] i. e. if.



RIC. Enough; command my life:
Get me the widow, I'll get thee the wife.
[*Exeunt* RICARDO *and* ATTILIO.

FRAN. O, that's now with me past hope! yet I must love her:
I would I could not do't!

Enter BRANDINO *and* MARTINO.

MAR. Yonder's the villain, master.

BRAN. Francisco? I am happy.

MAR. Let's both draw, master, for there's nobody with him:
Stay, stay, master,
Do not you draw till I be ready too;
Let's draw just both together, and keep even.

BRAN. What and[a] we kill'd him now, before he saw us?

MAR. No, then he'll hardly see to read the letter.

BRAN. That's true; good counsel, marry.

MAR. Marry, thus much, sir; you may kill him lawfully all the while he's a-reading on't; as an Anabaptist may lie with a brother's wife all the while he's asleep.

BRAN. He turns, he looks.—Come on, sir; you, Francisco!
I lov'd your father well, but you're a villain;
He lov'd me well too, but you love my wife, sir:
After whom take you that? I will not say
Your mother play'd false.

FRAN. No, sir, you were not best.

BRAN. But I will say, in spite of thee, my wife's honest.

MAR. And I, my mistress.

FRAN. You may, I'll give you leave.

[a] *and*] i. e. if.

your adult
Or cover your f
For fear you wa
That sins in caml
MAR. And in l
BRAN. Nay, re
MAR. Now sha
an open seam in hi
for my sword has
BRAN. No; let
MAR. If your sw
shall not kill him b
lanthorn.
BRAN. Talk not of
He would make the
FRAN. I apprehen
Which to love best I

BRAN. Now, sir,
bastard there,
Got of your lustful bra
FRAN. I thank you,
jest,
I must confess I sent yo
And often courted her, t
BRAN. Did you so, sir
Before I kill thee, I forev
MAR. And I, before I
my office: die to

Mar. Pray, hear him; it may grow to a peace: for, master, though we have carried the business nobly, we are not altogether so valiant as we should be.

Bran. Peace? thou say'st true in that.—What is't you'd say, sir?

Fran. Was not my father — quietness be with him! —
And you sworn brothers?

Bran. Why, right; that's it urges me.

Fran. And could you have a thought that I could wrong you,
As far as the deed goes?

Bran. You took the course, sir.

Fran. To make you happy, and[b] you rightly weigh'd it.

Mar. Troth, I'll put up[c] at all adventures, master:
It comes off very fair yet.

Fran. You in years
Married a young maid: what does the world judge, think you?

Mar. Byrlady,[d] master, knavishly enough, I warrant you;
I should do so myself.

Fran. Now, to damp slander,
And all her envious and suspicious brood,
I made this friendly trial of her constancy,
Being son to him you lov'd; that, now confirm'd,
I might advance my sword against the world
In her most fair defence, which joys my spirit.

[b] *and*] i. e. if.
[c] *put up*] i. e. sheathe my sword.
[d] *byrlady*] See note, p. 9.

MAR. O master, let me weep while you embrace him!

BRAN. Francisco, is thy father's soul in thee?
Lives he here still? what, will he shew himself
In his male seed to me? Give me thy hand;
Methinks it feels now like thy father's to me:
Prithee, forgive me!

MAR. And me too, prithee!

BRAN. Come to my house; thy father never miss'd it.

MAR. Fetch now as many warrants as you please, sir,
And welcome too.

FRAN. To see how soon man's goodness
May be abus'd!

BRAN. But now I know thy intent,
Welcome to all that I have!

FRAN. Sir, I take it:
A gift so given, hang him that would forsake it!
[*Exit.*

BRAN. Martino, I applaud my fortune and thy counsel.

MAR. You never have ill fortune when you follow it. Here were[e] things carried now in the true nature of a quiet duello; a great strife ended, without the rough soldier or the ——.[f] And now you may take your journey.

BRAN. Thou art my glee, Martino. [*Exeunt.*

[e] *were*] Old ed. "was."
[f] *the* ——] So old ed., a blank being left for some word.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in VALERIA'S *House.*

Enter VALERIA *and* SERVELLIO.

VAL. Servellio!
SER. Mistress?
VAL. If that fellow come again,
Answer him without me; I'll not speak with him.
SER. He in the nutmeg-colour'd band, forsooth?
VAL. Ay, that spic'd coxcomb, sir: ne'er may I marry again, [*Exit* SERVELLIO.
If his right worshipful idolatrous face
Be not most fearfully painted; so hope comfort me,
I might perceive it peel in many places;
And under 's eye lay a betraying foulness,
As maids sweep dust o' th' house all to one corner;
It shew'd me enough there, prodigious pride,
That cannot but fall scornfully. I'm a woman;
Yet, I praise heaven, I never had th' ambition
To go about to mend a better workman:
She ever shames herself i' th' end that does it.
He that likes me not now, as heaven made me,
I'll never hazard hell to do him a pleasure;
Nor lie every night like a woodcock in paste
To please some gaudy goose in the morning:
A wise man likes that best that is itself,
Not that which only seems, though it look fairer.
Heaven send me one that loves me, and I'm happy!
Of whom I'll make great trial ere I have him,
Though I speak all men fair, and promise sweetly:
I learn that of my suitors; 'tis their own,
Therefore injustice 'twere to keep it from 'em.

Enter RICARDO, *followed by* FRANCISCO *and* ATTILIO *who conceal themselves.*

RIC. And so as I said, sweet widow ——

VAL. Do you begin where you left, sir?

RIC. I always desire, when I come to a widow, to begin i' th' middle of a sentence; for I presume she has a bad memory of a woman that cannot remember what goes before.

VAL. Stay, stay, sir; let me look upon you well; Are not you painted too?

RIC. How, painted, widow?

VAL. Not painted widow; I do not use it, trust me, sir.

RIC. That makes me love thee.

VAL. I mean painted gentleman,
Or if you please to give him a greater style, sir:
Blame me not, sir; it's a dangerous age, I tell you;
Poor simple-dealing women had need look about 'em.

RIC. But is there such a fellow in the world, widow,
As you are pleas'd to talk on?

VAL. Nay, here lately, sir.

RIC. Here? a pox, I think I smell him! 'tis vermilion sure; ha, oil of ben![g] Do but shew him me, widow, and let me never hope for comfort, if I do not immediately geld him, and grind his face upon one o' th' stones.

[g] *oil of ben*] "'*Been* or *behen*, in pharmacy, denotes a medicinal root, celebrated, especially among the Arabs, for its aromatic, cardiac, and alexiterial virtues.' Chambers's *Dictionary*. The same writer says, there are two kinds of *bens*, white and red, and that they are both brought from the Levant, and have the same virtues, being substituted for each other." REED.

VAL. Suffices you've express'd me your love and valour,
And manly hate 'gainst that unmanly pride:
But, sir, I'll save you that labour; he ne'er comes
Within my door again.

RIC. I'll love your door the better while I know't, widow; a pair of such brothers were fitter for posts[h] without door indeed, to make a shew at a new-chosen magistrate's gate, than to be used in a woman's chamber. No, sweet widow, having me, you've the truth of a man; all that you see of me is full mine own, and what you see, or not see, shall be yours: I ever hated to be beholding[i] to art, or to borrow any thing but money.

VAL. True, and that you never use to pay again.

RIC. What matter is't? if you be pleased to do't for me, I hold it as good.

VAL. O, soft you, sir, I pray!

RIC. Why, i'faith, you may, and[j] you will.

VAL. I know that, sir.

RIC. Troth, and I would have my will then, if I were as you: there's few women else but have.[k]

VAL. But since I cannot have it in all, signor, I care not to have it in any thing.

RIC. Why, you may have't in all, and[j] you will, widow.

VAL. Pish! I'd have one that loves me for myself, sir,
Not for my wealth; and that I cannot have.

RIC. What say you to him that does the thing you wish for?

VAL. Why, here's my hand, I'll marry none but him then.

[h] *posts*] See note, p. 58.
[i] *beholding*] See note, p. 286.
[j] *and*] i. e. if.
[k] *have*] Old ed. "has."

RIC. Your hand and faith?
VAL. My hand and faith.
RIC. 'Tis I, then.
VAL. I shall be glad on't, trust me; 'shrew my heart else!
RIC. A match!
[FRANCISCO *and* ATTILIO *come forward.*
FRAN. Give you joy, sweet widow!
ATT. Joy to you both!
VAL. How?
RIC. Nay, there's no starting now, I have you fast, widow.—
You're witness, gentlemen.
FRAN. } We'll be depos'd on't.
ATT. }
VAL. Am I betray'd to this, then? then I see
'Tis for my wealth: a woman's wealth's her traitor.
RIC. 'Tis for love chiefly, I protest, sweet widow;
I count wealth but a fiddle to make us merry.
VAL. Hence!
RIC. Why, thou'rt mine.
VAL. I do renounce it utterly.
RIC. Have I not hand and faith?
VAL. Sir, take your course.
RIC. With all my heart; ten courses, and[k] you will, widow.
VAL. Sir, sir, I'm not so gamesome as you think me;
I'll stand you out by law.
RIC. By law? O cruel, merciless woman,
To talk of law, and know I have no money!
VAL. I will consume myself to the last stamp,[l]
Before thou gett'st me.

[k] *and*] i. e. if.
[l] *stamp*] i. e. "halfpenny." REED.

Ric. 'Life, I'll be as wilful then, too:
I'll rob all the carriers in Christendom,
But I'll have thee, and find my lawyers money.
I scorn to get thee under *forma pauperis;*
I have too proud a heart, and love thee better.

Val. As for you, gentlemen, I'll take course against you;
You came into my house without my leave;
Your practices are cunning and deceitful;
I know you not, and I hope law will right me.

Ric. It is sufficient that your husband knows 'em:
'Tis not your business to know every man;
An honest wife contents herself with one.

Val. You know what you shall trust to. Pray depart, sir,
And take your rude confederates along with you,
Or I will send for those shall force your absence:
I'm glad I found your purpose out so soon.
How quickly may poor women be undone!

Ric. Lose thee? by this hand, I'll fee fifteen counsellors first, though I undo a hundred poor men for 'em; and I'll make 'em yaul one another deaf, but I'll have thee.

Val. Me?

Ric. Thee.

Val. Ay, fret thy heart out. [*Exit* Ricardo.

Fran. Were I he now,
I'd see thee starve for man before I had thee.

Val. Pray, counsel him to that, sir, and I'll pay you well.

Fran. Pay me? pay your next husband.

Val. Do not scorn't, gallant; a worse woman than I
Has paid a better man than you.

[*Exeunt* Attilio *and* Francisco.

Enter two Suitors.

First Suit. Why, how now, sweet widow?

Val. O kind gentlemen, I'm so abus'd here!

Both Suit. Abused? [*Drawing their swords.*

Val. What will you do, sirs? put up your weapons.

Sec. Suit. Nay, they're not so easily drawn, that I must tell you; mine has not been out this three years; marry, in your cause, widow, 'twould not be long a-drawing. Abused! by whom, widow?

Val. Nay, by a beggar.

Sec. Suit. A beggar? I'll have him whipt then, and sent to the House of Correction.

Val. Ricardo, sir.

Sec. Suit. Ricardo? nay, by th' mass, he's a gentleman-beggar; he'll be hanged before he be whipt. Why, you'll give me leave to clap him up, I hope?

Val. 'Tis too good for him; that's the thing he'd have,
He would be clapt up, whether I would or no, methinks;
Plac'd two of his companions privately,
Unknown to me, on purpose to entrap me
In my kind answers, and at last stole from me
That which I fear will put me to some trouble,
A kind of verbal courtesy, which his witnesses
And he, forsooth, call by the name of contract.

First Suit. O politic villain!

Val. But I'm resolv'd, gentlemen,
If the whole power of my estate can cast him,
He never shall obtain me.

Sec. Suit. Hold you there, widow;
Well fare your heart for that, i'faith.

First Suit. Stay, stay, stay;
You broke no gold between you?
Val. We broke nothing, sir.
First Suit. Nor drunk to one another?
Val. Not a drop, sir.
First Suit. You're sure of this you speak?
Val. Most certain, sir.
First Suit. Be of good comfort, wench: I'll undertake then,
At mine own charge, to overthrow him for thee.
Val. O, do but that, sir, and you bind me to you!
Here shall I try your goodness. I'm but a woman,
And, alas, ignorant in law businesses:
I'll bear the charge most willingly.
First Suit. Not a penny;
Thy love will reward me.
Val. And where love must be,
It is all but one purse, now I think on't.
First Suit. All comes to one, sweet widow.
Sec. Suit. Are you so forward? [*Aside.*
First Suit. I know his mates, Attilio and Francisco;
I'll get out process, and attach 'em all:
We'll begin first with them.
Val. I like that strangely.
First Suit. I have a daughter run away, I thank her;
I'll be a scourge to all youth for her sake:
Some of 'em has got her up.
Val. Your daughter? what, sir, Martia?
First Suit. Ay, a shake wed her!
I would have married her to a wealthy gentleman,
No older than myself; she was like to be shrewdly hurt, widow.
Val. It was too happy for her.

First Suit. I'm of thy mind.
Farewell, sweet widow; I'll about this straight;
I'll have 'em all three put into one writ,
And so save charges.
Val. How I love your providence!
[*Exit First Suitor.*
Sec. Suit. Is my nose bor'd? I'll cross ye both for this,
Although it cost me as much o' th' other side:
I have enough, and I will have my humour.
I may get out of her what may undo her too.
[*Aside.*
Hark you, sweet widow, you must now take heed
You be of a sure ground, he'll o'erthrow you else.
Val. Marry, fair hope forbid!
Sec. Suit. That will he: marry, le' me see, le' me see;
Pray how far past it 'tween you and Ricardo?
Val. Farther, sir,
Than I would now it had; but I hope well yet.
Sec. Suit. Pray let me hear't; I've a shrewd guess o' th' law.
Val. Faith, sir, I rashly gave my hand and faith
To marry none but him.
Sec. Suit. Indeed!
Val. Ay, trust me, sir.
Sec. Suit. I'm very glad on't; I'm another witness,
And he shall have you now.
Val. What said you, sir?
Sec. Suit. He shall not want money in an honest cause, widow;
I know I've enough, and I will have my humour.
Val. Are all the world betrayers?
Sec. Suit. Pish, pish, widow!

You've borne me in hand[m] this three months, and now fobb'd me:
I've known the time when I could please a woman.
I'll not be laugh'd at now; when I'm crost, I'm a tiger:
I have enough, and I will have my humour.

VAL. This only shews your malice to me, sir;
The world knows you ha' small reason to help him,
So much in your debt already.

SEC. SUIT. Therefore I do't,
I have no way but that to help myself;
Though I lose you, I will not lose all, widow;
He marrying you, as I will follow't for him,
I'll make you pay his debts, or lie without him.

VAL. I look'd for this from you.

SEC. SUIT. I ha' not deceiv'd you then:

[*Exit* VALERIA.

Fret, vex, and chafe, I'm obstinate where I take.
I'll seek him out, and cheer him up against her
I ha' no charge at all, no child of mine own,
But two I got once of a scouring-woman,
And they're both well provided for, they're i' th' hospital.
I have ten thousand pound to bury me,
And I will have my humour. [*Exit*

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter FRANCISCO.

FRAN. A man must have a time to serve his plea sure,

[m] *borne me in hand*] i. e. kept me in expectation.

As well as his dear friend: I'm forc'd to steal from 'em,
To get this night of sport for mine own use.
What says her amiable, witty letter here?
[*Reads letter.*
'*Twixt nine and ten*,—now 'tis 'twixt six and seven;
As fit as can be; he that follows lechery
Leaves all at six and seven, and so do I, methinks:
Sun sets at eight, it's 'bove an hour high yet;
Some fifteen mile have I before I reach her,
But I've an excellent horse; and a good gallop
Helps man as much as a provoking banquet.

Enter First Suitor and Officers.

FIRST SUIT. Here's one of 'em; begin with him first, officers.
FIRST OFF. By virtue of this writ we attach your body, sir. [*Officers seize* FRANCISCO.
FRAN. My body? 'life, for what?
FIRST SUIT. Hold him fast, officers.
FIRST OFF. The least of us can do't, now his sword's off, sir;
We have a trick of hanging upon gentlemen,
We never lose a man.
FRAN. O treacherous fortune!—
Why, what's the cause?
FIRST SUIT. The widow's business, sir:
I hope you know me?
FRAN. For a busy coxcomb,
This fifteen year, I take it.
FIRST SUIT. O, you're mad, sir;
Simple though you make me, I stand for the widow.
FRAN. She's simply stood for then: what's this to me, sir,
Or she, or you, or any of these flesh-hooks?

FIRST SUIT. You're like to find good bail before you leave us,
Or lie till the suit's tried.
FRAN. O my love's misery!
FIRST SUIT. I'm put in trust to follow't, and I'll do't
With all severity; build upon that, sir.

Enter RICARDO *and* ATTILIO.

FRAN. How I could[m] curse myself!
RIC. Look, here's Francisco:
Will you believe me, now you see his qualities?
ATT. 'Tis strange to me.
RIC. I tell you 'tis his fashion;
He never stole away in's life from me,
But still I found him in such scurvy company.—
A pox on thee, Francisco! wilt never leave
Thy old tricks? are these lousy companions for thee?
FRAN. Pish, pish, pish!
FIRST SUIT. Here they be all three now; 'prehend 'em, officers.
[*Officers seize* RICARDO *and* ATTILIO.
RIC. What's this?
FRAN. I gave you warning enough to make away; I'm in for the widow's business, so are you now.
RIC. What, all three in a noose? this is like a widow's business indeed.
FIRST SUIT. Sh'as catch'd you, gentlemen, as you catch'd her.
The widow means now to begin with you, sir.
RIC. I thank her heartily, sh'as taught me wit; for had I been any but an ass, I should ha' begun with her indeed. By this light, the widow's a notable housewife! she bestirs herself. I have a

[m] *could*] Old ed. "would."

greater mind to her now than e'er I had: I cannot go to prison for one I love better, I protest; that's one good comfort.—
And what are you, I pray, sir, for a coxcomb?[n]

First Suit. It seems you know me by your anger, sir.

Ric. I've a near guess at you, sir.

First Suit. Guess what you please, sir,
I'm he ordain'd to trounce you, and, indeed,
I am the man must carry her.

Ric. Ay, to me;
But I'll swear she's a beast, and[o] she carry thee.

First Suit. Come, where's your bail, sir? quickly, or away.

Ric. Sir, I'm held wrongfully; my bail's taken already.

First Suit. Where is't, sir, where?

Ric. Here they be both. Pox on you, they were taken before I'd need of 'em. And[o] you be honest officers, let's bail one another; for, by this hand, I do not know who will else.—

Enter Second Suitor.

'Ods light, is he come too? I'm in for midnight then; I shall never find the way out again: my debts, my debts! I'm like to die i' th' Hole[p] now.

First Suit. We have him fast, old signor, and his consorts;
Now you may lay action on action on him.

Sec. Suit. That may I, sir, i'faith.

First Suit. And I'd not spare him, sir.

Sec. Suit. Know you me, officers?

[n] *what are you . . . for a coxcomb*] i. e. what coxcomb are you? compare vol. ii. p. 421, and note.

[o] *and*] i. e. if.

[p] *i' th' Hole*] See note, vol. i. p. 392.

FIRST OFF. Your bounteous worship, sir.
RIC. I know the rascal so well, I dare not look upon him.
SEC. SUIT. Upon my worth, deliver me that gentleman.
FRAN. Which gentleman?
SEC. SUIT. Not you, sir, you're too hasty;
No, nor you neither, sir, pray, stay your time.
RIC. There's all but I now, and I dare not think he means me.
SEC. SUIT. Deliver me Ricardo.
RIC. O, sure he lies,
Or else I do not hear well.
FIRST OFF. Signor Ricardo ——
RIC. Well, what's the matter?
FIRST OFF. You may go; who lets you?[q]
It is his worship's pleasure, sir, to bail you.
RIC. Bail me?
SEC. SUIT. Ay will I, sir. Look in my face, man;
Thou'st a good cause; thou'lt pay me when thou'rt able?
RIC. Ay, every penny, as I'm a gentleman.
SEC. SUIT. No matter if thou dost not, then I'll make thee,
And that's as good at all times.
FIRST SUIT. But, I pray, sir,—
You go against the hair there.[r]
SEC. SUIT. Against the widow you mean, sir;
Why, 'tis my purpose truly, and 'gainst you too:
I saw your politic combination;
I was thrust out between you. Here stands one
Shall do as much for you, and he stands rightest,
His cause is strong and fair; nor shall he want

[q] *You may go; who lets you*] Given in old ed. to Ricardo: *lets*, i. e. hinders.
[r] *against the hair*] See note, vol. i. p. 163.

Money, or means, or friends, but he shall have her:
I have enough, and I will have my humour.
FIRST SUIT. Hang thee! I have a purse as good as thine.
RIC. I think they're much alike, they're rich knaves both.— [*Aside.*
Heart, and[1] I take you railing at my patron, sir,
I'll cramp your joints!
SEC. SUIT. Let him alone, sweet honey;
I thank thee for thy love though.
RIC. This is wonderful!
FRAN. O Ricardo,
'Tis seven struck in my pocket! I lose time now.
RIC. What say'st, Francisco?
FRAN. I ha' mighty business,
That I ne'er thought on; get me bail'd, I'm spoilt else.
RIC. Why, you know, 'tis such a strange miraculous courtesy,
I dare not be too forward to ask more of him,
For fear he repent this, and turn me in again.
FRAN. Do somewhat, and[1] you love me!
RIC. I'll make trial, faith.—
May't please you, sir,—'life, if I should spoil all now!
SEC. SUIT. What say'st, Ricardo?
RIC. Only a thing by th' way, sir;
Use your own pleasure.
SEC. SUIT. That I like well from thee.
RIC. 'Twere good, and[1] those two gentlemen were bail'd too;
They're both my witnesses.
SEC. SUIT. They're well, they're well:
And[1] they were bail'd, we know not where to find 'em.

[1] *and*] i. e. if.

Let 'em go to prison; they'll be forthcoming the better:
I have enough, and I will have my humour.
RIC. I knew there was no more good to be done upon him:
'Tis well I've this; heaven knows I never look'd for't.
FRAN. What plaguy luck had I to be ensnar'd thus!
FIRST OFF. O, patience!
FRAN. Pox o' your comfortable ignorance!

Enter BRANDINO *and* MARTINO.

BRAN. Martino, we ride slow.
MAR. But we ride sure, sir;
Your hasty riders often come short home, master.
BRAN. Bless this fair company!
FRAN. Here he's again too;
I am both sham'd and cross'd.
BRAN. Seest thou who's yonder, Martino?
MAR. We ride slow, I'll be sworn now, master.
BRAN. How now, Francisco, art thou got before me?
FRAN. Yes, thank my fortune, I am got before you.
BRAN. What, no, in hold?
RIC. Ay, o' my troth, poor gentleman!
Your worship, sir, may do a good deed to bail him.
BRAN. Why do not you do't then?
MAR. La, you, sir, now, my master has that honesty,
He's loath to take a good deed from you, sir.
RIC. I'll tell you why, I cannot, else I would, sir.
FRAN. Luck, I beseech thee!
If he should be wrought to bail me now, to go to
His wife, 'twere happiness beyond expression.
[*Aside.*

Bran. A matter but of controversy?
Ric. That's all, trust me, sir.
Bran. Francisco shall ne'er lie for't; he's my friend,
And I will bail him.
Mar. He's your secret friend, master;
Think upon that.
Bran. Give him his liberty, officers;
Upon my peril, he shall be forthcoming.
Fran. How I am bound to you!
First Suit. Know you whom you cross, sir?
'Tis at your sister's suit; be well advis'd, sir.
Bran. How, at my sister's suit? take him again then.
Fran. Why, sir, do you refuse me?
Bran. I'll not hear thee.
Ric. This is unkindly done, sir.
First Suit. 'Tis wisely done, sir.
Sec. Suit. Well shot, foul malice!
First Suit. Flattery stinks worse, sir.
Ric. You'll ne'er leave till I make you stink as bad, sir.
Fran. O Martino, have I this for my late kindness?
Mar. Alas, poor gentleman, dost complain to me?
Thou shalt not fare the worse for't.—Hark you, master,
Your sister's suit, said you?
Bran. Ay, sir, my wife's sister.
Mar. And shall that daunt you, master? think again:
Why, were't your mother's suit,—your mother's suit,
Mark what I say,—the dearest suit of all suits,
You're bound in conscience, sir, to bail this gentleman.

BRAN. Yea, am I so? how prov'st thou that, Martino?
MAR. Have you forgot so soon what he did lately?
Has he not tried your wife to your hand, master,
To cut the throat of slander and suspicion?
And can you do too much for such a man?
Shall it be said, I serve an ingrateful master?
BRAN. Never, Martino; I will bail him now,
And[u] 'twere at my wife's suit.
FRAN. 'Tis like to be so. [*Aside.*
MAR. And I his friend, to follow your example, master.
FRAN. Precious Martino!
FIRST SUIT. You've done wondrous well, sir;
Your sister shall give you thanks.
RIC. This makes him mad, sir.
SEC. SUIT. We'll follow't now to th' proof.
FIRST SUIT. Follow your humour out;
The widow shall find friends.
SEC. SUIT. And so shall he, sir,
Money and means.
RIC. Hear you me that, old huddle!
SEC. SUIT. Mind him not; follow me, and I'll supply thee;
[*Exeunt First Suitor and Officers.*
Thou shalt give all thy lawyers double fees:
I've buried money enough to bury me,
And I will have my humour.
[*Exit with* RICARDO *and* ATTILIO.
BRAN. Fare thee well once again, my dear Francisco;
I prithee, use my house.
FRAN. It is my purpose, sir.

[u] *And*] i. e. if.

BRAN. Nay, you must do't then; though I'm old, I'm free. [*Exit.*

MAR. And when you want a warrant, come to me. [*Exit.*

FRAN. That will be shortly now, within this few hours.

This fell out strangely happy. Now to horse;
I shall be nighted: but an hour or two
Never breaks square in love; he comes in time
That comes at all; absence is all love's crime.
[*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Country.

Enter OCCULTO, SILVIO, STRATIO, FIDUCIO, *and other Thieves.*

Occ. Come, come, let's watch th' event on yonder hill;
If he need help, we can relieve him suddenly.

SIL. Ay, and with safety too, the hill being watch'd, sir.

Occ. Have you the blue coats[v] and the beards?

SIL. They're here, sir.

Occ. Come, come away, then; a fine cock-shoot[w] evening. [*Exeunt.*

Enter LATROCINIO, *and* MARTIA *disguised as a man.*

LAT. [*sings*] *Kuck before, and kuck behind, &c.*

[v] *blue coats*] In which they were to disguise themselves as servants: see note, p. 146.

[w] *cock-shoot*] Properly, *cock-shut*—was a large net, suspended between two poles, employed to catch, or *shut* in, woodcocks, and used chiefly in the twilight—hence *cock-shut* came to signify twilight. (See Gifford's note on B. Jonson's *Works*, vol. vi. p. 473.) Perhaps "*a fine cock-shoot evening*" means here—a fine evening for taking our game.

MARTIA. Troth, you're the merriest and delightfull'st company, sir,
That ever traveller was blest withal;
I praise my fortune that I overtook you, sir.
LAT. Pish, I've a hundred of 'em.
MARTIA. And believe me, sir,
I'm infinitely taken with such things.
LAT. I see there's music in you; you kept time, methought,
Pretty and handsomely with your little hand there.
MARTIA. It only shews desire, but, troth, no skill, sir.
LAT. Well, while our horses walk down yonder hill, sir,
I'll have another for you.
MARTIA. It rids way pleasantly.
LAT. Le' me see now—one confounds another, sir —
You've heard this certainly, *Come, my dainty doxies?*
MARTIA. O, that is all the country over, sir!
There's scarce a gentlewoman but has that prick'd.
LAT. Well, here comes one I'm sure you never heard, then. [*Sings.*

I keep my horse, I keep my whore,
I take no rents, yet am not poor;
I traverse all the land about,
And yet was born to never a foot;
With partridge plump, with woodcock fine,
I do at midnight often dine;
And if my whore be not in case,
My hostess' daughter has her place:
The maids sit up and watch their turns;
If I stay long, the tapster mourns;
The cookmaid has no mind to sin,
Though tempted by the chamberlin:[x]

[x] *chamberlin*] So written for the sake of the rhyme.

But when I knock, O how they hustle!
The nether yawns, the geldings jostle:
If maid but sleep, O how they curse her!
And all this comes of, Deliver your purse, sir!

MARTIA. How, sir?

LAT. Few words: quickly, come, deliver your purse, sir!

MARTIA. You're not that kind of gentleman, I hope, sir,
To sing me out of my money?

LAT. 'Tis most fit
Art should be rewarded: you must pay your music, sir,
Where'er you come.

MARTIA. But not at your own carving.

LAT. Nor am I common in't: come, come, your purse, sir!

MARTIA. Say it should prove th' undoing of a gentleman?

LAT. Why, sir, do you look for more conscience in us than in usurers? young gentleman, you've small reason for that, i'faith.

MARTIA. There 'tis, and all I have [*gives purse*]; and, so truth comfort me,
All I know where to have!

LAT. Sir, that's not written
In my belief yet; search—'tis a fine evening,
Your horse can take no harm—I must have more, sir.

MARTIA. May my hopes perish, if you have not all, sir!
And more, I know, than your compassionate charity
Would keep from me, if you but felt my wants.

LAT. Search, and that speedily: if I take you in hand,
You'll find me rough; methinks men should be rul'd,
When they're so kindly spoke to: fie upon't!

MARTIA. Good fortune and my wit assist me then!
A thing I took in haste, and never thought on't.
[*Aside.*
Look, sir, I've search'd; here's all that I can find,
[*Presents a pistol.*
And you're so covetous, you'll have all, you say,
And I'm content you shall, being kindly spoke to.

LAT. A pox o' that young devil of a handful long,
That has fray'd many a tall thief from a rich purchase![y]

MARTIA. This and my money, sir, keep[z] company;
Where one goes, th' other must; assure your soul
They vow'd never to part.

LAT. Hold, I beseech you, sir!

MARTIA. You rob a prisoner's box, and[a] you rob me, sir.

LAT. There 'tis again. [*Returns purse.*

MARTIA. I knew 'twould never prosper with you;
Fie, rob a younger brother? O, take heed, sir!
'Tis against nature that: perhaps your father
Was one, sir, or your uncle; it should seem so,
By the small means was left you, and less manners.
Go, keep you still before me; and, do you hear me?
To pass away the time to the next town,
I charge you, sir, sing all your songs for nothing.

LAT. O horrible punishment! [*A song.*[b]

Re-enter STRATIO, *disguised as a servant.*

STRA. Honest gentleman ——

MARTIA. How now, what art thou?

[y] *purchase*] See note, p. 199.
[z] *keep*] Old ed. "keeps." [a] *and*] i. e. if.
[b] *A song*] The songs are frequently omitted in the printed copies of our early dramas; but the present direction seems to mean, that the actor who played Latrocinio was to sing a few words of any song he might choose.

STRA. Stand you in need of help?
I made all haste I could, my master charg'd me,
A knight of worship; he saw you first assaulted
From top of yonder hill.
MARTIA. Thanks, honest friend.
LAT. I taste this trick already. [*Aside, and exit.*
STRA. Look, he's gone, sir;
Shall he be stopt? what is he?
MARTIA. Let him go, sir;
He can rejoice in nothing, that's the comfort.
STRA. You have your purse still then?
MARTIA. Ay, thanks fair fortune
And this grim handful!
STRA. We were all so 'fraid o' you;
How my good lady cried, O help the gentleman!
'Tis a good woman that. But you're too mild, sir;
You should ha' mark'd him for a villain, faith,
Before h'ad gone, having so sound a means too.
MARTIA. Why, there's the jest, man; he had once my purse.
STRA. O villain! would you let him 'scape unmassacred?
MARTIA. Nay, hear me, sir, I made him yield it straight again,
And, so hope bless me, with an uncharg'd pistol.
STRA. Troth, I should laugh at that.
MARTIA. It was discharg'd, sir,
Before I meddled with't.
STRA. I'm glad to hear't. [*Seizes her.*
MARTIA. Why, how now? what's your will?
STRA. Ho, Latrocinio,
Occulto, Silvio!

Re-enter LATROCINIO, OCCULTO, SILVIO, FIDUCIO, *and other Thieves.*

LAT. What, are you caught, sir?

STRA. The pistol cannot speak.

LAT. He was too young,
I ever thought he could not; yet I fear'd him.

MARTIA. You've found out ways too merciless to betray,
Under the veil of friendship and of charity.

LAT. Away, sirs, bear him in to th' next copse, and strip him.

STRA. Brandino's copse, the justice?

LAT. Best of all, sir, a man of law; a spider lies unsuspected in the corner of a buckram-bag, man.

MARTIA. What seek you, sirs? take all, and use no cruelty.

LAT. You shall have songs enough.

Song by LATROCINIO *and the other Thieves.*

How round the world goes, and every thing that's in it!
The tides of gold and silver ebb and flow in a minute:
From the usurer to his sons there['s] a current swiftly runs;
From the sons to queans in chief, from the gallant to the thief;
From the thief unto his host, from the host to husbandmen;
From the country to the court; and so it comes to us agen.[b]
How round the world goes, and every thing that's in it!
The tides of gold and silver ebb and flow in a minute.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before BRANDINO'S *House.*

Enter PHILIPPA *and* VIOLETTA *above, at a window.*

PHIL. What time of night is't?

[b] *agen*] See note, p. 182.

Vio. Time of night do you call't?
It is so late, 'tis almost early, mistress.
Phil. Fie on him! there's no looking for him then:
Why, sure this gentleman apprehends me not.
Vio. 'Tis happy then you're rid of such a fool, mistress.
Phil. Nay, sure, wench, if he find me not out in this,
Which were a beaten path to any wise man,
I'll never trust him with my reputation;
Therefore I made this trial of his wit:
If he cannot conceive what's good for himself,
He will worse understand what's good for me.
Vio. But suppose, mistress, as it may be likely,
He never saw your letter?
Phil. How thou pliest me
With suppositions! why, I tell thee, wench,
'Tis equally as impossible for my husband
To keep it from him as to be young again,
Or as his first wife knew him, which he brags on,
For bearing children by him.
Vio. There's no remedy then;
I must conclude Francisco is an ass.
Phil. I would my letter, wench, were here again!
I'd know him wiser ere I sent him one,
And travel some five year first.
Vio. So h'ad need, methinks,
To understand the words; methinks the words
Themselves should make him do't, had he but the perceiverance[b]
Of a cock-sparrow, that will come at Philip,[c]

[b] *perceiverance*] Or as the word is usually found, *perceivance* — i. e. power of perceiving. Old ed. "perseverance."

[c] *at Philip*] i. e. when one calls to it *Philip* — a familiar name for a sparrow.

And can nor write nor read, poor fool! this coxcomb
He can do both, and your name's but Philippa;
And yet to see, if he can come when's call'd!

PHIL. He never shall be call'd again for me, sirrah.[d]

Well, as hard as the world goes, we'll have a song, wench,
We'll not sit up for nothing.

VIO. That's poor comfort though.

PHIL. Better than any's brought, for aught I see yet:
So set to your lute. [*They sing.*

PHIL. *If in this question I propound to thee*
Be any, any choice,
Let me have thy voice.

VIO. *You shall most free.*

PHIL. *Which hadst thou rather be,*
If thou might choose thy life,
A fool's, a fool's mistress,
Or an old man's wife?

VIO. *The choice is hard, I know not which is best;*
One ill you're bound to, and I think that's least.

PHIL. *But being not bound, my dearest sweet,*
I could shake off the other.

VIO. *Then as you lose your sport by one,*
You lose your name by t'other.

PHIL. *You counsel well, but love refuses*
What good counsel often chooses.
[*Exeunt above.*

Enter MARTIA *in a shirt.*

MARTIA. I ha' got myself unbound yet; merciless villains,

[d] *sirrah*] See note, p. 44.

I never felt such hardness since life dwelt in me;
'Tis for my sins. That light in yonder window,
That was my only comfort in the woods,
Which oft the trembling of a leaf would lose me,
Has brought me thus far; yet I cannot hope
For succour in this plight, the world's so pitiless,
And every one will fear or doubt me now:
To knock will be too bold; I'll to the gate,
And listen if I can hear any stirring.

Enter FRANCISCO.

FRAN. Was ever man so cross'd? no, 'tis but sweat, sure,
Or the dew dropping from the leaves above me;
I thought 't had bled again. These wenching businesses
Are strange unlucky things and fatal fooleries;
No mar'l[e] so many gallants die ere thirty;
'Tis able to vex out a man's heart in five year,
The crosses that belong to't: first, arrested,
That set me back two mangy hours at least;
Yet that's a thing my heat could have forgiven,
Because arresting, in what kind soever,
Is a most gentleman-like affliction;
But here, within a mile o' th' town, forsooth,
And two mile off this place, when a man's oath
Might ha' been taken for his own security,
And his thoughts brisk and set upon the business,
To light upon a roguy flight of thieves!
Pox on 'em, here's the length of one of their whittles:[f]
But one of my dear rascals I pursu'd so,
The gaol has him, and he shall bring out 's fellows.

[e] *mar'l*] i. e. marvel.
[f] *whittles*] i. e. knives. Old ed. "whistles," a reading which did not startle preceding editors.

Had ever young man's love such crooked fortune?
I'm glad I'm so near yet; the surgeon bade me too
Have a great care; I shall ne'er think of that now.
MARTIA. One of the thieves come back again?
I'll stand close;
He dares not wrong me now, so near the house,
And call in vain 'tis, till I see him offer't.
FRAN. 'Life, what should that be? a prodigious[g] thing
Stands just as I should enter, in that shape too
Which always appears terrible.
Whate'er it be, it is made strong against me
By my ill purpose; for 'tis man's own sin
That puts on armour upon all his evils,
And gives them strength to strike him. Were it less
Than what it is, my guilt would make it serve:
A wicked man's own shadow has distracted him.
Were this a business now to save an honour,
As 'tis to spoil one, I would pass this then,
Stuck all hell's horrors i' thee: now I dare not.
Why may't not be the spirit of my father,
That lov'd this man so well, whom I make haste
Now to abuse? and I've been cross'd about it
Most fearfully hitherto, if I well think on't;
Scap'd death but lately too, nay, most miraculously.
And what does fond[h] man venture all these ills for,
That may so sweetly rest in honest peace?
For that which being obtain'd, is as he was
To his own sense, but remov'd nearer still
To death eternal. What delight has man
Now at this present for his pleasant sin
Of yesterday's committing? 'las, 'tis vanish'd,
And nothing but the sting remains within him!

[g] *prodigious*] See note, p. 5.
[h] *fond*] i. e. foolish.

The kind man bail'd me too; I will not do't now,
And[1] 'twere but only that. How blest were man,
Might he but have his end appear still to him,
That he might read his actions i' th' event!
'Twould make him write true, though he never meant.
Whose cheek soe'er thou art, father's, or friend's,
Or enemy's, I thank thee; peace requite thee!
Light, and the lighter mistress, both farewell!
He keeps his promise best that breaks with hell.
[*Exit.*

MARTIA. He's gone to call the rest, and makes all speed;
I'll knock, whate'er befalls, to please my fears,
For no compassion can be less than theirs.
[*Knocks at the door.*

Re-enter PHILIPPA *and* VIOLETTA *above.*

PHIL. He's come, he's come!—O, are you come at last, sir?
Make little noise.—Away, he'll knock again else.
[*Exit above with* VIOLETTA.

MARTIA. I should have been at Istria, by day-break too;
Near to Valeria's house, the wealthy widow's,
There waits one purposely to do me good.
What will become of me?

Enter VIOLETTA.

VIO. O, you are a sweet gallant! this your hour?
Give me your hand; come, come, sir, follow me,
I'll bring you to light presently: softly, softly, sir.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] *And*] i. e. if.

SCENE III.

A Room in BRANDINO'S *House.*

Enter PHILIPPA.

PHIL. I should ha' given him up to all my thoughts
The dullest young man, if he had not found it;
So short of apprehension and so worthless,
He were not fit for woman's fellowship;
I've been at cost too for a banquet for him:
Why, 'twould ha' kill'd my heart, and most especially
To think that man should ha' no more conceit;[1]
I should ha' thought the worse on's wit for ever,
And blam'd mine own for too much forwardness.

Enter VIOLETTA.

VIO. O mistress, mistress!
PHIL. How now, what's the news?
VIO. O, I was out of my wits for a minute and a half!
PHIL. Hah!
VIO. They are scarce settled yet, mistress.
PHIL. What's the matter?
VIO. Do you ask that seriously?[1]
Did you not hear me squeak?
PHIL. How? sure thou art
Out of thy wits indeed.
VIO. O, I'm well now,
To what I was, mistress.
PHIL. Why, where's the gentleman?
VIO. The gentleman's forthcoming, and a lovely one,
But not Francisco.

[1] *conceit*] i. e. quickness of apprehension.
[1] *ask that seriously*] Thus improved in Dodsley's *Old Plays*, and Weber's *B. and F.*, "*ask* me *that* question *seriously!*"

PHIL. What say'st? not Francisco?
VIO. Pish, he's a coxcomb! think not on him, mistress.
PHIL. What's all this?
VIO. I've often heard you say, ye'd rather have
A wise man in his shirt than a fool feather'd;
And now fortune has sent you one, a sweet young gentleman,
Robb'd even to nothing, but what first he brought with him:
The slaves had stript him to the very shirt, mistress;
I think it was a shirt; I know not well,
For gallants wear both[j] now-a-days.
PHIL. This is strange.
VIO. But for a face, a hand, and as much skin
As I durst look upon, he's a most sweet one;
Francisco is a child of Egypt[k] to him:
I could not but, in pity to th' poor gentleman,
Fetch him down one of my old master's suits.
PHIL. 'Twas charitably done.
VIO. You'd say, mistress, if you had seen him as I did. Sweet youth! I'll be sworn, mistress, he's the loveliest, properest young gentleman, and so you'll say yourself, if my master's clothes do not spoil him, that's all the fear now; I would 't had been your luck to have seen him without 'em, but for scaring on you.
PHIL. Go, prithee, fetch him in, whom thou commend'st so. [*Exit* VIOLETTA.
Since fortune sends him, surely we'll make much on him;
And better he deserves our love and welcome

[j] *both*] i. e. shirts and smocks: see our author's *More Dissemblers besides Women*, act i. sc. 4.
[k] *child of Egypt*] i. e. gipsy.

Than the respectless fellow 'twas prepar'd for:
Yet if he please mine eye never so happily,
I will have trial of his wit and faith
Before I make him partner with my honour.
'Twas just Francisco's case, and he deceiv'd me;
I'll take more heed o' th' next for't: perhaps now,
To furnish his distress, he will appear
Full of fair, promising courtship; but I'll prove him then
For a next meeting, when he needs me not,
And see what he performs then when the storm
Of his so rude misfortunes is blown over,
And he himself again. A distrest man's flatteries
Are like vows made in drink, or bonds in prison;
There's poor assurance in 'em: when he's from me,
And in's own power, then I shall see his love.
'Mass, here he comes.

Enter MARTIA *in* BRANDINO'S *clothes, and* VIOLETTA.

MARTIA. Never was star-cross'd gentleman
More happy in a courteous virgin's love
Than I in yours.

VIO. I'm sorry they're no better for you;
I wish'd 'em handsomer and more in fashion,
But truly, sir, our house affords it not:
There is a suit of our clerk's hangs i' th' garret,
But that's far worse than this, if I may judge
With modesty of men's matters.

MARTIA. I deserve not this,
Dear and kind gentlewoman. Is yond your mistress?

PHIL. Why, trust me, here's my husband young again!—
It is no sin to welcome you, sweet gentleman.

MARTIA. I am so much indebted, courteous lady,

To the unmatched charity of your house,
My thanks are such poor things they would but shame me.

PHIL. Beshrew thy heart for bringing o' him! I fear me
I have found wit enough already in him.
If I could truly but resolve[l] myself
My husband was thus handsome at nineteen,
Troth, I should think the better of him at fourscore now.

VIO. Nay, mistress, what would he be, were he in fashion—
A hempen curse on those that put him out on't!—
That now appears so handsome and so comely
In clothes able to make a man an unbeliever,
And good for nothing but for shift, or so,
If a man chance to fall i' th' ditch with better?
This is the best that ever I mark'd in 'em,—
A man may make him ready[m] in such clothes
Without a candle.

PHIL. Ay, for shame of himself, wench.

VIO. My master does it oft in winter mornings,
And never sees himself till he be ready.

PHIL. No, nor then neither, as he should do, wench.—
I'm sorry, gentle sir, we cannot shew you
A courtesy in all points answerable
To your undoubted worth: your name, I crave, sir.

MARTIA. Ansaldo, lady.

PHIL. 'Tis a noble name, sir.

MARTIA. The most unfortunate now!

VIO. So do I think truly,
As long as that suit's on.

[l] *resolve*] i. e. satisfy, convince.
[m] *make him ready*] i. e. dress himself: compare p. 35.

PHIL. The most unfitting
And unprovided'st, sir, of all our courtesies,
I do presume is that you've pass'd already;
Your pardon but for that, and we're encourag'd.
MARTIA. My faithful service, lady.
PHIL. Please you, sir, to taste the next,
A poor slight banquet, for sure I think you were
Unluckily prevented of your supper, sir.
MARTIA. My fortune makes me more than amends, lady,
In your sweet kindness, which so nobly shewn to me,
It makes me bold to speak my occasions to you:
I am this morning, that with clearness now
So cheerfully hastens me, to meet a friend
Upon my state's establishing, and the place
Ten mile from hence: O, I am forc'd unwillingly
To crave your leave for't, which done, I return
In service plentiful.
PHIL. Is't so important?
MARTIA. If I should fail, as much as my undoing.
PHIL. I think too well of you, t' undo you, sir,
Upon this small acquaintance.
MARTIA. My great happiness!
PHIL. But when should I be sure of you here again, sir?
MARTIA. As fast as speed can possibly return me.
PHIL. You will not fail?
MARTIA. May never wish go well with me then!
PHIL. There's to bear charges, sir. [*Gives purse.*
MARTIA. Courtesy dwells in you:
I brought my horse up with me from the woods,
That's all the good they left me, 'gainst their wills too.
May your kind breast never want comfort, lady,
But still supplied as liberally as you give!

PHIL. Farewell, sir, and be faithful.
MARTIA. Time shall prove me. [*Exit.*
PHIL. In my opinion, now, this young man's likeliest
To keep his word; he's modest, wise, and courteous,
He has the language of an honest soul in him;
A woman's reputation may lie safe there,
I'm much deceiv'd else; has a faithful eye,
If it be well observ'd.
VIO. Good speed be with thee, sir!—
He puts him to't, i'faith. [*Looking out.*
PHIL. Violetta.
VIO. Mistress?
PHIL. Alas, what have we done, wench?
VIO. What's the matter, mistress?
PHIL. Run, run, call him again; he must stay, tell him,
Though it be upon's undoing; we're undone else;
Your master's clothes, they're known the country over.
VIO. Now, by this light, that's true, and well remember'd;
But there's no calling of him, he's out of sight now.
PHIL. O, what will people think?
VIO. What can they think, mistress?
The gentleman has the worst on't: were I he now,
I'd make this ten mile forty mile about,
Before I'd ride through any market-town with 'em.
PHIL. Will he be careful, think'st?
VIO. My life for yours, mistress.
PHIL. I shall long mightily to see him agen.[n]
VIO. And so shall I; I shall ne'er laugh till then.
[*Exeunt.*

[n] *agen*] See note, p. 182.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Near VALERIA'S *House.*

Enter RICARDO *and Second Suitor on one side, and* VALERIA *and First Suitor on the other.*

RIC. It goes well hitherto, my sweet protector.
SEC. SUIT. Ay, and shall still to th' end, to th' end, my honey:
Wherefore have I enough, but to have't go well, sir?
FIRST SUIT. My whole state on't, thou overthrow'st him, widow.
VAL. I hope well still, sir.
FIRST SUIT. Hope? be certain, wench:
I make no question now but thou art mine,
As sure as if I had thee in thy night-gear.
VAL. Byrlady,° that I doubt, sir.
FIRST SUIT. O, 'tis clear, wench,
By one thing that I mark'd.
VAL. What's that, good, sweet sir?
FIRST SUIT. A thing that never fail'd me.
VAL. Good sir, what?
FIRST SUIT. I heard our counsellor speak a word of comfort,
Invita voluntate; ha, that's he, wench,
The word of words, the precious chief, i'faith!
VAL. *Invita voluntate;* what's the meaning, sir?
FIRST SUIT. Nay, there I leave you, but assure you thus much,
I never heard him speak that word i' my life,
But the cause went on's side, that I mark'd ever.
SEC. SUIT. Do, do, and spare not: thou wouldst talk with her?

° *Byrlady*] See note, p. 9.

Ric. Yes, with your leave and liking.
Sec. Suit. Do, my adoption,
My chosen child; and[o] thou hold'st so obedient,
Sure thou wilt live and cozen all my kindred.
Ric. A child's part in your love, that's my ambition, sir.
Sec. Suit. Go, and deserve it then; please me well now;
I love wrangling a' life,[p] boy, there's my delight;
I have no other venery but vexation,
That's all, my honey, now: smartly now to her;
I have enough, and I will have my humour.
Ric. This need not ha' been, widow.
Val. You say right, sir;
No, nor your treachery, your close conspiracy
Against me for my wealth, need not ha' been neither.
Ric. I had you fairly; I scorn treachery
To your woman that I never meant to marry,
Much more to you, whom I reserv'd for wife.
Val. How, wife?
Ric. Ay, wife, wife, widow; be not asham'd on't,
It's the best calling ever woman came to,
And all your grace indeed, brag as you list.
Sec. Suit. Ha, ha!
Val. I grant you, sir, but not to be your wife.
First Suit. O, O!
Ric. Not mine? I think 'tis the best bargain
That e'er thou mad'st i' thy life, or ever shall again,
When my head's laid, but that's not yet this threescore year;
Let's talk of nearer matters.
Val. You're as near, sir,
As e'er you're like to be, if law can right me.

[o] *and*] i. e. if.
[p] *a' life*] See note, p. 348—altered, in Dodsley's *Old Plays* and Weber's *B. and F.*, to "I love a wrangling life!"

RIC. Now, before conscience, you're a wilful housewife.
VAL. How?
RIC. Ay, and I fear you spend my goods lavishly.
VAL. Your goods?
RIC. I shall miss much, I doubt me,
When I come to look over the inventory.
VAL. I'll give you my word you shall, sir.
RIC. Look to't, widow;
A night may come will call you to account for't.
VAL. O, if you had me now, sir, in this heat,
I do but think how you'd be reveng'd on me!
RIC. Ay, may I perish else; if I would not get
Three children at a birth, and[q] I could, o' thee!
FIRST SUIT. Take off your youngster there.
SEC. SUIT. Take off your widow first,
He shall have the last word, I pay for't dearly.—
To her again, sweet boy, that side's the weaker:
I have enough, and I will have my humour.

Enter BRANDINO *and* MARTINO.

VAL. O brother, see I'm up to th' ears in law here!
Look, copy[r] upon copy.
BRAN. 'Twere grief enough,
If a man did but hear on't, but I am
In pain to see it.
VAL. What, sore eyes still, brother?
BRAN. Worse and worse, sister; the old woman's water
Does me no good.
VAL. Why, 't'as help'd many, sir.

[q] *and*] i. e. if.
[r] *copy*] "i. e. plenty, a sense in which Ben Jonson frequently used *copy*, from *copia*. Hence we may infer that he wrote this portion of the play. The next scene is in his best manner." COLLIER. Surely in the text "copy upon copy" is to be understood of law-papers.

BRAN. It helps not me, I'm sure.
MAR. O, O!
VAL. What ails Martino too?
MAR. O, O, the toothache, the toothache!
BRAN. Ah, poor worm! this he endures for me now:
There beats not a more mutual pulse of passion
In a kind husband when his wife breeds child
Than in Martino; I ha' mark'd it ever;
He breeds all my pains in's teeth still, and to quit[a] me,
It is his eye-tooth too.
MAR. Ay, ay, ay, ay.
VAL. Where did I hear late of a skilful fellow,
Good for all kind of maladies? true, true, sir;
His flag hangs out in town here i' th' Cross Inn,
With admirable cures of all conditions;
It shews him a great travelling and learn'd empiric.
BRAN. We'll both to him, Martino.
VAL. Hark you, brother;
Perhaps you may prevail, as one indifferent.
FIRST SUIT. Ay, about that, sweet widow.
VAL. True; speak low, sir.
BRAN. Well, what's the business? say, say.
VAL. Marry, this, brother;
Call the young man aside from the old wolf there,
And whisper in his ear a thousand dollars,
If he will vanish and let fall the suit,
And never put's to no more cost and trouble.
FIRST SUIT. Say me those words, good sir, I'll make 'em worth
A chain of gold to you at your sister's wedding.
BRAN. I shall do much for that.

Enter VIOLETTA.

VAL. Welcome, sweetheart,

[a] *to quit*] i. e. to be even—equal with.

Thou com'st most happily; I'm bold to send for thee
To make a purpose good.
VIO. I take delight, forsooth,
In any such employment.
FIRST SUIT. Good wench, trust me.
RIC. How, sir, let fall the suit? 'life, I'll go naked first.
BRAN. A thousand dollars, sir, think upon them.
RIC. Why, they're but a thousand dollars, when they're thought on.
BRAN. A good round sum.
RIC. A good round widow's better;
There's meat and money too. I have been bought
Out of my lands, and yielded; but, sir, scorn
To be bought out of my affection.
BRAN. Why, here's even just my university spirit;
I priz'd a piece of red deer above gold then.
RIC. My patron would be mad, and[t] he should hear on't.
MAR. I pray, what's good, sir, for a wicked tooth?
RIC. Hang'd, drawn, and quartering: is't a hollow one?
MAR. Ay, 'tis a hollow one.
RIC. Then take the powder
Of a burnt warrant, mix'd with oil of felon.
MAR. Why sure you mock me.
RIC. Troth, I think I do, sir.
SEC. SUIT. Come hither, honey; what's the news? in whispers.
BRAN. He will not be bought out.
VAL. No? that's strange, brother:
Pray take a little pains about this project then,
And try what that effects.
BRAN. I like this better.—

[t] *and*] i. e. if.

Look you, sweet gentles, see what I produce here
For amity's sake and peace, to end all controversy;
This gentlewoman, my charge, left by her friends,
Whom for her person and her portion
I could bestow most richly, but in pity
To her affection, which lies bent at you, sir,
I am content to yield to her desire.

Ric. At me?

Bran. But for this jar, 't had ne'er been offer'd.
I bring you flesh and money, a rich heir,
And a maid too, and that's a thing worth thanks, sir,
Nay, one that has rid fifteen mile this morning
For your love only.

Sec. Suit. Honey, hearken after her;
Being rich, I can have all my money there;
Ease my purse well, and never wage law further:
I have enough, yet I will have my humour.

Ric. Do you love me, forsooth?

Vio. O, infinitely!

Ric. I do not ask thee, that I meant to have thee,
But only to know what came in thy head to love me.

Vio. My time was come, sir; that's all I can say.

Ric. 'Las, poor soul! where didst thou love me first, prithee?

Vio. In happy hour be't spoke, out at a window, sir.

Ric. A window? prithee, clap't to, and call it in again:
What was I doing then, should make thee love me?

Vio. Twirling your band-string, which, methought, became you
So generously well.

Ric. 'Twas a good quality to choose a husband for; that love was likely to be tied in matrimony that begun in a band-string; yet I ha' known as much come to pass ere now upon a tassel. Fare

You well, sister; I may be cozened in a maid, I cannot in a widow.

SEC. SUIT. Art thou come home again? stick'st thou there still?

I will defend thee still then.

FIRST SUIT. Sir, your malice
Will have enough on't.

SEC. SUIT. I will have my humour.

FIRST SUIT. Beggary will prove the sponge.

SEC. SUIT. Sponge i' thy gascoyns,
Thy gally-gascoyns[u] there!

RIC. Ha, brave protector!

BRAN. I thought 'twould come to open wars again:
Let 'em agree as they will, two testy fops!
I'll have a care of mine eyes.

MAR. I of my chops. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Cross Inn.

Enter LATROCINIO *disguised as an empiric, and* OCCULTO *as his man.*

LAT. Away, out with the banner! send's good luck to-day!

OCC. I warrant you; your name's spread, sir, for an empiric:
[*Hanging up a Banner of Cures and Diseases.*
There's an old mason troubled with the stone
Has sent to you this morning for your counsel,
He would have ease fain.

LAT. Marry, I cannot blame him, sir;
But how he will come by't, there lies the question.

[u] *gally-gascoyns*] "i. e. wide hose or slops" [trousers]. REED.

Occ. You must do somewhat, sir; for he's swoln most piteously,
Has urine in him now was brew'd last March.
Lat. 'Twill be rich gear for dyers.
Occ. I would 'twere come to that, sir.
Lat. Le' me see,
I'll send him a whole musket-charge of gunpowder.[v]
Occ. Gunpowder? what, sir, to break the stone?
Lat. Ay, by my faith, sir,
It is the likeliest thing I know to do't;
I'm sure it breaks stone-walls and castles down;
I see no reason but't should break the stone.
Occ. Nay, use your pleasure, sir.
Lat. Troth, if that do not,
I ha' nothing else that will.
Occ. I know that too.
Lat. Why then thou'rt a coxcomb to make question on't.
Go call in all the rest, I've employment for them.
[*Exit* Occulto.
When the highways grow thin with travellers,
And few portmanteaus stirring, as all trades
Have their dead time we see, thievery poor takings,
And lechery cold doings, and so forwards still;

[v] *Le' me see,*
I'll send him a whole musket-charge of gunpowder, &c. &c.] So in *The Honest Lawyer. Acted by the Qveenes Maiesties Servants. Written by S. S.* 1616. 4to.;

"Valentine. What is't Sir, that my Art cannot extend to?
Gripe. The stone, the stone: I am pittifully grip'd with the stone. . . . .
Valentine. . . . . .
Let's see. Me thinks a little Gun-powder
Should haue some strange relation to this fit.
I haue seene Gun-powder oft driue out stones
From Forts and Castle-walls," &c. Sig. F 2.

Concerning this passage, see my remark, p. 340.

Then do I take my inn, and those curmudgeons
Whose purses I can never get abroad,
I take 'em at more ease here i' my chamber,
And make 'em come to me; it's more state-like too.
Hang him that has but one way to his trade!
He's like a mouth that eats but on one side,
And half-cozens his belly, 'specially if he dine 'mong shavers
And both-handed feeders.—Stratio, Silvio, and Fiducio!

Enter SILVIO, STRATIO, *and* FIDUCIO.

I will have none left out, there's parts for you.
SIL. For us? pray let us have 'em.
LAT. Change yourselves
With all speed possible into several shapes,
Far from your own: as, you a farmer, sir;
A grazier you; and you may be a miller.
FID. O no, a miller comes too near a thief;
That may spoil all again.
LAT. Some country tailor then.
FID. That's near enough, byrlady,[w] yet I'll venture that;
The miller's a white devil, he wears his theft
Like innocence in badges most apparently
Upon his nose, sometimes between his lips;
The tailor modestly between his legs.
LAT. Why, pray, do you 'present that modest thief, then;
And hark you, for the purpose.
SIL. 'Twill improve you, sir.
LAT. 'Twill get believers, believe that, my masters,
Repute and confidence, and make all things clearer;

[w] *byrlady*] See note, p. 9.

When you see any come, repair you to me,
As samples of my skill: there are few arts
But have their shadows, sirs, to set 'em off:
Then where the art itself is but a shadow,
What need is there, my friends? Make haste, away, sirs. [*Exeunt* SILVIO, STRATIO, *and* FIDUCIO.

Re-enter OCCULTO.

Occ. Where are you, sir?
LAT. Not far, man; what's the news?
Occ. Th' old justice, sir, whom we robb'd once by moonlight,
And bound his man and he in haycock time
With a rope made of horse-meat, and in pity
Left their mares by 'em, which, I think, ere midnight
Did eat their hay-bound masters both at liberty——
LAT. 'Life, what of him, man?
Occ. He's inquiring earnestly
For the great man of art, indeed for you, sir:
Therefore withdraw, sweet sir; make yourself dainty now,
And that's three parts of any profession.
LAT. I have enough on't. [*Exit*——

Enter MARTIA *in* BRANDINO'S *clothes.*

Occ. How now, what thing's this?
Now, by this light, the second part o' th' justice
Newly reviv'd, with never a hair on's face.
It should be the first rather by his smoothness,
But I ha' known the first part written last:[x]

[x] *the first part written last*] "This alludes to the first and second parts of historical plays and tragedies, which had been so much in fashion. It has been ascertained in more than one instance, that the first part of a successful play was written after the second had met with applause." COLLIER.

'Tis he, or let me perish, the young gentleman
We robb'd and stript; but I am far from knowledge now. [*Aside.*

MARTIA. One word, I pray, sir.

Occ. With me, gentle sir?

MARTIA. Was there not lately seen about these parts, sir,
A knot of fellows, whose conditions
Are privily suspected?

Occ. Why do you ask, sir?

MARTIA. There was a poor young gentleman robb'd last night.

Occ. Robb'd?

MARTIA. Stript of all, i'faith.

Occ. O beastly rascals!
'Las, what was he?

MARTIA. Look o' me, and know him, sir.

Occ. Hard-hearted villains! strip? troth, when I saw you,
Methought those clothes were never made for you, sir.

MARTIA. Want made me glad o' 'em.

Occ. Send you better fortunes, sir!—
That we may have a bout with you once again. [*Aside.*

MARTIA. I thank you for your wish of love, kind sir.

Occ. 'Tis with my heart, i'faith; now store of coin
And better clothes be with you!

MARTIA. There's some honest yet,
And charitably-minded. How, what's here to do? [*Reads on the banner.*

Here within this place is cur'd
All the griefs that were ever endur'd.

Nay, there thou liest; I endur'd one last night

[illegible] : a strange pro-
[illegible] [*Reads.*

Palsy, gout, hydropic humour,
Breath that stinks beyond perfumer,
Fistula in ano, ulcer, megrim,
Or what disease soe'er beleaguer 'em,
Stone, rupture, squinancy, imposthume;
Yet too dear it shall not cost 'em.

That's conscionably said, i'faith. [*Reads.*

In brief, you cannot, I assure you,
Be unsound so fast as I can cure you.

Byrlady,[7] you shall pardon me, I'll not try't, sir.

Enter BRANDINO *and* MARTINO.

BRAN. Martino, is not yond my hinder parts?
MAR. Yes, and your fore parts too, sir.
BRAN. I trow so;
I never saw my hind parts in my life else,
No, nor my fore ones neither.—What are you, sir?
Are you a justice, pray?
MARTIA. A justice? no, truly.
BRAN. How came this suit to you, then?
MARTIA. How this suit?
Why, must he needs be a justice, sir, that wears it?
BRAN. You'll find it so; 'twas made for nobody else:
I paid for't.
MARTIA. O strange fortune! I've undone
The charitable woman. [*Aside.*
BRAN. He'll be gone.
Martino, hold him fast, I'll call for aid.
MARTIA. Hold me? O curse of fate!
[*Strikes* MARTINO
MAR. O master, master!

[7] *Byrlady*] See note, p. 9.

BRAN. What ails Martino?
MAR. In my conscience,
Has beat out the wrong tooth; I feel it now
Three degrees off.
BRAN. O slave, spoil'd a fine penman!
MARTIA. He lack'd good manners, though; lay hands o' me?
I scorn all the deserts that belong to it.

Re-enter LATROCINIO.

LAT. Why, how now? what's the broil?
BRAN. The man of art,
I take you, sir, to be.
LAT. I'm the professor
Of those slight cures you read of in the banner.
BRAN. Our business was to you, most skilful sir;
But in the way to you, right worshipful,
I met a thief.
LAT. A thief?
BRAN. With my clothes on, sir:
Let but the hose[z] be search'd, I'll pawn my life
There's yet the tailor's bill in one o' th' pockets,
And a white thimble that I found i' moonlight—
Thou saw'st me when I put it in, Martino?
MAR. Oy, oy!
BRAN. O, has spoil'd
The worthiest clerk that e'er drew warrant here!
LAT. Sir, you're a stranger, but I must deal plain with you;
That suit of clothes must needs come oddly to you.
MARTIA. I dare not say which way, that's my affliction. [*Aside.*
LAT. Is not your worship's name signor Brandino, sir?

[z] *hose*] i. e. breeches—altered in Dodsley's *Old Plays*, and Weber's *B. and F.*, to "coat!"

BRAN. It has been so these threescore year[s] and upwards.

LAT. I heard there was a robbery done last night
Near to your house.

MARTIA. You heard a truth then, sir,
And I the man was robb'd.

LAT. Ah, that's too gross!—
Send him away for fear of farther mischief;
I do not like him, he's a cunning knave.

BRAN. I want but aid.

LAT. Within there!

Enter Servants.

BRAN. Seize upon
That impudent thief.

MARTIA. Then hear me speak.

BRAN. Away!
I'll neither hear thee speak, nor wear those clothes again.—
To prison with the varlet!

MARTIA. How am I punish'd!

BRAN. I'll make thee bring out all before I leave thee. [*Exeunt Servants with* MARTIA.

LAT. You've took an excellent course with this bold villain, sir.

BRAN. I'm sworn for service to the commonwealth, sir.

Enter SILVIO, STRATIO, *and* FIDUCIO, *disguised.*

What are these, learned sir?

LAT. O, they're my patients.—
Good morrow, gout, rupture, and palsy.

STRA. 'Tis farewell gout almost, I thank your worship.

LAT. What, no, you cannot part so soon, I hope?
You came but lately to me.

STRA. But most happily;
I can go near to leap, sir. [*Leaps.*
LAT. What, you cannot?
Away, I say! take heed, be not too vent'rous though;
I've had you but three days, remember that.
STRA. Those three are better than three hundred, sir. [*Leaps.*
LAT. Yet again?
STRA. Ease takes pleasure to be known, sir.
LAT. You with the rupture there, *hernia in scrotum*,
Pray let me see your space[a] this morning; walk, sir,
I'll take your distance straight; 'twas F. O. yesterday:
Ah, sirrah, here's a simple alteration!
Secundo gradu, ye F. U. already;
Here's a most happy change. Be of good comfort, sir;
Your knees are come within three inches now
Of one another; by to-morrow noon,
I'll make 'em kiss and jostle.
SIL. Bless your worship!
BRAN. You've a hundred prayers in a morning, sir.
LAT. Faith, we've a few to pass away the day with.—
Tailor, you had a stitch?
FID. O, good your worship,
I have had none since Easter: were I rid
But of this whoreson palsy, I were happy;
I cannot thread my needle.
LAT. No? that's hard;
I never mark'd so much.

[a] *space*] Altered by editors to "pace"—but, I believe, wrongly.

Fid. It comes by fits, sir.
Lat. Alas, *poor* man!—What would your worship say now
To see me help this fellow at an instant?
Bras. And make him firm from shaking?
Lat. As a steeple,
From the disease on't.
Bras. 'Tis to me miraculous.
Lat. You with your whoremaster disease, come hither;
Here, take me this round glass, and hold it stedfast;
[*Gives glass.*
Yet more, sir; yet, I say; so.
Bras. Admirable!
Lat. Go, live, and thread thy needle.
Bras. Here, Martino:—
Alas, poor fool, his mouth is full of praises,
And cannot utter 'em.
Lat. No? what's the malady?
Bran. The fury of a tooth.
Lat. A tooth? ha, ha!
I thought 't had been some gangrene, fistula,
Canker, or ramex.
Bran. No, it's enough as 'tis, sir.
Lat. My man shall ease that straight.—Sit you down there, sir— [Martino *seats himself.*
Take the tooth, sirrah, daintily, insensibly—
But what's your worship's malady? that's for me, sir.
Bran. Marry, pray, look you, sir; your worship's counsel
About mine eyes.
Lat. Sore eyes? that's nothing too, sir.
Bran. Byrlady,[1] I that feel it think it somewhat.

[1] *Byrlady*] See note, p. 9.

LAT. Have you no convulsions, pricking aches, sir,
Ruptures, or apostemates?
BRAN. No, by my faith, sir,
Nor do I desire to have 'em.
LAT. Those are cures;
There do I win my fame, sir.—Quickly, sirrah,
Reach me the eye-cup hither.—
[OCCULTO *gives him the eye-cup.*
Do you make water well, sir?
BRAN. I'm all well there.
LAT. You feel no grief i' th' kidney?
BRAN. Sound, sound, sound, sir.
LAT. O, here's a breath, sir, I must talk withal,
One of these mornings.
BRAN. There I think, i'faith,
I am to blame indeed, and my wife's words
Are come to pass, sir.
MAR. O, O! 'tis not that, 'tis not that!
[*While* OCCULTO *gives a pull at one of his teeth.*
It is the next beyond it; there, there, there!
OCC. The best have their mistakings: now I'll fit you, sir.
BRAN. What's that, sweet sir, that comforts with his coolness?
LAT. O, sovereign gear: wink hard, and keep it in, sir.
[*While he applies the eye-cup to* BRANDINO, *he picks his pocket.*
MAR. O, O, O!
OCC. Nay, here he goes; one twitch more, and he comes, sir.
[*While he draws one of* MARTINO'S *teeth, he picks his pocket.*
MAR. Auh, ho!
OCC. Spit out; I told you he was gone, sir.

BRAN. How cheers Martino?
MAR. O, I can answer you now, master;
I feel great ease, sir.
BRAN. So do I, Martino.
MAR. I'm rid of a sore burden, for my part—master,
Of a scald[a] little one.
LAT. Please but your worship now
To take three drops of the rich water with you,
I'll undertake your man shall cure you, sir,
At twice i' your own chamber.
BRAN. Shall be so, sir?
LAT. I will uphold him in't.
MAR. Then will I do't, sir.
LAT. How lively your man's now!
MAR. O, I'm so light, methinks,
Over I was![b]
BRAN. What is't contents your worship?
LAT. Even what your worship please; I am not mercenary.
BRAN. My purse is gone, Martino!
LAT. How, your purse, sir?
BRAN. 'Tis gone, i'faith; I've been among some rascals.
MAR. And that's a thing
I ever gave you warning of, master; you care not
What company you run into.
BRAN. Lend me some money; chide me anon, I prithee.
A pox on 'em for vipers! they ha' suck'd blood o' me.
MAR. O master!
BRAN. How now, man?

[a] *scald*] See note, p. 15.
[b] *Over I was*] i. e. above, beyond what I was — absurdly altered by Weber to "As e'er *I was*."

MAR. My purse is gone too!
BRAN. How?
I'll ne'er take warning more of thee while I live then;
Thou art an hypocrite, and art not fit
To give good counsel to thy master, that
Canst not keep from ill company thyself.
LAT. This is most strange, sir; both your purses gone!
MAR. Sir, I'd my hand on mine when I came in.
LAT. Are you but sure of that? O, would you were!
MAR. As I'm of ease.
LAT. Then they're both gone one way,
Be that your comfort.
BRAN. Ay, but what way's that, sir?
LAT. That close knave in your clothes has got 'em both;
'Tis well you've clapt him fast.
BRAN. Why, that's impossible.
LAT. O, tell not me, sir! I ha' known purses gone,
And the thief stand and look one full i' th' face,
As I may do your worship and your man now.
MAR. Nay, that's most certain, master.
BRAN. I will make
That rascal in my clothes answer all this then,
And all the robberies that have been done
Since the moon chang'd.—Get you home first, Martino,
And know if any of my wife's things are missing,
Or any more of mine: tell her he's taken,
And by that token he has took both our purses.
MAR. That's an ill token, master.
BRAN. That's all one, sir,
She must have that or nothing; for I'm sure
The rascal has left nothing else for a token.

Begone!
Make haste again, and meet me part o' th' way.
MAR. I'll hang the villain,
And 'twere for nothing but the souse he gave me.
[*Exit.*
BRAN. Sir, I depart asham'd of my requital,
And leave this seal-ring with you as a pledge
Of further thankfulness. [*Gives ring.*
LAT. No, I beseech you, sir.
BRAN. Indeed you shall, sir.
LAT. O, your worship's word, sir.
BRAN. You shall have my word too, for a rare gentleman
As e'er I met withal. [*Exit.*
LAT. Clear sight be with you, sir;
If conduit-water, and my hostess' milk,
That comes with the ninth child now, may afford it!
'Life, I fear'd none but thee, my villanous tooth-drawer.
OCC. There was no fear of me; I've often told you
I was bound prentice to a barber once,
But ran away i' th' second year.
LAT. Ay, marry,
That made thee give a pull at the wrong tooth,
And me afraid of thee. What have we there, sirs?
OCC. Some threescore dollars i' the master's purse,
And sixteen in the clerk's, a silver seal,
Two or three amber beads, and four blank warrants.
LAT. Warrants! where be they? the best news came yet:
'Mass, here's his hand, and here's his seal; I thank him:
This comes most luckily; one of our fellows
Was took last night, we'll set him first at liberty,
And other good boys after him; and if he

In th' old justice's suit, whom we[c] robb'd lately,
Will come off roundly,[d] we'll set him free too.

Occ. That were a good deed, faith; we may, in pity.

Lat. There's nothing done merely for pity now-a-days,
Money or ware must help too.

Song, in parts, by Latrocinio *and the rest.*

Give me fortune, give me health,
Give me freedom, I'll get wealth:
Who complains his fate's amiss,
When he has the wide world his?
He that has the devil in fee
Can have but all, and so have we.
Give us fortune, give us health,
Give us freedom, we'll get wealth.
In every hamlet, town, and city,
He has lands that was born witty.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room in Brandino's *House.*

Enter Philippa *and* Violetta.

Phil. How well this gentleman keeps his promise too!
Sure there's no trust in man.

Vio. They're all Franciscos,
That's my opinion, mistress; fools, or false ones.
He might have had the honesty yet, i'faith,
To send my master's clothes home.

[c] *we*] Old ed. "he."
[d] *come off roundly*] i. e. pay well.

PHIL. Ay, those clothes!
VIO. Colliers come by the door every day, mistress—
Nay, this is market-day too, poulterers, butchers;
They would have lain most daintily in a pannier,
And kept veal from the wind.
PHIL. Those clothes much trouble me.
VIO. Faith, and[e] he were a gentleman, as he seem'd
To be, they would trouble him too, I think;
Methinks he should have small desire to keep 'em—
PHIL. Faith, and less pride to wear 'em, I should think, wench,
Unless he kept 'em as a testimony
For after-times, to shew what misery
He past in his young days, and then weep o'er 'em—
VIO. Weep, mistress?
Nay, sure, methinks he should not weep for laughing—

Enter MARTINO.

PHIL. Martino? O, we're spoil'd, wench! are they come then?
MAR. Mistress, be of good cheer, I've excellent news for you;
Comfort your heart. What have you to breakfast, mistress?
You shall have all again, I warrant you.
PHIL. What says he, wench?
VIO. I'm loath to understand him.
MAR. Give me a note of all your things, sweet mistress;
You shall not lose a hair, take't of my word;
We have him safe enough.

[e] *and*] i. e. if.

PHIL. O, 'las, sweet wench,
This man talks fearfully!
VIO. And I know not what yet;
That's the worst, mistress.
MAR. Can you tell me, pray,
Whether the rascal has broke ope my desk or no?
There's a fine little barrel of pome-citrons
Would have serv'd me this seven year: O, and my fig-cheese!
The fig[f] of everlasting obloquy
Go with him, if he have eat it! I'll make haste;
He cannot eat it all yet. He was taken, mistress,
Grossly and beastly; how do you think, i'faith?
PHIL. I know not, sir.
MAR. Troth, in my master's clothes:
Would any thief but a beast been taken so?
PHIL. Wench, wench!
VIO. I have grief enough of mine own to tend, mistress.
PHIL. Did he confess the robbery?
MAR. O no, no, mistress;
He's a young cunning rascal, he confess'd nothing;
While we were examining on him, he took away
My master's purse and mine, but confess'd nothing still.
PHIL. That's but some slanderous injury rais'd against him.— [*Aside.*
Came not your master with you?
MAR. No, sweet mistress:
I must make haste and meet him; pray, despatch me then.
PHIL. I've look'd o'er all with special heedfulness;

[f] *The fig*, &c.] See the latter part of Gifford's note on B. Jonson's *Works*, vol. i. p. 51, and Douce's *Illust. of Shakespeare*, vol. i. p. 492.

There's nothing miss'd, I can assure you, sir,
But that suit of your master's.

MAR. I'm right glad on't:
That suit would hang him, yet I would not have
Him hang'd in that suit though; it will disgrace
My master's fashion for ever, and make it as hateful
As yellow bands.[g] [*Exit.*

PHIL. O what shall's do, wench?

VIO. 'Tis no marvel, mistress,
The poor young gentleman could not keep his promise.

PHIL. Alas, sweet man, has confess'd nothing yet, wench!

VIO. That shews his constancy and love to you, mistress:
But you must do't of force, there is no help for't,
The truth can neither shame nor hurt you much;
Let 'em make what they can on't. 'Twere sin and pity, i'faith,
To cast away so sweet a gentleman
For such a pair of infidel hose[h] and doublet;
I'd not hang a Jew for a whole wardrobe on 'em.

PHIL. Thou say'st true, wench.

[g] *yellow bands*] i. e. bands dyed with *yellow starch*, which was once very fashionable, and is said to have been invented by Mrs. Turner, who was executed Nov. 1615, for having been concerned in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, and wore at the gallows a ruff of her favourite colour,—the hangman, we are told, having his bands and cuffs also yellow. Hence the epithet "hateful" in the text. Yet B. Rich, in *The Irish Hubbub*, declares that "yellow starcht bands .... beganne even then [i. e. immediately after Mrs. Turner's death] to be more generall than they were before;" and they were certainly worn in 1621: see note on *Albumazer*—Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. vii. p. 133, last ed.

[h] *hose*] i. e. breeches.

Enter MARTIA, *disguised as before.*

VIO. O, O, they're come again, mistress!
PHIL. Signor Ansaldo?
MARTIA. The same; mightily cross'd, lady,
But, past hope, freed again by a doctor's means,
A man of art, I know not justly what indeed;
But pity, and the fortunate gold you gave me,
Wrought my release between 'em.
PHIL. Met you not
My husband's man?
MARTIA. I took such strange ways, lady,
I hardly met a creature.
PHIL. O, most welcome!
VIO. But how shall we bestow him now we have him, mistress?
PHIL. Alas, that's true!
VIO. Martino may come back again.
PHIL. Step you into that little chamber speedily, sir,—
And dress him up in one of my gowns and headtires,
His youth will well endure it.
VIO. That will be admirable.
PHIL. Nay, do't, do't quickly then, and cut that suit
Into a hundred pieces, that it may never
Be known again.
VIO. A hundred? nay, ten thousand at the least, mistress; for if there be a piece of that suit left as big as my nail, the deed will come out: 'tis worse than a murder; I fear 'twill never be hid.
PHIL. Away, do your endeavour, and despatch, wench. [*Exeunt* VIOLETTA *and* MARTIA.
I've thought upon a way of certain safety,
And I may keep him while I have him too,

Without suspicion now; I've heard o' th' like:
A gentleman, that for a lady's love
Was thought six months her woman, tended on her
In her own garments, and she being a widow,
Lay night by night with her in way of comfort;
Marry, in conclusion, match they did together:
Would I'd a copy of the same conclusion!

Enter BRANDINO *with a writing.*

He's come himself now. If thou be'st a happy wench,
Be fortunate in thy speed! I'll delay time
With all the means I can.—O, welcome, sir!

BRAN. I'll speak to you anon, wife, and kiss you shortly;
I'm very busy yet: [*reads*] *Cocksey-down, Memberry, Her manor-house at Well-dun.*

PHIL. What's that, good sir?

BRAN. The widow's, your sweet sister's deed of gift;
Sh'as made all her estate over to me, wench;
She'll be too hard for 'em all: and now come buss me,
Good luck after thieves' handsel.

PHIL. O 'tis happy, sir,
You have him fast!

BRAN. I ha' laid him safe enough, wench.

PHIL. I was so lost in joy at the report on't,
I quite forgot one thing to tell Martino.

BRAN. What's that, sweet blood?

PHIL. He and his villains, sir,
Robb'd a sweet gentlewoman last night.

BRAN. A gentlewoman?

PHIL. Nay, most uncivilly and basely stript her, sir.

BRAN. O barbarous slaves!

PHIL. I was even fain, for womanhood's sake,
Alas, and charity's, to receive her in,
And clothe her poor wants in a suit of mine.
BRAN. 'Twas most religiously done; I long for her.
Who have I brought to see thee, think'st thou, woman?
PHIL. Nay, sir, I know not.
BRAN. Guess, I prithee, heartily;
An enemy of thine.
PHIL. That I hope you have not, sir.
BRAN. But all was done in jest: he cries thee mercy;
Francisco, sirrah.[i]
PHIL. O, I think not on him!
BRAN. That letter was but writ to try thy constancy;
He confess'd all to me.
PHIL. Joy on him, sir!

Enter FRANCISCO.

So far am I from malice, look you, sir ——
Welcome, sweet signor; but I'll ne'er trust you, sir.
BRAN. Faith, I'm beholding[j] to thee, wife, for this.
FRAN. Methinks I enter now this house with joy,
Sweet peace, and quietness of conscience;
I wear no guilty blush upon my cheek
For a sin stampt last midnight: I can talk now
With that kind man, and not abuse him inwardly
With any scornful thought made of his shame:
What a sweet being[k] is an honest mind!
It speaks peace to itself and all mankind. [*Aside.*

[i] *sirrah*] See note, vol. ii. p. 491.
[j] *beholding*] See note, p. 286.
[k] *being*] Qy. "blessing?"

Re-enter MARTINO.

BRAN. Martino!
MAR. Master?
BRAN. There's another robbery done, sirrah,
By the same party.
MAR. What? your worship mocks,
Under correction.
PHIL. I forgot to tell thee;
He robb'd a lovely gentlewoman.
MAR. O pagan!
This fellow will be ston'd to death with pipkins;
Your women in the suburbs will so maul him
With broken cruises and pitchers without ears,
He'll never die alive, that's my opinion.

Re-enter MARTIA *dressed as a woman, and* VIOLETTA.

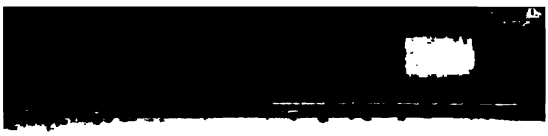
PHIL. Look you, your judgments, gentlemen;—yours especially,
Signor Francisco, whose mere[k] object now
Is woman at these years, that's the eye-saint, I know,
Amongst young gallants:—husband, you've a glimpse too;
You offer half an eye, as old as you are.
BRAN. Byrlady,[l] better, wench; an eye and a half, I trow;
I should be sorry else.
PHIL. What think you now, sirs,
Is't not a goodly, manly gentlewoman?
BRAN. Beshrew my heart else, wife.—
Pray, soft a little, signor; you're but my guest, remember;
I'm master of the house, I'll have the first buss.

[k] *mere*] i. e. whole. [l] *Byrlady*] See note, p. 9.

PHIL. But, husband, 'tis the courtesy of all places
To give a stranger ever the first bit.
BRAN. In woodcock or so; but there's no heed to be taken in mutton;[m] we commonly fall so roundly to that, we forget ourselves.—
I'm sorry for thy fortune, but thou'rt welcome, lady.
[*Kisses* MARTIA.
MAR. My master kisses as I've heard a hackney-man[n]
Cheer up his mare,—chap, chap! [*Aside.*
BRAN. I have him fast, lady,
And he shall lie by't close.
MARTIA. You cannot do me
A greater pleasure, sir.
BRAN. I'm happily glad on't.
FRAN. [*after kissing* MARTIA] Methinks there's somewhat whispers in my soul,
This is the hour I must begin my acquaintance
With honest love, and banish all loose thoughts;
My fate speaks to me from the modest eye
Of yon sweet gentlewoman. [*Aside.*
PHIL. Wench, wench!
VIO. Pish, hold in your breath, mistress;
If you be seen to laugh, you spoil all presently:
I keep it in with all the might I have—puh!
MARTIA. Pray, what young gentleman's that, sir?
BRAN. An honest boy, i'faith,
And come[o] of a good kind; dost like him, lady?
I would thou hadst him, and[p] thou be'st not promis'd;
He's worth ten thousand dollars.
VIO. By this light, mistress,

[m] *mutton*] See note, p. 102.
[n] *hackney-man*] In Dodsley's *Old Plays*, and Weber's *B. and F.*, "*hackney*-coach*man!*"
[o] *come*] Old ed. "came." [p] *and*] i. e. if.

My master will go near to make a match anon :
Methinks I dream of admirable sport, mistress.
PHIL. Peace ; thou'rt a drab.
BRAN. Come hither now, Francisco :
I've known the time I've had a better stomach ;
Now I can dine with looking upon meat.
FRAN. That face deserv'd a better fortune, lady,
Than last night's rudeness shew'd.
MARTIA. We cannot be
Our choosers, sir, in our own destiny.
FRAN. I return better pleas'd than when I went.
MAR. And could that beastly imp rob you, forsooth ?
MARTIA. Most true, forsooth.
I will not altogether, sir, disgrace you,
Because you look half like a gentleman.
MAR. And that's the mother's half.
MARTIA. There's my hand for you.
MAR. I swear you could not give me any thing
I love better, a hand gets me my living :
O sweet lemon-peel ! [*Kisses* MARTIA'S *hand.*
FRAN. May I request a modest word or two,
Lady, in private with you ?
MARTIA. With me, sir ?
FRAN. To make it sure from all suspect of injury
Or unbeseeming privacy, which heaven knows
Is not my aim now, I'll entreat this gentleman
For an ear-witness unto all our conference.
MARTIA. Why, so, I am content, sir.
BRAN. So am I, lady.
[*Exeunt* MARTIA *and* FRANCISCO.
MAR. O master, here is a rare bedfellow
For my mistress to-night ! for you know we must
Both out of town again.
BRAN. That's true, Martino.



MAR. I do but think how they'll lie telling of tales together,
The prettiest!
BRAN. The prettiest[p] indeed.
MAR. Their tongues will never lin[q] wagging, master.
BRAN. Never,
Martino, never.
[*Exeunt* BRANDINO *and* MARTINO *severally.*
PHIL. Take heed you be not heard.
VIO. I fear you most, mistress.
PHIL. Me, fool? ha, ha!
VIO. Why, look you, mistress, faith, you're faulty; ha, ha!
PHIL. Well said, i'faith; where lies the fault now, gossip?
VIO. O for a husband! I shall burst with laughing else;
This house is able to spoil any maid.
PHIL. I'll be reveng'd now soundly of Francisco,
For failing me when time was.
VIO. Are you there, mistress? I thought you would not forget that, however: a good turn disappointed is ever the last thing that a woman forgives, she'll scarce do't when she's speechless; nay, though she hold up her whole hand for all other injuries, she'll forgive that but with one finger.
PHIL. I'll vex his heart as much as he mock'd mine.
VIO. But that may mar your hopes too, if our gentlewoman
Be known to be a man.
PHIL. Not as I'll work it;
I would not lose this sweet revenge, methinks,

[p] *prettiest*] Old ed. "pretiliest." [q] *lin*] i. e. cease.

For a whole fortnight of the old man's absence,
Which is the sweetest benefit next to this.—

Re-enter MARTIA.

Why, how now, sir? what course take you for laughing?
We are undone for one.
MARTIA. Faith, with great pain
Stifle it, and keep it in; I ha' no receipt for't.
But, pray, in sadness,[q] say, what is the gentleman?
I never knew his like for tedious urgings,
He will receive no answer.
PHIL. Would he would not, sir!
MARTIA. Says I'm ordain'd for him, merely for him,
And that his wiving fate speaks in me to him;
Will force on me a jointure speedily
Of some seven thousand dollars.
PHIL. Would thou hadst 'em, sir!
I know he can and[r] he will.
MARTIA. For wonder's pity,
What is this gentleman?
PHIL. Faith, shall I tell you, sir?
One that would make an excellent, honest husband,
For her that's a just maid at one and twenty;
For, on my conscience, he has his maidenhead yet.
MARTIA. Fie, out upon him, beast!
PHIL. Sir, if you love me,
Give way but to one thing I shall request of you.
MARTIA. Your courtesies, you know, may lay commands on me.
PHIL. Then, at his next solicitings, let a consent
Seem to come from you; 'twill make noble sport, sir,

[q] *sadness*] i. e. seriousness. [r] *and*] i. e. if.

We'll get jointure and all; but you must bear
Yourself most affable to all his purposes.
MARTIA. I can do that.
PHIL. Ay, and take heed of laughing.
MARTIA. I've bide the worst of that already, lady.
PHIL. Peace, set your countenance then, for here he comes.

Re-enter FRANCISCO.

FRAN. There is no middle continent in this passion;
I feel it, since it must be love or death,
It was ordain'd for one. [*Aside.*
PHIL. Signor Francisco,
I'm sorry 'twas your fortune in my house, sir,
To have so violent a stroke come to you;
The gentlewoman's a stranger; pray, be counsell'd, sir,
Till you hear further of her friends and portion.
FRAN. 'Tis only but her love that I desire;
She comes most rich in that.
PHIL. But be advis'd though;
I think she's a rich heir, but see the proof, sir,
Before you make her such a generous jointure.
FRAN. 'Tis mine, and I will do't.
PHIL. She shall be yours too,
If I may rule her then.
FRAN. You speak all sweetness.
PHIL. She likes your person well; I tell you so much,
But take no note I said so.
FRAN. Not a word.
PHIL. Come, lady, come, the gentleman's desertful,
And, o' my conscience, honest.
MARTIA. Blame me not;
I am a maid, and fearful.

FRAN. Never truth
Came perfecter from man.
PHIL. Give her a lip-taste,
That she herself may praise it.
[FRANCISCO *kisses* MARTIA, *and then exit with her*, PHILIPPA, *and* VIOLETTA.

Re-enter BRANDINO.

BRAN. Yea, a match, i'faith!
My house is lucky for 'em.—

Re-enter MARTINO.

Now, Martino?
MAR. Master, the widow has the day.
BRAN. The day?
MAR. Sh'as overthrown my youngster.
BRAN. Precious tidings!
Clap down four woodcocks more.
MAR. They're all at hand, sir.
BRAN. What, both her adversaries too?
MAR. They're come, sir.
BRAN. Go, bid the cook serve in two geese in a dish.
MAR. I like your conceit, master, beyond utterance. [*Exit.*

Enter VALERIA, RICARDO, *and two Suitors.*

BRAN. Welcome, sweet sister! which is the man must have you?
I'd welcome nobody else.
FIRST SUIT. Come to me then, sir.
BRAN. Are you he, faith, my chain of gold?[r] I'm glad on't.
VAL. I wonder you can have the face to follow me,

[r] *chain of gold*] See p. 402.

That have so prosecuted things against me.
But I ha' resolv'd[s] myself 'tis done to spite me.
RIC. O dearth of truth!
SEC. SUIT. Nay, do not spoil thy hair;
Hold, hold, I say; I'll get thee a widow somewhere.
RIC. If hand and faith be nothing for a contract,
What shall man hope?
SEC. SUIT. 'Twas wont to be enough, honey,
When there was honest meaning amongst widows;
But since your bribes came in, 'tis not allow'd
A contract without gifts to bind it fast;
Every thing now must have a feeling[t] first.—
Do I come near you, widow?
VAL. No, indeed, sir,
Nor ever shall, I hope:—and for your comfort, sir,
That sought all means t' entrap me for my wealth,
Had law unfortunately put you upon me,
You'd lost your labour, all your aim and hopes, sir;
Here stands the honest gentleman, my brother,
To whom I've made a deed of gift of all.
BRAN. Ay, that she has, i'faith; I thank her, gentlemen;
Look you here, sirs. [*Shews writing.*
VAL. I must not look for pleasures,
That give more grief if they prove false, or fail us,
Than ever they gave joy.
FIRST SUIT. Ha' you serv['d] me so, widow?
SEC. SUIT. I'm glad thou hast her not.—Laugh at him, honey; ha, ha!
VAL. I must take one that loves me for myself:
Here's an old gentleman looks not after wealth,
But virtue, manners, and conditions.[u]

[s] *resolv'd*] i. e. convinced, satisfied.
[t] *feeling*] Altered, in Dodsley's *Old Plays*, to "felling," which Weber *corrected* into "selling."
[u] *conditions*] See note, p. 292.

First Suit. Yes, by my faith, I must have lordships too, widow.
Val. How, sir?
First Suit. Your manners, virtue, and conditions, widow,
Are pretty things within doors, I like well on 'em;
But I must have somewhat without, lying or being
In the tenure or occupation of master[1] such a one, ha?
Those are fine things indeed.
Val. Why, sir, you swore to me it was for love.
First Suit. True; but there's two words to a bargain ever,
All the world over; and if love be one,
I'm sure money's the other; 'tis no bargain else:
Pardon me, I must dine as well as sup, widow.
Val. Cry mercy, I mistook you all this while, sir;
It was this ancient gentleman indeed,
Whom I crave pardon on.
Sec. Suit. What of me, widow?
Val. Alas, I've wrong'd you, sir! 'twas you that swore
You lov'd me for myself.
Sec. Suit. By my troth, but I did not;
Come, father not your lies upon me, widow:
I love you for yourself?—Spit at me, gentlemen,
If ever I'd such a thought.—Fetch me in, widow!
You'll find your reach too short.
Val. Why, you've enough, you say.
Sec. Suit. Ay, but I'll have
My humour too; you never think of that;
They're coach-horses, they go together still.
Val. Whom should a widow trust? I'll swear 'twas one of you

[1] *master*] Old ed. "me" (a misprint for M.).

That made me believe so.—Mass, think 'twas you, sir,
Now I remember me.
RIC. I swore too much,
To be believ'd so little.
VAL. Was it you then?
Beshrew my heart for wronging of you!—
RIC. Welcome blessing!
Are you mine faithfully now?
VAL. As love can make one.
FIRST SUIT. Why, this fills the commonwealth so full of beggars,
Marrying for love, which none of mine shall do.
VAL. But, now I think on't, we must part again, sir.
RIC. Again?
VAL. You're in debt, and I, in doubt of all,
Left myself nothing too; we must not hold,
Want on both sides makes all affection cold:
I shall not keep you from that gentleman,
You'll be his more than mine; and when he list,
He'll make you lie from me in some sour prison;
Then let him take you now for altogether, sir,
For he that's mine shall be all mine, or nothing.
RIC. I never felt the evil of my debts
'Till this afflicting minute.
SEC. SUIT. I'll be mad
Once in my days: I have enough to cure me,
And I will have my humour; they are now
But desperate debts again, I ne'er look for 'em:
And ever since I knew what malice was,
I always held it sweeter to sow mischief
Than to receive money; 'tis the finer pleasure.
I'll give him in his bonds, as 'twere in pity,
To make the match, and bring 'em both to beggary:
Then will they ne'er agree, that's a sure point;

He'll give her a black eye within these three days,
Beat half her teeth out by All-hallowtide,
And break the little household stuff they have
With throwing at one another: O sweet sport!—
[*Aside.*
Come, widow, come, I'll try your honesty:
Here to my honey you've made many proffers,
I fear they're all but tricks.—Here are his debts,
gentlemen; [*Shews bonds.*
How I came by 'em I know best myself.—
Take him before us faithfully for your husband,
And he shall tear 'em all before your face, widow.

VAL. Else may all faith refuse me!

SEC. SUIT. Tear 'em, honey;
'Tis firm in law, a consideration given:
[RICARDO *tears the bonds.*
What, with thy teeth? thou'lt shortly tear her so,
That's all my hope, thou'dst never had 'em else:
I have enough, and I will have my humour.

RIC. I'm now at liberty, widow.

VAL. I'll be so too,
And then I come to thee.—Give me this from you,
brother. [*Takes writing.*

BRAN. Hold, sister, sister!

VAL. Look you, the deed of gift, sir; I'm as free:
He that has me has all, and thou art he.

BOTH SUIT. How's that?

VAL. You're bobb'd; 'twas but a deed in trust,—
And all to prove thee, whom I've found most just.

BRAN. I'm bobb'd among the rest too; I'd have sworn
'T had been a thing for me and my heirs for ever;
If I'd but got it up to the black box above,
I[t] had been past redemption.

FIRST SUIT. How am I cheated!

Sec. Suit. I hope you'll have the conscience now to pay me, sir.

Ric. O wicked man, sower of strife and envy,
Open not thy lips!

Sec. Suit. How, how's this?

Ric. Thou hast no charge[w] at all, no child of thine own,
But two thou gott'st once of a scouring-woman,
And they're both well provided for, they're i' th' hospital:
Thou hast ten thousand pound to bury thee;
Hang thyself when thou wilt, a slave go with thee!

Sec. Suit. I'm gone, my goodness comes all out together:
I have enough, but I have not my humour. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Violetta.

Vio. O master, gentlemen, and you, sweet widow,—
I think you are no forwarder, yet I know not,—
If ever you be sure to laugh again,
Now is the time!

Val. Why, what's the matter, wench?

Vio. Ha, ha, ha!

Bran. Speak, speak.

Vio. Ha!—a marriage,
A marriage; I cannot tell't for laughing—ha, ha!

Bran. A marriage? do you make that a laughing matter?

Vio. Ha!—ay, and you'll make it so when you know all.
Here they come,[x] here they come, one man married to another!

[w] *Thou hast no charge*, &c.] See p. 373.

[x] *Here they come*, &c.] Gifford observes that there is a

VAL. How? man to man?
VIO. Ay, man to man, i'faith;
There'll be good sport at night to bring 'em both to bed:

Re-enter MARTIA, PHILIPPA, *and* FRANCISCO.

Do you see 'em now? ha, ha, ha!
FIRST SUIT. My daughter Martia!
MARTIA. O my father! your love and pardon, sir!
VAL. 'Tis she indeed, gentlemen.
MARTIA. I have been disobedient, I confess,
Unto your mind, and heaven has punish'd me
With much affliction since I fled your sight;
But finding reconcilement from above
In peace of heart, the next I hope's your love.
FIRST SUIT. I cannot but forgive thee now I see thee;
Thou fledd'st a happy fortune of an old man,
But Francisco's of a noble family,
Though he be somewhat spent.
FRAN. I lov'd her not, sir,
As she was yours, for I protest I knew't not,
But for herself, sir, and her own deservings,
Which, had you been as foul as you've been spiteful,
I should have lov'd in her.
FIRST SUIT. Well, hold your prating, sir;
You are not like to lose by't.
PHIL. O Violetta,
Who shall laugh at us now?
VIO. The child unborn, mistress.
MARTIA. Be good.
FRAN. Be honest.

somewhat similar incident in *The New Inn*—note on Ben Jonson's *Works*, vol. v. p. 433, where he cites the present passage very incorrectly.

MARTIA. Heaven will not let you sin, and[7] you'd be careful.

FRAN. What means it sends to help you, think, and mend,
You're as much bound as we to praise that friend.

PHIL. I am so, and I will so.

MARTIA. Marry you speedily;
Children tame you, you'll die like a wild beast else.

VIO. Ay, by my troth, should I. I've much ado
To forbear laughing now, more's my hard fortune.

Re-enter MARTINO.

MAR. O master, mistress, and you gentles all,
To horse, to horse presently, if you mean to do
Your country any service!

BRAN. Art not asham'd, Martino, to talk of horsing
So openly before young married couples thus?

MAR. It does concern the commonwealth, and me,
And you, master, and all: the thieves are taken.

MARTIA. What say'st, Martino?

MAR. La, here's commonwealth's-men!
The man of art, master, that cupp'd your eyes,
Is prov'd an arrant rascal; and his man,
That drew my tooth, an excellent purse-drawer—
I felt no pain in that, it went insensibly.
Such notable villanies confess'd!——

BRAN. Stop there, sir:
We will have time for them.—Come, gentlefolks,
Take a slight meal with us: but the best cheer
Is perfect joy, and that we wish all here.[8]

RIC. Stay, stay, sir; I'm as hungry of my widow,

[7] *and*] i. e. if.

[8] *here*] After this word, the old ed. has "*Exeunt*," and gives the next speech of Ricardo, on another page, as "*Epilogue*," —which in fact it is.

As you can be upon your maid, believe it:
But we must come to our desires in order:
There's duties to be paid ere we go further.—
He that without your likings leaves this place,
Is like one falls to meat and forgets grace;
And that's not handsome, trust me, no:
Our rights being paid, and your loves understood,
My widow and my meat then do[1] me good.—
I ha' no money, wench, I told thee true,—
For my report, pray let her hear't from you.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

[1] *do*] Old ed. "do's."

A FAIR QUARREL.

A Faire Quarrell. As it was Acted before the King and diuers times publikely by the Prince his Highnes Seruants. Written . . .

{*By Thomas Midleton* / *and William Rowley.*} *Gentl.*

Printed at London for I. T. and are to bee sold at Christ Church Gate. 1617. 4to.

During the same year copies were put forth with a fresh title-page,—*A Faire Quarrell. With new Additions of Mr. Chaughs and Trimtram's Roaring, and the Bauds Song. Neuer before Printed*, &c.; these "new additions" being contained in three leaves, which the binder is desired to place "at the latter end of the fourth Act." Another edition appeared in 1622, 4to.

On the title-page of the 4tos is a woodcut representing the Colonel and the Captain in combat, which has been copied into Strutt's *Dress and Habits*, &c., Plate cxxxix.

Langbaine says, "The Plot of Fitz-allen, Russel, and Jane, is founded, as I suppose, on some Italian Novel, and may be read in English in the *Complaisant Companion*, octavo, p. 280. That part of the Physitian tempting Jane, and then accusing her, is founded on a Novel of Cynthio Giraldi: See Dec. 4. Nov. 5." *Acc. of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 372.

TO THE

NOBLY DISPOSED, VIRTUOUS, AND FAITHFUL-BREASTED

ROBERT GREY, Esquire,

ONE OF THE GROOMS OF HIS HIGHNESS' BED-CHAMBER,

His poor well-willer wisheth his best wishes, hic et supra.

Worthy Sir,

'Tis but a play, and a play is but a butt, against which many shoot many arrows of envy; 'tis the weaker part, and how much more noble shall it be in you to defend it: yet if it be (as some philosophers have left behind 'em), that this megacosm, this great world, is no more than a stage, where every one must act his part, you shall of necessity have many partakers, some long, some short, some indifferent, all some; whilst indeed the players themselves have the least part of it, for I know few that have lands (which are a part of the world), and therefore no grounded men; but howsoever they serve for mutes, happily they must wear good clothes for attendance, yet all have exits, and must all be stript in the tiring-house (viz. the grave), for none must carry any thing out of the stock. You see, sir, I write as I speak, and I speak as I am, and that's excuse enough for me. I did not mean to write an epistle of praise to you; it looks so like a thing I know you love not, flattery, which you exceedingly hate actively, and unpleasingly accept passively: indeed, I meant to tell you your own, that is, that this child of the Muses is

yours; whoever begat it, 'tis laid to your charge, and, for aught I know, you must father and keep it too: if it please you, I hope you shall not be ashamed of it neither, for it has been seen, though I say it, in good companies, and many have said it is a handsome, pretty-spoken infant. Now be your own judge; at your leisure look on it, at your pleasure laugh at it; and if you be sorry it is no better, you may be glad it is no bigger.

Yours ever,

WILLIAM ROWLEY.[a]

[a] *William Rowley*] Whose name stands together with Middleton's on the title-pages of several plays, is generally considered as a dramatist of the third class. He appears also to have been an actor,—one of the company of players belonging to the Prince of Wales,—and to have excelled more in comedy than tragedy. An alteration of his best piece, *A New Wonder, a Woman never vext*, was performed with success at Covent Garden theatre in 1824.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

RUSSELL, *brother to Lady Ager and father to Jane.*
The Colonel.
CAPTAIN AGER, *son to Lady Ager.*
Friends of the Colonel.
Friends of Captain Ager.
FITZALLEN, *privately married to Jane.*
CHOUGH, *a Cornish gentleman.*
TRIMTRAM, *his servant.*
Physician.
Surgeon.
Usher of the Roaring School.
CAPTAIN ALBO, *a pander.*
VAPOUR, *a tobacco-seller.*
Sergeants, Roarers, Servants.

LADY AGER, *mother to the captain, and sister to Russell.*
JANE, *daughter to Russell, and privately married to Fitzallen.*
The Colonel's sister.
ANNE, *sister to the Physician.*
Dutch Nurse.
MEG, *a bawd.*
PRISS, *a harlot.*

Scene, LONDON and its neighbourhood.

A FAIR QUARREL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Court before RUSSELL'S *House.*

Enter RUSSELL.

RUS. It must be all my care; there's all my love,
And that pulls on the other.[b] Had I been left
In a son behind me, while I had been here
He should have shifted as I did before him,
Liv'd on the freeborn portion of his wit;
But a daughter, and that an only one,—O,
We cannot be too careful o' her, too tender!
'Tis such
A brittle niceness, a mere cupboard of glasses,
The least shake breaks or cracks 'em. All my aim is
To cast her upon riches; that's the thing
We rich men call perfection; for the world
Can perfect nought without it: 'tis not neatness,
Either in handsome wit or handsome outside,
With which one gentleman, far in debt, has courted her;
Which boldness he shall rue. He thinks me blind
And ignorant: I've let him play a long time,
Seem'd to believe his worth, which I know nothing:
He may perhaps laugh at my easy confidence,
Which closely I requite upon his fondness,
For this hour snaps him; and before his mistress,
His saint, forsooth, which he inscribes my girl,

[b] *other*] Old eds. " t'other."

He shall be rudely taken and disgrac'd.
The mark will prove an everlasting scarre
To fright poor gallants from our rich men's daughters.

Enter LADY AGER *and two Servants.*

Sister! I've such a joy to make you a welcome of,
Better you never tasted.

LADY AGER. Good, sir, spare it not.

RUS. Colonel's come, and your son captain Ager.

LADY AGER. My son? [*Weeps.*

RUS. I know your eye would be first serv'd;
That's the soul's taster still for grief or joy.

LADY AGER. O, if a mother's dear suit may prevail with him,
From England he shall never part again!

RUS. No question he'll be rul'd, and grant you that.

LADY AGER. I'll bring all my desires to that request. [*Exit with servants.*

RUS. Affectionate sister! she has no daughter now;
It follows all the love must come to him,
And he has a worth deserves it, were it dearer.

Enter Friend of the Colonel and Friend of CAPTAIN AGER.

COL.'S FR. I must not give way to't.

RUS. What's here to question? [*Aside.*

COL.'S FR. Compare young captain Ager with the Colonel!

CAP.'S FR. Young? why, do you
Make youth stand for an imputation?
That which you now produce for his disgrace
Infers his nobleness, that, being young,
Should have an anger more inclin'd to courage

And moderation than the Colonel;
A virtue as rare as chastity in youth;
And let the cause be good—conscience in him,
Which ever crowns his acts, and is indeed
Valour's prosperity—he dares then as much
As ever made him famous that you plead for.
COL.'s FR. Then I forbear too long.
CAP.'s FR. His worth for me! [*They fight.*
RUS. Here's noble youths! belike some wench has cross'd 'em,
And now they know not what to do with their blood.
[*Aside.*

Enter the Colonel and CAPTAIN AGER.

COL. How now?
CAP. AGER. Hold, hold! what's the incitement?
COL. So serious at your game! come, come, the quarrel?
COL.'s FR. Nothing, good faith, sir.
COL. Nothing? and you bleed?
COL.'s FR. Bleed! where? pish, a little scratch by chance, sir.
COL. What need this niceness,[b] when you know so well
That I must know these things, and truly know 'em?
Your daintiness makes me but more impatient;
This strange concealment frets me.
COL.'s FR. Words did pass
Which I was bound to answer, as my opinion
And love instructed me;
And should I take in general fame into 'em,
I think I should commit no error in't.
COL. What words, sir, and of whom?
COL.'s FR. This gentleman
Parallell'd captain Ager's worth with yours.

[b] *niceness*] i. e. scrupulousness.

Col. With mine?
Col.'s Fr. It was a thing I could not listen to
With any patience.
Cap. Ager. What should ail you, sir?
There was little wrong done to your friend i' that.
Col. How? little wrong to me?
Cap. Ager. I said so, friend,
And I suppose that you'll esteem it so.
Col. Comparisons!
Cap. Ager. Why, sir, 'twixt friend and friend
There is so even and level a degree,
It will admit of no superlative.
Col. Not in terms of manhood?
Rus. [*coming forward*] Nay, gentlemen ——
Col. Good sir, give me leave—in terms of manhood,
What can you dispute more questionable?
You're a captain, sir; I give you all your due.
Cap. Ager. And you are a colonel, a title
Which may include within it many captains:
Yet, sir, but throwing by those titular shadows,
Which add no substance to the men themselves,
And take them uncompounded, man and man,
They may be so with fair equality.
Col. You're a boy, sir!
Cap. Ager. And you have a beard, sir:
Virginity and marriage are both worthy;
And the positive purity there are some
Have made the nobler.
Col. How now?
Rus. Nay, good sir ——
Cap. Ager. I shrink not; he that goes the foremost may
Be overtaken.
Col. Death, how am I weigh'd!

CAP. AGER. In an even balance, sir; a beard put in
Gives but a small advantage: man and man,
And lift the scales.
COL. Patience shall be my curse,
If it ride me further! [*They draw their swords.*
RUS. How now, gallants?
Believe me then, I must give aim[c] no longer:
Can words beget swords, and bring 'em forth, ha?
Come, they're abortive propagations;
Hide 'em, for shame! I had thought soldiers
Had been musical, would not strike out of time,
But to the consort[d] of drum, trumps, and fife:
'Tis madman-like to dance without music,
And most unpleasing shews to the beholders,
A Lydian ditty to a Doric note.
Friends embrace with steel hands? fie, it meets too hard!
I must have those encounters here debarr'd.
COL. Shall I lose here what I have safe brought home
Through many dangers?
CAP. AGER. What's that, sir?
COL. My fame,
Life of the life, my reputation.
Death! I am squar'd and measur'd out;
My heights, depths, breadth, all my dimensions taken!
Sure I have yet beyond your astrolabe
A spirit unbounded.
CAP. AGER. Sir, you might weigh ——
RUS. Tush!
All this is weighing fire, vain and fruitless:

[c] *give aim*] See note, vol. ii. p. 335.
[d] *consort*] See note, vol. ii. p. 350 — equivalent here to *concert*.

The further it runs into argument,
The further plung'd: beseech you, no more on't.
I have a little claim, sir, in your blood,
As near as the brother to your mother,
If that may serve for power to move your quiet;
The rest I shall make up with courtesy
And an uncle's love.

CAP. AGER. I have done, sir, but ——

RUS. But? I'll have no more shooting at these butts.[e]

COL. We'll to pricks when he please.

RUS. You rove all still.

Sir, I have no motive proof to disgest[f]
Your raised choler back into temperate blood;
But if you'll make mine age a counsellor,—
As all ages have hitherto allow'd it,
Wisdom in men grows up as years increase,—
You shall make me blessed in making peace,
And do your judgment right.

COL. In peace at home
Grey hairs are senators, but to determine
Soldiers and their actions ——

Enter FITZALLEN *and* JANE.

RUS. 'Tis peace here, sir:
And see, here comes a happy interim;
Here enters now a scene of loving arms;
This couple will not quarrel so.

COL.'s FR. Be advis'd, sir;
This gentleman, Fitzallen, is your kinsman;
You may o'erthrow his long-labour'd fortunes

[e] *shooting at these butts . . . pricks . . . rove*] A succession of puns. The *prick* was the point or mark in the centre of the butts: to *rove* meant to shoot an arrow with an elevation, not point blank.

[f] *disgest*] Frequently used for *digest* by our old writers.

With one angry minute; 'tis a rich churl,
And this his sole inheritrix; blast not
His hopes with this tempest.
COL. It shall calm me:
All the town's conjurers and their demons could not
Have laid my spirit so.
FITZ. Worthy coz,
I gratulate your fair return to peace!
Your swift fame was at home long before you.
COL. It meets, I hope, your happy fortunes here,
And I am glad in't. I must salute your joys, coz,
With a soldier's encounter. [*Kisses* JANE.
FITZ. Worthy captain Ager!
I hope, my kinsman shortly.
RUS. You must come short indeed,
Or the length of my device will be ill-shrunk.—
[*Aside.*
Why, now it shews finely! I'll tell you, sir,—
Sir?—nay, son, I know i' th' end 'twill be so ——
FITZ. I hope so, sir.
RUS. Hope? nay, 'tis past all hope, son:
Here has been such a stormy encounter 'twixt[g]
My cousin[h] captain and this brave Colonel,
About I know not what—nothing indeed—
Competitions, degrees, and comparatives
Of soldiership; but this smooth passage of love
Has calm'd it all.—Come, I will have it sound;
Let me see your hearts combined in your hands,
And then I will believe the league is good:
It shall be the grape's, if we drink any blood.
COL. I have no anger, sir.
CAP. AGER. I have had none,
My blood has not yet rose to a quarrel;
Nor have you had cause ——

[g] *'twixt*] Old eds. "Betwixt."
[h] *cousin*] See note, vol. i. p. 499.

Col. No cause of quarrel?
Death! if my father should tell me so ——
Rus. Again?
Fitz. Good sir, for my sake ——
Col. Faith, I have done, coz;
You do too hastily believe mine anger:
And yet, to say diminiting[h] valour
In a soldier is no cause of quarrel ——
Rus. Nay, then, I'll remove the cause, to kill th' effect.
Kinsman, I'll press you to't, if either love
Or consanguinity may move you to't:
I must disarm you; though ye are a soldier,
Pray, grant me your weapon; it shall be safe
[*Takes* Captain Ager's *sword.*
At your regress from my house. Now I know
No words can move this noble soldier's sword
To a man undefenc'd so: we shall parle,[i]
And safely make all perfect friends again.
Col. To shew my will, sir, accept mine to you;
[*Gives his sword to* Russell.
As good not wear it as not dare to use it.
Col.'s Fr. Nay, then, sir, we will be all exampl'd;
We'll have no arms here now but lovers' arms.
[*Gives his sword to* Russell.
Cap.'s Fr. No seconds must begin a quarrel: take mine, sir. [*Gives his sword to* Russell.
Rus. Why, la, what a fine sunshine's here! these clouds
My breath has blown into another climate.
I'll be your armorer;[j] they are not pawn'd.—
These were the fish that I did angle for;
I have caught 'em finely. Now for my trick;
My project's lusty, and will hit the nick.
[*Exit with weapons.*

[h] *diminiting*] i. e. diminishing.
[i] *parle*] i. e. parley.
[j] *armorer*] Old ed. "armourers."

Col. What, is't a match, beauty? I would now have
Alliance with my worthy captain Ager,
To knit our loves the faster: here is witness
Enough, if you confirm it now.
Jane. Sir, my voice
Was long since given, since that I gave my hand.
Col. Would you had seal'd too!
Jane. That wish comes too late,
For I too soon fear my delivery.— [*Aside.*
My father's hand sticks yet, sir; you may now
Challenge a lawful interest in his:
He took your hand from your enraged blood,
And gave it freely to your opposite,
My cousin Ager: methinks you should claim from him,
In the less quality of calmer blood,
To join the hands of two divided friends,
Even these two that would offer willingly
Their own embrace.
Col.'s Fr.[1] Troth, she instructs you well,
Colonel, and you shall do a lover's part
Worth one brave act of valour.
Col. Why, I did
Misdoubt no scruple; is there doubt in it?
Fitz. Faith, sir, delays, which at the least are doubts;
But here's a constant resolution fix'd,
Which we wish willingly he would accord to.
Col. Tush, he shall do't, I will not be denied;
He owes me so much in the recompense
Of my reconcilement.—Captain Ager,
You will take our parts against your uncle
In this quarrel?

[1] *Col.'s Fr.*] Old eds. "Capt. friend."

CAP. AGER. I shall do my best, sir;
Two denials shall not repulse me: I love
Your worthy kinsman, and wish him mine; I know
He doubts it not.
COL. See, he's return'd.

Re-enter RUSSELL *with Servant.*

RUS. Your cue,
Be sure you keep it; 'twill be spoken quickly,
Therefore watch it. [*Exit Servant.*
COL. Let's set on him all at once.
ALL. Sir, we have a suit to you.
RUS. What, all at once?
ALL. All, all, i'faith, sir.
RUS. One speaker may yet deliver: say, say;
I shall not dare to stand out 'gainst so many.
COL. Faith, sir, here's a brabbling matter[k] hangs on demur;
I make the motion for all without a fee;
Pray you, let it be ended this term.
RUS. Ha, ha, ha!—
That is the rascal's cue, and he has miss'd it.—
[*Aside.*
What is't, what is't, sir?
COL. Why, sir, here's a man
And here's a woman—you're scholar good enough—
Put 'em together, and tell me what it spells?
RUS. Ha, ha, ha!—
There's his cue once again:

Re-enter Servant.

O, he's come—humph! [*Aside.*
SER. My master laughs; that is his cue to mischief. [*Aside.*
COL. What say you, sir?

[k] *brabbling matter*] i. e. matter of broil.

SER. Sir ——
RUS. Ha! what say you, sir?
SER. Sir, there's a couple desire speedily to speak with you.
RUS. A couple, sir, of what? hounds or horses?
SER. Men, sir; gentlemen or yeomen, I know not which,
But the one, sure, they are.
RUS. Hast thou no other description of them?
SER. They come with commission, they say, sir, to taste of your earth; if they like it, they'll turn it into gunpowder.
RUS. O, they are saltpetre-men—before me,[l]
And they bring commission, the king's power indeed!
They must have entrance: but the knaves will be brib'd;
There's all the hope we have in officers;
They were too dangerous in a commonwealth,
But that they will be very well corrupted;
Necessary varlets.
SER. Shall I enter in,[m] sir?
RUS. By all fair means, sir,
And with all speed, sir: give 'em very good words,
To save my ground unravish'd, unbroke up:
[*Exit Servant.*
Mine's yet
A virgin earth; the worm hath not been seen
To wriggle in her chaste bowels, and I'd be loath
A gunpowder fellow should deflower her now.
COL. Our suit is yet delay'd by this means, sir.

[l] *before me*] An exclamation: so towards the conclusion of this act, Russell says,

—— "'*Fore me*, and thou look'st half-ill indeed!"

[m] *enter in*] i. e. shew in—but qy. "*enter* 'em?" So at p. 81, "I would not *enter* his man," &c.

Rus. Alas, I cannot help it! these fellows gone,
As I hope I shall despatch 'em quickly,
A few articles shall conclude your suit:
Who? master Fitzallen? the only man
That my adoption aims at.

Col. There's good hope then.

Enter two Sergeants in disguise.

First Serg. Save you, sir.

Rus. You are welcome, sir, for aught I know yet.

Sec. Serg. We come to take a view and taste of your ground, sir.

Rus. I'd rather feed you with better meat, gentlemen;
But do your pleasures, pray.

First Serg. This is our pleasures:—We arrest you, sir,
In the king's name. [*They arrest* Fitzallen.

Fitz. Ha! at whose suit?

Rus. How's that?

Col. Our weapons, good sir, furnish us!

Jane. Ay me!

Rus. Stay, stay, gentlemen, let's inquire the cause:
It may be but a trifle; a small debt
Shall need no rescue here.

Sec. Serg. Sir, betwixt three creditors, master Leach, master Swallow, and master Bonesuck, the debts are a thousand pounds.

Rus. A thousand pounds! beshrow[n] me, a good[o] man's substance!

Col. Good sir, our weapons! we'll teach these varlets to walk

[n] *beshrow*] i. e. (as ed. 1622 has) "beshrew."

[o] *good*] i. e. as Shylock explains it, *sufficient*—in a pecuniary sense.

In their own parti-colour'd coats, that they
May be distinguishèd from honest men.
FIRST SERG. Sir, attempt no rescue; he's our prisoner:
You'll make the danger worse by violence.
COL. A plague upon your gunpowder-treason,
Ye quick-damn'd varlets! is this your saltpetre-proving,
Your tasting earth? would you might ne'er feed better,
Nor none of your catchpoll tribe!—Our weapons, good sir!
We'll yet deliver him.
RUS. Pardon me, sir;
I dare not suffer [any] rescue here,
At least not by so great an accessary
As to furnish you: had you had your weapons—
But to see the ill fate on't!—My fine trick, i'faith!—
Let beggars beware to love rich men's daughters:
I'll teach 'em the new morrice; I learnt it myself
Of another careful father. [*Aside.*
FITZ. May I not be bail'd?
SEC. SERG. Yes, but not with swords.
COL. Slaves, here are sufficient men!
FIRST SERG. Ay, i' th' field,
But not in the city.—Sir, if this gentleman
Will be one, we'll easily admit the second.
RUS. Who, I? sir, pray, pardon me: I am wrong'd,
Very much wrong'd in this; I must needs speak it.—
Sir, you have not dealt like an honest lover
With me nor my child: here you boast to me
Of a great revenue, a large substance,
Wherein you would endow and state my daughter:
Had I miss'd this, my opinion yet
Thought you a frugal man, to understand
The sure wards against all necessities;

Boldly to defend your wife and family,
To walk unmufflʼd, dreadless of these flesh-hooks,
Even in the daring'st streets through all the city;
But now I find you a loose prodigal,
A large unthrift: a whole thousand pound!—
Come from him, girl, his inside is not sound.
FITZ. Sir, I am wrong'd; these are malicious plots
Of some obscure enemies that I have;
These debts are none of mine.
RUS. Ay, all say so:
Perhaps you stand engag'd for other men;
If so you do, you must then call't your own:
The like arrearage do I run into
Should I bail you; but I have vow'd against it,
And I will keep my vows; that is religious.
FITZ. All this is nothing so, sir.
RUS. Nothing so?
By my faith, 'tis, sir; my vows are firm.
FITZ. I neither
Owe these debts, nor [am] engag'd for others.
RUS. The easier is your liberty regain'd:
These appear proofs to me.
COL. Liberty, sir?
I hope you will not see him go to prison.
RUS. I do not mean to bear him company
So far, but I will see him out of my doors:
O, sir, let him go to prison! 'tis a school
To tame wild bloods, he'll be much better for't.
COL. Better for lying in prison?
RUS. In prison; believe it,
Many an honest man lies in prison, else all
The keepers are knaves; they told me so themselves.
COL. Sir, I do now suspect you have betray'd him
And us, to cause us to be weaponless:
If it be so, you're a blood-sucking churl,

One that was born in a great frost, when charity
Could not stir a finger; and you shall die
In heat of a burning fever i' th' dog-days,
To begin your hell to you: I've said your grace for you;
Now get you to supper as soon as you can;
Pluto, the master of the house, is set already.
CAP. AGER. Sir, you do wrong mine uncle.
COL. Pox on your uncle
And all his kin! if my kinsman mingle
No blood with him.
CAP. AGER. You are a foul-mouth'd fellow!
COL. Foul-mouth'd I will be—thou'rt the son of a whore!
CAP. AGER. Ha! whore? plagues and furies! I'll thrust that back,
Or pluck thy heart out after!—son of a whore?
COL. On thy life I'll prove it.
CAP. AGER. Death, I am naked!—
Uncle, I'll give you my left hand for my sword
To arm my right with—O this fire will flame me
Into present ashes!
COL. Sir, give us weapons;
We ask our own; you will not rob us of them?
RUS. No, sir, but still restrain your furies here:
At my door I'll give you them, nor at this time
My nephew's; a time will better suit you:
And I must tell you, sir, you have spoke swords,
And, 'gainst the law of arms, poison'd the blades,
And with them wounded the reputation
Of an unblemish'd woman: would you were out of my doors!
COL. Pox on your doors, and let it run all your house o'er!
Give me my sword!
CAP. AGER. We shall meet, Colonel?

Col. Yes, better provided: to spur thee more,
I do repeat my words — son of a whore!
[*Exit with his Friend.*
Cap.'s Fr. Come, sir; 'tis no worse than it was; you can
Do nothing now. [*Exit with* Capt. Aged.
Rus. No, I'll bar him now.—Away with that beggar! [*Exit.*
Jane. Good sir,
Let this persuade you for two minutes' stay;
At this price, I know, you can wait all day.
[*Giving money.*
First Serg. You know the remora[a] that stays our ship always.
Jane. Your ship sinks many when this hold lets go.—
O my Fitzallen! what is to be done?
Fitz. To be still thine is all my part to be,
Whether in freedom or captivity.
Jane. But art thou so engag'd as this pretends?
Fitz. By heaven, sweet Jane, 'tis all a hellish plot!
Your cruel-smiling father all this while
Has candied o'er a bitter pill for me,
Thinking by my remove to plant some other,
And then let go his fangs.
Jane. Plant some other?
Thou hast too firmly stampt me for thine own,
Ever to be ras'd out: I am not current
In any other's hand; I fear too soon
I shall discover it.
Fitz. Let come the worst;

[a] *remora*] "The Latin name of a fish that adheres to the sides and keels of ships, and retards their way." Whalley's note, Ben Jonson, *Works*, vol. ii. p. 442, ed. Gifford.—The word is often used by our early dramatists. See p. 269 of this vol.

Bind but this knot with an unloosed line,
I will be still thine own.

JANE. And I'll be thine.

FIRST SERG. My watch has gone two minutes, master.

FITZ. It shall not be renew'd; I go, sir—Farewell!

JANE. Farewell! we both are prison'd, though not together;
But here's the difference in our luckless chance,
I fear mine own, wish thy deliverance.

FITZ. Our hearts shall hourly visit: I'll send to thee;
Then 'tis no prison where the mind is free.

[*Exit with Sergeants.*

Re-enter RUSSELL.

RUS. So, let him go!—Now, wench, I bring thee joys,
A fair sunshine after this angry storm.
It was my policy to remove this beggar:
What? shall rich men wed their only daughters
To two fair suits of clothes, and perhaps yet
The poor tailor is unpaid? no, no, my girl,
I have a lad of thousands coming in:
Suppose he have more wealth than wit to guide it,
Why, there's thy gains; thou keep'st the keys of all,
Disposest all; and for generation,
Man does most seldom stamp 'em from the brain;
Wise men beget° fools, and fools are the fathers
To many wise children; *hysteron proteron*,
A great scholar may beget an idiot,
And from the plough-tail may come a great scholar;
Nay, they are frequent propagations.

° *beget*] Old ed. "begets."

Jane. I am not well, sir.
  Russ. Not well, my girl?
Thou shalt have a physician then, i' faith,
The best that gold can fetch upon his footcloth;[p]
Thou know'st my tender pity to thee ever:
Want nothing that thy wishes can instruct thee
To call for.—'Fore me,[q] and thou look'st half-ill
        indeed!
But I'll bring one within a day to thee
Shall rouse thee up, for he's come up already;
One master Chough, a Cornish gentleman;
Has as much land of his own fee-simple
As a crow can fly over in half a day:
And now I think on't, at the Crown at Aldgate
His lodging is:—he shall so stir thee up!—
Come, come, be cheer'd: I think of thy preferment:
Honour and attendance, these will bring thee health;
And the way to 'em is to climb by wealth.
[Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in Lady Ager's *House.*

Enter Captain Ager.

Cap. Ager. The son of a whore?
There is not such another murdering-piece[r]
In all the stock of calumny; it kills
At one report two reputations,
A mother's and a son's. If it were possible

[p] *footcloth*] See note, vol. i. p. 396.
[q] *'fore me*] See note, p. 459.
[r] *murdering-piece*] Was the name of a very destructive piece of ordnance: see Nares's *Gloss.* in v. Shakespeare uses the word, *Hamlet*, act iv. sc. 5.

That souls could fight after the bodies fell,
This were a quarrel for 'em; he should be one, indeed,
That never heard of heaven's joys or hell's torments,
To fight this out: I am too full of conscience,
Knowledge, and patience, to give justice to't;
So careful of my eternity, which consists
Of upright actions, that unless I knew
It were a truth I stood for, any coward
Might make my breast his foot-pace: and who lives
That can assure the truth of his conception,
More than a mother's carriage makes it hopeful?
And is't not miserable valour then,
That man should hazard all upon things doubtful?
O, there's the cruelty of my foe's advantage!
Could but my soul resolve my cause were just,
Earth's mountain nor sea's surge should hide him from me!
E'en to hell's threshold would I follow him,
And see the slanderer in before I left him!
But as it is, it fears[s] me; and I never
Appear'd too conscionably just till now.
My good opinion of her life and virtues
Bids me go on, and fain would I be rul'd by't;
But when my judgment tells me she's but woman,
Whose frailty[t] let in death to all mankind,
My valour shrinks at that. Certain, she's good;
There only wants but my assurance in't,
And all things then were perfect: how I thirst for't!
Here comes the only she that could resolve[u]—
But 'tis too vild[v] a question to demand indeed.

[s] *fears*] i. e. frightens.
[t] *frailty*] First ed. "fraileto;" ed. 1622, "frailtie to."
[u] *resolve*] i. e. assure, satisfy, convince.
[v] *vild*] See note, vol. ii. p. 393.

Enter LADY AGER.

LADY AGER. Son, I've a suit to you.

CAP. AGER. That may do well.— [*Aside.*

To me, good madam? you're most sure to speed in't,
Be't i' my power to grant it.

LADY AGER. 'Tis my love
Makes the request, that you would never part
From England more.

CAP. AGER. With all my heart 'tis granted!—
I'm sure I'm i' the way never to part from't. [*Aside.*

LADY AGER. Where left you your dear friend the Colonel?

CAP. AGER. O, the dear Colonel,—I should meet him soon.

LADY AGER. O fail him not then! he's a gentleman
The fame and reputation of your time
Is much engag'd to.

CAP. AGER. Yes, and[w] you knew all, mother.

LADY AGER. I thought I'd known so much of his fair goodness,
More could not have been look'd for.

CAP. AGER. O, yes, yes, madam,
And this his last exceeded all the rest.

LADY AGER. For gratitude's sake, let me know this, I prithee!

CAP. AGER. Then thus; and I desire your censure[x] freely,
Whether it appear'd not a strange noble kindness in him.

LADY AGER. Trust me, I long to hear't.

CAP. AGER. You know he's hasty,—
That by the way.

[w] *and*] i. e. if. [x] *censure*] i. e. opinion.

LADY AGER. So are the best conditions;[7]
Your father was the like.
CAP. AGER. I begin now
To doubt me more: why am not I so too then?
Blood follows blood through forty generations,
And I've a slow-pac'd wrath—a shrewd dilemma!
[*Aside.*
LADY AGER. Well, as you were saying, sir——
CAP. AGER. Marry, thus, good madam:
There was in company a foul-mouth'd villain—
Stay, stay,
Who should I liken him to that you have seen?
He comes so near one that I would not match him with;
Faith, just a' th' Colonel's pitch, he's ne'er the worse man;
Usurers have been compar'd to magistrates,
Extortioners to lawyers, and the like;
But they all prove ne'er the worse men for that.
LADY AGER. That's bad enough; they need not.
CAP. AGER. This rude fellow,
A shame to all humanity or manners,
Breathes from the rottenness of his gall and malice
The foulest stain that ever man's fame blemish'd;
Part of which fell upon your honour, madam,
Which heighten'd my affliction.
LADY AGER. Mine? my honour, sir?
CAP. AGER. The Colonel, soon enrag'd, as he's all touchwood,
Takes fire before me, makes the quarrel his,
Appoints the field; my wrath could not be heard,
His was so high-pitch'd, so gloriously mounted.
Now, what's the friendly fear that fights within me,
Should his brave noble fury undertake

[7] *conditions*] i. e. dispositions.

A cause that were unjust in our defence,
And so to lose him everlastingly
In that dark depth where all bad quarrels sink
Never to rise again, what pity 'twere
First to die here, and never to die there!

LADY AGER. Why, what's the quarrel—speak, sir—that should raise
Such fearful doubt, my honour bearing part on't?
The words, whate'er they were.

CAP. AGER. Son of a whore!

LADY AGER. Thou liest! [*Strikes him.*
And were my love ten thousand times more to thee,
Which is as much now as e'er mother's was,
So thou should'st feel my anger. Dost thou call
That quarrel doubtful? where are all my merits?
Not one stand up to tell this man his error?
Thou might'st as well bring the sun's truth in question
As thy birth or my honour!

CAP. AGER. Now blessings crown you for't!
It is the joyfull'st blow that e'er flesh felt.

LADY AGER. Nay, stay, stay, sir; thou art not left so soon;
This is no question to be slighted off,
And at your pleasure clos'd up fair again,
As though you'd never touch'd it: no, honour doubted
Is honour deeply wounded; and it rages
More than a common smart, being of thy making;
For thee to fear my truth, it kills my comfort:
Where should fame seek for her reward, when he
That is her own by the great tie of blood,
Is farthest off in bounty? O poor goodness!
That only pay'st thyself with thy own works,
For nothing else looks towards thee. Tell me, pray,
Which of my loving cares dost thou requite

With this vild[1] thought, which of my prayers or wishes?
Many thou ow'st me for: this seven year hast thou known me
A widow, only married to my vow;
That's no small witness of my faith and love
To him that in life was thy honour'd father;
And live I now to know that good mistrusted?
CAP. AGER. No; 't shall appear that my belief is cheerful,
For never was a mother's reputation
Noblier defended: 'tis my joy and pride
I have a firm [faith] to bestow upon it.
LADY AGER. What's that you said, sir?
CAP. AGER. 'Twere too bold and soon ye
To crave forgiveness of you; I'll earn it first:
Dead or alive I know I shall enjoy it.
LADY AGER. What's all this, sir?
CAP. AGER. My joy's beyond expression!
I do but think how wretched I had been
Were this another's quarrel, and not mine.
LADY AGER. Why, is it yours?
CAP. AGER. Mine? think me not so miserable,
Not to be mine; then were I worse than abject,
More to be loath'd than vileness or sin's dunghill:
Nor did I fear your goodness, faithful madam,
But came with greedy joy to be confirm'd in't,
To give the nobler onset. Then shines valour,
And admiration from her fix'd sphere draws,
When it comes burnish'd with a righteous cause;
Without which I'm ten fathoms under coward,
That now am ten degrees above a man,
Which is but one of virtue's easiest wonders.

[1] *vild*] See note, vol. ii. p. 393.

LADY AGER. But, pray, stay; all this while I understood you
The Colonel was the man.
CAP. AGER. Yes, he's the man,
The man of injury, reproach, and slander,
Which I must turn into his soul again.
LADY AGER. The Colonel do't! that's strange!
CAP. AGER. The villain did it;
That's not so strange:—your blessing and your leave.
LADY AGER. Come, come, you shall not go!
CAP. AGER. Not go! were death
Sent now to summon me to my eternity,
I'd put him off an hour; why, the whole world
Has not chains strong enough to bind me from't:
The strongest is my reverence to you,
Which if you force upon me in this case,
I must be forc'd to break it.
LADY AGER. Stay, I say!
CAP. AGER. In any thing command me but in this, madam.
LADY AGER. 'Las, I shall lose him! [*Aside.*]—You will hear me first?
CAP. AGER. At my return I will.
LADY AGER. You'll never hear me more, then.
CAP. AGER. How!
LADY AGER. Come back, I say!
You may well think there's cause I call so often.
CAP. AGER. Ha, cause! what cause?
LADY AGER. So much, you must not go.
CAP. AGER. How?
LADY AGER. You must not go.
CAP. AGER. Must not? why?
LADY AGER. I know a reason for't,
Which I could wish you'd yield to, and not know;

If not, it must come forth: faith, do not know,
And yet obey my will.
CAP. AGER. Why, I desire
To know no other than the cause I have,
Nor should you wish it, if you take your injury,
For one more great I know the world includes not.
LADY AGER. Yes, one that makes this nothing: yet be rul'd,
And if you understand not, seek no further.
CAP. AGER. I must; for this is nothing.
LADY AGER. Then take all;
And if amongst it you receive that secret
That will offend you, though you condemn me,
Yet blame yourself a little; for, perhaps,
I would have made my reputation sound
Upon another's hazard with less pity;
But upon yours I dare not.
CAP. AGER. How?
LADY AGER. I dare not:
'Twas your own seeking this.
CAP. AGER. If you mean evilly,
I cannot understand you; nor for all the riches
This life has, would I.
LADY AGER. Would you never might!
CAP. AGER. Why, your goodness, that I joy to fight for.
LADY AGER. In that you neither right your joy nor me.
CAP. AGER. What an ill orator has virtue got here!
Why, shall I dare to think it a thing possible
That you were ever false?
LADY AGER. O, fearfully!
As much as you come to.
CAP. AGER. O silence, cover me!

I've felt a deadlier wound than man can give me.
False!

LADY AGER. I was betray'd to a most sinful hour
By a corrupted soul I put in trust once,
A kinswoman.

CAP. AGER. Where is she? let me pay her!

LADY AGER. O, dead long since!

CAP. AGER. Nay, then, sh'as all her wages.
False! do not say't, for honour's goodness, do not!
You never could be so. He I call'd father
Deserv'd you at your best, when youth and merit
Could boast at highest in you; y'had no grace
Or virtue that he match'd not, no delight
That you invented but he sent it crown'd
To your full-wishing soul.

LADY AGER. That heaps my guiltiness.

CAP. AGER. O, were you so unhappy to be false
Both to yourself and me? but to me chiefly.
What a day's hope is here lost! and with it
The joys of a just cause! Had you but thought
On such a noble quarrel, you'd ha' died
Ere you'd ha' yielded; for the sin's hate first,
Next for the shame of this hour's cowardice.
Curst be the heat that lost me such a cause,
A work that I was made for! Quench, my spirit,
And out with honour's flaming lights within thee!
Be dark and dead to all respects of manhood!
I never shall have use of valour more.
Put off your vow for shame! why should you hoard up
Such justice for a barren widowhood,
That was so injurious to the faith of wedlock?

[*Exit* LADY AGER.

I should be dead, for all my life's work's ended;
I dare not fight a stroke now, nor engage
The noble resolution of my friends:

Enter two Friends of CAPTAIN AGER.

That were more vild[a]—they're here: kill me, my shame!
I am not for the fellowship of honour. [*Aside.*
FIRST FR. Captain! fie, come, sir! we've been seeking for you
Very late to-day; this was not wont to be:
Your enemy's i' th' field.
CAP. AGER. Truth enters cheerfully.
SEC. FR. Good faith, sir, you've a royal quarrel on't.
CAP. AGER. Yes, in some other country, Spain or Italy,
It would be held so.
FIRST FR. How? and is't not here so?
CAP. AGER. 'Tis not so contumeliously receiv'd
In these parts, and[b] you mark it.
FIRST FR. Not in these?
Why, prithee, what is more, or can be?
CAP. AGER. Yes;
That ordinary commotioner, the lie,
Is father of most quarrels in this climate,
And held here capital, and[b] you go to that.
SEC. FR. But, sir, I hope you will not go to that,
Or change your own for it: son of a whore!
Why, there's the lie down to posterity,
The lie to birth, the lie to honesty.
Why would you cozen yourself so, and beguile
So brave a cause, manhood's best masterpiece?
Do you e'er hope for one so brave again?
CAP. AGER. Consider then the man, [the] Colonel,
Exactly worthy, absolutely noble,
However spleen and rage abuses him;

[a] *vild*] See note, vol. ii. p. 393.
[b] *and*] i. e. if.

And 'tis not well nor manly to pursue
A man's infirmity.
First Fr. O miracle!
So hopeful, valiant, and complete a captain
Possess'd with a tame devil! Come out! thou spoilest
The most improv'd young soldier of seven kingdoms;
Made captain at nineteen; which was deserv'd
The year before, but honour comes behind still:
Come out, I say! This was not wont to be;
That spirit ne'er stood in need of provocation,
Nor shall it now: away, sir!
Cap. Ager. Urge me not.
First Fr. By manhood's reverend honour, but we must!
Cap. Ager. I will not fight a stroke.
First Fr. O blasphemy
To sacred valour!
Cap. Ager. Lead me where you list.
First Fr. Pardon this traitorous slumber, clogg'd with evils:
Give captains rather wives than such tame devils!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Russell's *House.*

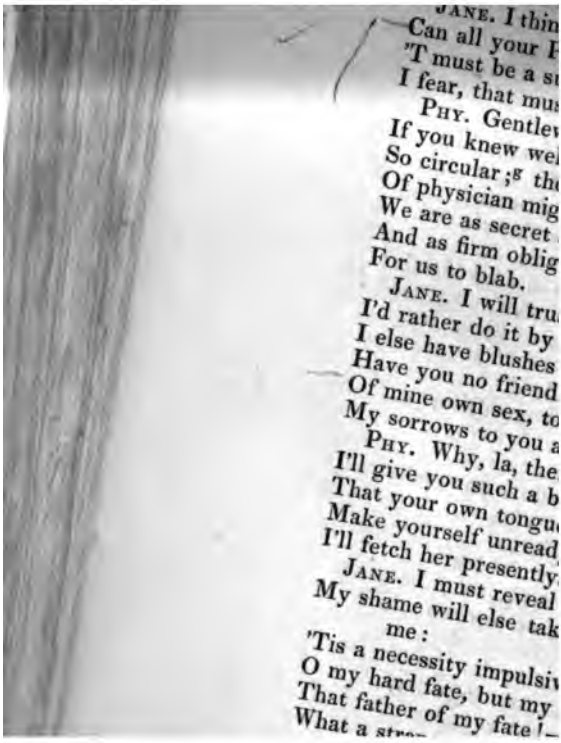
Enter Physician and Jane.

Phy. Nay, mistress,[c] you must not be cover'd to me;
The patient must ope to the physician

[c] *mistress*] Old eds. "Master"—the original MS. having had merely "M."

All her dearest sorrows: art is blinded else,
And cannot shew her mystical effects.
JANE. Can art be so dim-sighted, learned sir?
I did not think her so incapacious.
You train me, as I guess, like a conjurer,
One of our fine[d] oraculous wizards,
Who, from the help of his examinant,
By the near guess of his suspicion,
Points[e] out the thief by the marks he tells him.
Have you no skill in physiognomy?
What colour, says your coat, is my disease?
I am unmarried, and it cannot be yellow;[f]
If it be maiden-green, you cannot miss it.
PHY. I cannot see that vacuum in your blood:
But, gentlewoman, if you love yourself,
Love my advice; be free and plain with me:
Where lies your grief?
JANE. Where lies my grief indeed?
I cannot tell the truth, where my grief lies,
But my joy is imprison'd.
PHY. This is mystical!
JANE. Lord, what plain questions you make problems of!
Your art is such a regular highway,
That put you out of it, and you are lost:
My heart's imprison'd in my body, sir;
There is all my joy; and my sorrow too
Lies very near it.
PHY. They are bad adjuncts;
Your joy and grief, lying so near together,
Can propagate no happy issue: remove
The one, and let it be the worst—your grief—
If you'll propose the best unto your joy.

[d] *fine*] Old eds. "fiue."
[e] *Points*] Old eds. "Appoints."
[f] *yellow*] i. e. jealousy: see note, p. 134.



JANE. I thin
Can all your I
'T must be a s
I fear, that mu
PHY. Gentle
If you knew we
So circular;g th
Of physician mig
We are as secret
And as firm oblig
For us to blab.
JANE. I will tru
I'd rather do it by
I else have blushes
Have you no friend
Of mine own sex, to
My sorrows to you a
PHY. Why, la, the
I'll give you such a b
That your own tongu
Make yourself unread
I'll fetch her presently
JANE. I must reveal
My shame will else tak
me:
'Tis a necessity impulsi
O my hard fate, but my
That father of my fate!—
What a str—

I must accuse two fathers of my fate
And fault, a reciprocal generation:
The father of my fault would have repair'd
His faulty issue, but my fate's father hinders it:
Then fate and fault, wherever I begin,
I must blame both, and yet 'twas love did sin.

Re-enter Physician with ANNE.

PHY. Look you, mistress, here's your closet; put in
What you please, you ever keep the key of it.
JANE. Let me speak private, sir.
PHY. With all my heart;
I will be more than mine ears' length from you.
[*Retires.*
JANE. You hold some endear'd place with this gentleman?
ANNE. He is my brother, forsooth, I his creature;
He does command me any lawful office,
Either in act or counsel.
JANE. I must not doubt you;
Your brother has protested secrecy,
And strengthen'd me in you: I must lay ope
A guilty sorrow to you; I'm with child.
'Tis no black swan I shew you; these spots stick
Upon the face of many go for maids:
I that had face enough to do the deed,
Cannot want tongue to speak it; but 'tis to you,
Whom I accept my helper.
ANNE. Mistress, 'tis lock'd
Within a castle that's invincible:
It is too late to wish it were undone.
JANE. I've scarce a wish within myself so strong,
For, understand me, 'tis not all so ill
As you may yet conceit it: this deed was done

When heaven had witness to the jugal[j] knot;
Only the barren ceremony wants,
Which by an adverse father is abridg'd.

ANNE. Would my pity could help you!

JANE. Your counsel may.
My father yet shoots widest from my sorrow,
And, with a care indulgent, seeing me chang'd
From what I was, sends for your good brother
To find my grief, and practise remedy:
You know it, give it him; but if a fourth
Be added to this counsel, I will say
Ye're worse than you can call me at the worst,
At this advantage of my reputation.

ANNE. I will revive a reputation
That women long have[k] lost; I will keep counsel:
I'll only now oblige my teeth to you,
And they shall bite the blabber, if it offer
To breathe on an offending syllable.

JANE. I trust you; go, whisper.[l] Here comes my father.

Enter RUSSELL, CHOUGH, *and* TRIMTRAM.

RUS. Sir, you are welcome, more, and most welcome,
All the degrees of welcome; thrice welcome, sir!

CHOUGH. Is this your daughter, sir?

RUS. Mine only joy, sir.

CHOUGH. I'll shew her the Cornish hug,[m] sir [*embraces her*].—I have kissed you now, sweetheart, and I never do any kindness to my friends but I use to hit 'em in the teeth with it presently.

[j] *jugal*] i. e. nuptial. [k] *have*] Old eds. "has."
[l] *whisper*] i. e. whisper to your brother the cause of my sorrow.
[m] *Cornish hug*] A particular lock, practised by the Cornish wrestlers.

TRIM. My name is Trimtram, forsooth; look, what my master does, I use to do the like.

[*Attempts to kiss* ANNE.

ANNE. You are deceived, sir; I am not this gentlewoman's servant, to make your courtesy equal.

CHOUGH. You do not know me, mistress?

JANE. No indeed.—I doubt I shall learn too soon. [*Aside.*

CHOUGH. My name is Chough, a Cornish gentleman;[n] my man's mine own countryman too, i'faith: I warrant you took us for some of the small islanders.

JANE. I did indeed, between the Scotch and Irish.

CHOUGH. Red-shanks?[o] I thought so, by my truth: no, truly,
We are right Cornish diamonds.

[n] *Chough, a Cornish gentleman*] Old eds. "Chawgh," &c.—Chough or chuff is a sea-bird, generally thought a stupid one, common in Cornwall: and a *Cornish chough* appears to have been a name for a silly fellow from the country;

"For here I might obserue *a Country gull*,
Whose fathers death had made his pockets full,
Mount Ludgate-hill to buy a Spanish felt,
Pull out his money, bid the Knaue go tel't.
Notes from Black-fryers I presently might gather,
For now *this Cornish Chough* mourns for his father
In a Carnation feather," &c.

Brathwait's *Honest Ghost*, 1658, p. 167.

[o] *Red-shanks*] An appellation of contempt given to the Scottish Highlanders and to the native Irish. "Both summer and winter (except when the frost is most vehement), going always bare-legged and bare-footed, our delight and pleasure is not only in hunting of red-deer, wolves, foxes, and graies [i. e. badgers], whereof we abound and have great plenty, but also in running, leaping, swimming, shooting, and throwing of

TRIM. Yes, we cut
Out quarrels[p] and break glasses where we go.
PHY. If it be hidden from her father, yet
His ignorance understands well his knowledge,
For this I guess to be some rich coxcomb
He'd put upon his daughter.
ANNE. That's plainly so.
PHY. Then only she's beholding[q] to our help
For the close delivery of her burden,
Else all's overthrown.
ANNE. And, pray, be faithful in that, sir.
PHY. Tush, we physicians are the truest
Alchemists, that from the ore and dross of sin
Can new distil a maidenhead again.
RUS. How do you like her, sir?
CHOUGH. Troth, I do like her, sir, in the way of comparison, to any thing that a man would desire; I am as high as the Mount[r] in love with her already, and that's as far as I can go by land; but I hope to go further by water with her one day.
RUS. I tell you, sir, she has lost some colour
By wrestling with a peevish sickness now of late.
CHOUGH. Wrestle? nay, and[s] she love wrestling, I'll teach her a trick to overthrow any peevish sickness in London, whate'er it be.
RUS. Well, she had a rich beauty, though I say't;
Nor is it lost; a little thing repairs it.

darts. Therefore in so much as we use, and delight so to go always, the tender delicate gentlemen of Scotland call us *Redshanks*." MS. quoted by Pinkerton—*Hist. of Scot.* vol. ii. p. 396.

[p] *quarrels*] A play on the word—squares of glass in windows.

[q] *beholding*] See note, p. 286.

[r] *the Mount*] i. e. St. Michael's Mount in Cornwall.

[s] *and*] i. e. if.

CHOUGH. She shall command the best thing that I have
In Middlesex, i'faith.
RUS. Well, sir, talk with her;
Give her a relish of your good liking to her;
You shall have time and free
Access to finish what you now begin.
JANE. What means my father? my love's unjust restraint,
My shame, were it published, both together
Could not afflict me like this odious fool:
Now I see why he hated my Fitzallen. [*Aside.*
CHOUGH. Sweet lady, your father says you are a wrestler: if you love that sport, I love you the better: i'faith, I love it as well as I love my meat after supper; 'tis indeed meat, drink, and cloth to me.
JANE. Methinks it should tear your clothes, sir.
CHOUGH. Not a rag, i'faith.—Trimtram, hold my cloak. [*Gives his cloak to* TRIMTRAM.]—I'll wrestle a fall with you now; I'll shew you a trick that you never saw in your life.
JANE. O, good sir, forbear! I am no wrestler.
PHY. Good sir, take heed, you'll hurt the gentlewoman.
CHOUGH. I will not catch beneath the waist, believe it;
I know fair play.
JANE. 'Tis no woman's exercise in London, sir.
CHOUGH. I'll ne'er believe that: the hug and the lock between man and woman, with a fair fall, is as sweet an exercise for the body as you'll desire in a summer's evening.
PHY. Sir, the gentlewoman is not well.
CHOUGH. It may be you are a physician, sir?
PHY. 'Tis so, sir.

Chough. I say, then, and I'll stand to't, three ounces of wrestling with two hips, a yard of a green gown put together in the inturn, is as good a medicine for the green sickness as ever breathed.

Trim. Come, sir, take your cloak again; I see here will be ne'er a match. [*Returns cloak.*

Jane. A match!
I had rather be match'd from a musket's mouth,
And shot unto my death. [*Aside.*

Chough. I'll wrestle with any man for a good supper.

Trim. Ay, marry, sir, I'll take your part there, catch that catch may.

Phy. Sir, she is willing to't: there at my house
She shall be private, and near to my attendance:
I know you'll[1] not mistrust my faithful care;
I shall return her soon and perfectly.

Rus. Take your charge, sir.—Go with this gentleman, Jane;
But, prithee, look well this way ere thou go'st;
'Tis a rich simplicity of great estate,
A thing that will be rul'd, and thou shalt rule;
Consider of your sex's general aim,
That domination is a woman's heaven.

Jane. I'll think on't, sir.

Rus. My daughter is retiring, sir.

Chough. I will part at Dartmouth with her, sir. [*Kisses her.*]—O that thou didst but love wrestling! I would give any man three foils on that condition!

Trim. There's three sorts of men that would thank you for 'em, either cutlers, fencers, or players.

Rus. Sir, as I began I end,—wondrous welcome!
[*Exeunt all except* Chough *and* Trimtram.

[1] *you'll*] So ed. 1622. First ed. "you."

TRIM. What, will you go to school to-day? you are entered, you know, and your quarterage runs on.

CHOUGH. What, to the roaring school?[u] pox on't, 'tis such a damnable noise, I shall never attain it neither. I do wonder they have never a wrestling school; that were worth twenty of your fencing or dancing schools.

TRIM. Well, you must learn to roar here in London; you'll never proceed in the reputation of gallantry else.

CHOUGH. How long has roaring been an exercise, thinkest thou, Trimtram?

TRIM. Ever since guns came up; the first was your roaring Meg.[v]

CHOUGH. Meg? then 'twas a woman was the first roarer?

TRIM. Ay, a fire of her touch-hole, that cost many a proper man's life since that time; and then the lions, they learnt it from the guns, living so near 'em;[w] then it was heard to the Bankside, and the bears[x] they began to roar; then the boys got it, and so ever since there have been a company of roaring boys.

CHOUGH. And how long will it last, thinkest thou?

TRIM. As long as the water runs under London Bridge, or watermen [ply] at Westminster stairs.

[u] *the roaring school*] See act iv. sc. 1.—*Roarers*, or *roaring-boys* (repeatedly mentioned by our early dramatists), were the bullying bucks who, in Middleton's time and long after, infested the streets of London. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to remark, that the picture of them in the present play is a comic exaggeration; and that "roaring" was never reduced to a science, or taught in a school.

[v] *roaring Meg*] See note, vol. i. p. 263.

[w] *near 'em*] i. e. in the Tower.

[x] *the bears*] In Paris Garden, Southwark: see note, vol. i. p. 407.

Chough. Well, I will begin to roar too, since it is in fashion. O Corineus, this was not in thy time! I should have heard on't by the tradition of mine ancestors—for I'm sure there were Choughs in thy days—if it had been so: when Hercules and thou[r] wert on the Olympic Mount together, then was wrestling in request.

Trim. Ay, and that Mount is now the Mount in Cornwall: Corineus brought it thither under one of his arms, they say.

Chough. O Corineus, my predecessor, that I had but lived in those days to see thee wrestle! on that condition I had died seven year ago.

Trim. Nay, it should have been a dozen at least, i'faith, on that condition. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Field.

Enter Captain Ager *and two Friends.*

Cap. Ager. Well, your wills now?

First Fr. of Cap. Our wills? our loves, our duties
To honour'd fortitude: what wills have we
But our desires to nobleness and merit,
Valour's advancement, and the sacred rectitude
Due to a valorous cause?

Cap. Ager. O that's not mine!

[r] *Hercules and thou*, &c.] I recollect no mention elsewhere of these worthies having been "on the Olympic Mount together;" but for an account of the wrestling between Corineus and the giant Goemagot, or Gogmagog, see A. Thompson's translation of Jeffry of Monmouth's *British History*, p. 35, and Drayton's *Poly-olbion, First Song*, p. 12, ed. 1622.

SEC. FR. OF CAP. War has his court of justice, that's the field,
Where all cases of manhood are determin'd,
And your case is no mean one.
CAP. AGER. True; then 'twere virtuous;
But mine is in extremes, foul and unjust.
Well, now you've got me hither, you're as far
To seek in your desire as at first minute;
For by the strength and honour of a vow,
I will not lift a finger in this quarrel.
FIRST FR. OF CAP. How? not in this? be not so rash a sinner:
Why, sir, do you ever hope to fight again then?
Take heed on't; you must never look for that:
Why, th' universal stock of the world's injury
Will be too poor to find a quarrel for you.
Give up your right and title to desert, sir:
If you fail virtue here, she needs you not
All your time after; let her take this wrong,
And never presume then to serve her more:
Bid farewell to th' integrity of arms,
And let that honourable name of soldier
Fall from you like a shiver'd wreath of laurel
By thunder struck from a desertless forehead,
That wears another's right by usurpation.
Good captain, do not wilfully cast away
At one hour all the fame your life has won:
This is your native seat; here you should seek
Most to preserve it; or if you will dote
So much on life,—poor life, which in respect
Of life in honour is but death and darkness,—
That you will prove neglectful of yourself,
Which is to me too fearful to imagine,
Yet for that virtuous lady's cause, your mother,
Her reputation, dear to nobleness
As grace to penitence, whose fair memory

E'en crowns fame in your issue, for that blessedness
Give not this ill place, but in spite of hell,
And all her base fears, be exactly valiant.
CAP. AGER. O, O!
SEC. FR. OF CAP. Why, well said, there's fair hope in that;
Another such a one!
CAP. AGER. Came they in thousands,
'Tis all against you.
FIRST FR. OF CAP. Then, poor friendless merit,
Heaven be good to thee! thy professor leaves thee.

Enter Colonel and two Friends.

He's come;[1] do but you draw, we'll fight it for you.
CAP. AGER. I know too much to grant that.
FIRST FR. OF CAP. O dead manhood!
Had ever such a cause so faint a servant?
Shame brand me, if I do not suffer for him!
COL. I've heard, sir, you've been guilty of much boasting
For your brave earliness at such a meeting:
You've lost the glory of that way this morning;
I was the first to-day.
CAP. AGER. So were you ever
In my respect, sir.
FIRST FR. OF CAP. O most base præludium!
CAP. AGER. I never thought on Victory, our mistress,
With greater reverence than I have your worth,
Nor ever lov'd her better.
FIRST FR. OF CAP. 'Slight, I could knock
His brains 'bout his heels, methinks!
SEC. FR. OF CAP. Peace, prithee, peace.

[1] *come*] Old eds. "com'd."

CAP. AGER. Success in you has been my absolute joy;
And when I've wish'd content, I've wish'd your friendship.
FIRST FR. OF CAP. Stay, let me but run him through the tongue a little;
There's lawyer's blood in't, you shall see foul gear straight.
SEC. FR. OF CAP. Come, you're as mad now as he's cowardous.
COL. I came not hither, sir, for an encomium.
FIRST FR. OF CAP. No, the more coxcomb he that claws the head
Of your vain-glory with't! [*Aside.*
COL. I came provided
For storms and tempests, and the foulest season
That ever rage let forth, or blew in wildness
From the incensed prison of man's blood.
CAP. AGER. 'Tis otherwise with me; I come with mildness,
Peace, constant amity, and calm forgiveness,
The weather of a Christian and a friend.
FIRST FR. OF CAP. Give me a valiant Turk, though not worth tenpence,[a] rather.
CAP. AGER. Yet, sir, the world will judge the injury mine,
Insufferably[b] mine, mine beyond injury:
Thousands have made a less wrong reach to hell,
Ay, and rejoic'd in his most endless vengeance,
A miserable triumph, though a just one!
But when I call to memory our long friendship,

[a] *Turk, though not worth tenpence*] So in Dekker's *Satiromastix*, 1602, "wilt fight, *Turke-a-tenpence?*" sig. H 2; and in Dekker and Webster's *Westward Ho*, 1607, the great Turk is called "*the ten-penny* infidel:" see my ed. of Webster's *Works*, iii. 95. [b] *Insufferably*] Old eds. "Insufferable."

Methinks it cannot be too great a wrong
That then I should not pardon. Why should man,
For a poor hasty syllable or two,
And vented only in forgetful fury,
Chain all the hopes and riches of his soul
To the revenge of that, die lost for ever?
For he that makes his last peace with his Maker
In anger, anger is his peace eternally:
He must expect the same return again
Whose venture is deceitful; must he not, sir?

Col. I see what I must do, fairly put up again;
For here'll be nothing done, I perceive that.

Cap. Ager. What shall be done in such a worthless business
But to be sorry, and to be forgiven;
You, sir, to bring repentance, and I pardon?

Col. I bring repentance, sir?

Cap. Ager. If't be too much
To say repentance, call it what you please, sir;
Choose your own word: I know you're sorry for't,
And that's as good.

Col. I sorry? by fame's honour, I am wrong'd!
Do you seek for peace, and draw the quarrel larger?

Cap. Ager. Then 'tis I am sorry that I thought you so.

First Fr. of Cap. A captain! I could gnaw his title off.

Cap. Ager. Nor is it any misbecoming virtue, sir,
In the best manliness to repent a wrong,
Which made me bold with you.

First Fr. of Cap. I could cuff his head off.

Sec. Fr. of Cap. Nay, pish!

First Fr. of Cap. Pox on him, I could eat his buttock bak'd, methinks!

Col. So, once again take thou thy peaceful rest, then; [*Sheathing his sword.*

But as I put thee up, I must proclaim
This captain here, both to his friends and mine,
That only came to see fair valour righted,
A base submissive coward; so I leave him.
[*Offers to go away.*
CAP. AGER. O, heaven has pitied my excessive patience,
And sent me a cause! now I have a cause;
A coward I was never.—Come you back, sir!
COL. How?
CAP. AGER. You left a coward here.
COL. Yes, sir, with you.
CAP. AGER. 'Tis such base metal, sir, 'twill not be taken;
It must home again with you.
SEC. FR. OF CAP. Should this be true now!
FIRST FR. OF CAP. Impossible! coward do more than bastard?
COL. I prithee, mock me not, take heed you do not;
For if I draw once more, I shall grow terrible,
And rage will force me do what will grieve honour.
CAP. AGER. Ha, ha, ha!
COL. He smiles; dare it be he?—What think you, gentlemen?
Your judgments, shall I not be cozen'd in him?
This cannot be the man: why, he was bookish,
Made an invective lately against fighting,
A thing, in troth, that mov'd a little with me,
Put up a fouler contumely far
Than thousand cowards came to, and grew thankful.
CAP. AGER. Blessed remembrance[b] in time of need!
I'd lost my honour else.

[b] *remembrance*] To be read as if written *rememberance*: but qy. "remembrancer?"

Sec. Fr. of Cap. Do you note his joy?
Cap. Ager. I never felt a more severe necessity;
Then came thy excellent pity. Not yet ready?
Have you such confidence in my just manhood,
That you dare so long trust me, and yet tempt me
Beyond the toleration of man's virtue?
Why, would you be more cruel than your injury?
Do you first take pride to wrong me, and then think me
Not worth your fury? do not use me so;
I shall deceive you then. Sir, either draw,
And that not slightingly, but with the care
Of your best preservation, with that watchfulness
As you'd defend yourself from circular fire,
Your sin's rage, or her lord—this will require it—
Or you'll be too soon lost, for I've an anger
Has gather'd mighty strength against you, mighty:
Yet you shall find it honest to the last,
Noble and fair.
Col. I'll venture't once again;
And if't be but as true as it is wondrous,
I shall have that I come for: your leave, gentlemen.
First Fr. of Cap. If he should do't indeed, and deceive's all now!
Stay, by this hand he offers—fights, i'faith!
[*Colonel and* Captain Ager *fight.*
Fights, by this light he fights, sir!
Sec. Fr. of Cap. So methinks, sir.
First Fr. of Cap. An absolute punto, hey?
Sec. Fr. of Cap. 'Twas a passado, sir.
First Fr. of Cap. Why, let it pass, and[c] 'twas; I'm sure 'twas somewhat.
What's that now?
Sec. Fr. of Cap. That's a punto.

[c] *and*] i. e. if.

First Fr. of Cap. O, go to, then;
I knew 'twas not far off. What a world's this!
Is coward a more stirring meat than bastard, my masters?
Put in more eggs, for shame, when you get children,
And make it true court-custard.—Ho, I honour thee!
'Tis right and fair; and he that breathes against it,
He breathes against the justice of a man,
And man to cut him off 'tis no injustice.
[*The Colonel falls.*
Thanks, thanks for this most unexpected nobleness!
Cap. Ager. Truth never fails her servant, sir, nor leaves him
With the day's shame upon him.
First Fr. of Cap. Thou'st redeem'd
Thy worth to the same height 'twas first esteem'd.[d]
[*Exit* Captain Ager *with his Friends.*

[d] *first esteem'd*] This scene, and nearly the whole of the first scene of the second act, are given in the *Spec. of Engl. Dram. Poets* by Lamb, whose remarks on them are too weighty to be omitted here: "The insipid levelling morality to which the modern stage is tied down would not admit of such admirable passions as these scenes are filled with. A puritanical obtuseness of sentiment, a stupid infantile goodness, is creeping among us, instead of the vigorous passions, and virtues clad in flesh and blood, with which the old dramatists present us. Those noble and liberal casuists could discern in the differences, the quarrels, the animosities of man, a beauty and truth of moral feeling, no less than in the iterately inculcated duties of forgiveness and atonement. With us all is hypocritical meekness. A reconciliation scene (let the occasion be never so absurd or unnatural) is always sure of applause. Our audiences come to the theatre to be complimented on their goodness. They compare notes with the amiable characters in the play, and find a wonderful similarity of disposition between them. We have a common stock of dramatic morality, out of which a writer may be supplied, without the trouble of copying it from originals within his own breast.

First Fr. of Col. Alas, how is it, sir? give us some hope
Of your stay with us: let your spirit be seen
Above your fortune; the best fortitude
Has been of fate ill-friended: now force your empire,
And reign above your blood, spite of dejection;
Reduce[d] the monarchy of your abler mind,
Let not flesh straiten it.

Col. O, just heaven has found me,
And turn'd the stings[e] of my too hasty injuries
Into my own blood! I pursu'd my ruin,
And urg'd him past the patience of an angel:
Could man's revenge extend beyond man's life,
This would ha' wak'd it. If this flame will light me
But till I see my sister, 'tis a kind one;
More I expect not from't. Noble deserver!
Farewell, most valiant and most wrong'd of men;
Do but forgive me, and I'm victor then.

[*Exit, led off by his Friends.*

To know the boundaries of honour, to be judiciously valiant, to have a temperance which shall beget a smoothness in the angry swellings of youth, to esteem life as nothing when the sacred reputation of a parent is to be defended, yet to shake and tremble under a pious cowardice when that ark of an honest confidence is found to be frail and tottering, to feel the true blows of a real disgrace blunting that sword which the imaginary strokes of a supposed false imputation had put so keen an edge upon but lately; to do, or to imagine this done in a feigned story, asks something more of a moral sense, somewhat a greater delicacy of perception in questions of right and wrong, than goes to the writing of two or three hackneyed sentences about the laws of honour as opposed to the laws of the land, or a common-place against duelling. Yet such things would stand a writer now-a-days in far better stead than Captain Ager and his conscientious honour; and he would be considered as a far better teacher of morality than old Rowley or Middleton if they were living." P. 136.

[d] *Reduce*] i. e. Bring back. [e] *stings*] Old eds. "strings."

SCENE II.

A Room in the Physician's House.

Enter Physician, JANE, ANNE, *and Dutch Nurse with a Child.*

PHY. Sweet fro,[e] to your most indulgent care
Take this my heart's joy; I must not tell you
The value of this jewel in my bosom.

NURSE. Dat you may vell, sir; der can niet forstoore you.

PHY. Indeed I cannot tell you; you know, nurse,
These are above the quantity of price:
Where is the glory of the goodliest trees
But in the fruit and branches? the old stock
Must decay; and sprigs, scions such as these,
Must become new stocks, for[f] us to glory
In their fruitful issue; so we are made
Immortal one by other.

NURSE. You spreek a most lieben fader, and ich sall do de best of tender nurses to dis infant, my pretty frokin.

PHY. I know you will be loving: here, sweet friend; [*Gives money.*
Here's earnest of a large sum of love and coin
To quit[g] your tender care.

JANE. I have some reason too
To purchase your dear care unto this infant.
[*Gives money.*

NURSE. You be de witness of de baptim, dat is, as you spreken, de godimother, ich vell forstoore it so.

JANE. Yes, I'm the bad mother,—if it be offence. [*Aside.*

[e] *fro*] Or *frow*—i. e. woman.
[f] *for*] Old eds. "from."
[g] *quit*] i. e. requite.

Anne. I must be a little kind too.

[*Gives money.*

Nurse. Much tanks to you all! dis child is much beloven; and ich sall see much care over it.

Phy. Farewell.—Good sister, shew her the way forth.—

I shall often visit you, kind nurse.

Nurse. You sall be welcome.

[*Exeunt* Anne *and Nurse.*

Jane. O sir, what a friend have I found in you!
Where my poor power shall stay in the requital,
Yourself must from your fair condition[g]
Make up in mere acceptance of my will.

Phy. O, pray you, urge it not! we are not born
For ourselves only; self-love is a sin;
But in our loving donatives to others
Man's virtue best consists: love all begets;
Without, all are adulterate and counterfeit.

Jane. Your boundless love I cannot satisfy
But with a mental memory of your virtues:
Yet let me not engage your cost withal;
Beseech you then take restitution
Of pains and bounty which you have disburs'd
For your poor debtor.

Phy. You will not offer it?
Do not esteem my love so mercenary
To be the hire of coin: sure, I shall think
You do not hold so worthily of me
As I wish to deserve.

Jane. No[h] recompense?
Then you will beggar me with too much credit:
Is't[i] not sufficient you preserve my name,
Which I had forfeited to shame and scorn,

[g] *condition*] See note, p. 469.
[h] *No*] Old eds. "Not" (a misprint for "Noe").
[i] *Is't*] Old eds. "If."

Cover my vices with a veil of love,
Defend and keep me from a father's rage,
Whose love yet infinite, not knowing this,
Might, knowing, turn a hate as infinite;
Sure he would throw me ever from his blessings,
And cast his curses on me! Yes, further,
Your secrecy keeps me in the state of woman;
For else what husband would choose me his wife,
Knowing the honour of a bride were lost?
I cannot number half the good you do me
In the conceal'd retention of my sin;
Then make me not worse than I was before,
In my ingratitude, good sir.

PHY. Again?

I shall repent my love, if you'll so call't,
To be made such a hackney: give me coin?
I had as lief you gave me poison, lady,
For I have art and antidotes 'gainst that;
I might take that, but this I will refuse.

JANE. Will you then teach me how I may requite you
In some small quantity?

PHY. 'Twas that I look'd for.— [*Aside.*
Yes, I will tell you, lady, a full quittance,
And how you may become my creditress.

JANE. I beseech you, do, sir!

PHY. Indeed I will, lady:
Not in coin, mistress; for silver, though white,
Yet it draws black lines; it shall not rule my palm,
There to mark forth his base corruption:
Pay me again in the same quality
That I to you tender'd,—that is, love for love.
Can you love me, lady? you have confess'd
My love to you.

JANE. Most amply.

PHY. Why, faith, then,
Pay me back that way.
JANE. How is you mean, sir?
PHY. Thus, our meanings are better understood
Than uttered in the tongue: it brings along
A little blabbing blood into our cheeks,
That shames us when we speak.
JANE. I understand you not.
PHY. Fie, you do: make not yourself ignorant
In what you know: you have ta'en forth the lesson
That I would read to you.
JANE. Sure then I need not
Read it again, sir.
PHY. Yes, it makes perfect:
You know the way unto Achilles' spear;[1]
If that hurt you, I have the cure, you see.
JANE. Come, you're a good man; I do perceive you.
You put a trial to me: I thank you;
You are my just confessor, and, believe me,
I'll have no further penance for this sin.
Convert a year unto a lasting ever,
And call't Apollo's smile: 'twas once, then never.
PHY. Pray you, mistake me not; indeed I love you.
JANE. Indeed? what deed?
PHY. The deed that you have done.
JANE. I cannot believe you.
PHY. Believe the deed then!
JANE. Away, you are a blackamoor! you love me?

[1] *Achilles' spear*] So in Shakespeare's *Second Part of Henry VI.*;

"Whose smile and frown, like to *Achilles' spear*,
Is able with the change to kill and cure."

Act v. sc. 1.

I hate you for your love! Are you the man
That in your painted outside seem'd so white?
O you're a foul dissembling hypocrite!
You sav'd me from a thief, that yourself might rob me;
Skinn'd over a green wound to breed an ulcer:
Is this the practice of your physic-college?

PHY. Have you yet utter'd all your niceness[k] forth?
If you have more, vent it; certes,[l] I think
Your first grant was not yielded with less pain;
If 'twere, you have your price, yield it again.

JANE. Pray you, tell me, sir,—I ask'd it before,—
Is it a practice amongst you physicians?

PHY. Tush, that's a secret; we cast all waters;
Should I reveal, you would mistrust my counsel:
The lawyer and physician here agrees,[m]
To women-clients they give back their fees;
And is not that kindness?

JANE. This for thy love! [*Spits at him.*
Out, outside of a man! thou cinnamon-tree,
That but thy bark hast nothing good about thee!
The unicorn is hunted for his horn,
The rest is left for carrion: thou false man,
Thou'st fish'd with silver hooks and golden baits;
But I'll avoid all thy deceiving sleights.[n]

PHY. Do what you list, I will do something too;
Remember yet what I have done for you:
You have a good face now, but 'twill grow rugged;
Ere you grow old, old men will despise you:
Think on your grandame Helen, the fairest queen;

[k] *niceness*] See note, p. 451.
[l] *certes*] i. e. certainly.
[m] *agrees*] I have not altered this word into the plural, because a rhyme is intended.
[n] *sleights*] i. e. artifices.

When in a new glass[o] she spied her old face,
She, smiling, wept to think upon the change:
Take your time; you're craz'd, you're an apple fall'n
From the tree; if you be kept long, you'll rot.
Study your answer well: yet I love you;
If you refuse, I have a hand above [you]. [*Exit.*

JANE. Poison thyself, thou foul empoisoner!
Of thine own practique drink the theory!
What a white devil have I met withal!
What shall I do?—what do? is it a question?
Nor shame, nor hate, nor fear, nor lust, nor force,
Now being too bad, shall ever make me worse.

Re-enter ANNE.

What have we here? a second spirit?

ANNE. Mistress,
I am sent to you.

JANE. Is your message good?

ANNE. As you receive it:
My brother sent me, and you know he loves you.

JANE. I heard say so; but 'twas a false report.

ANNE. Pray, pardon me, I must do my message;
Who lives commanded must obey his keeper:
I must persuade you to this act of woman.

JANE. Woman? of strumpet!

ANNE. Indeed, of strumpet;
He takes you at advantage of your fall,
Seeing you down before.

JANE. Curse on his feign'd smiles!

[o] *When in a new glass*, &c.]

"Flet quoque, ut in speculo rugas adspexit aniles,
Tyndaris." Ovid. *Met.* xv. 232.

In *The Second Part of the Iron Age*, 1632, by Heywood, Helen strangles herself, after surveying the ruins of her beauty in a looking-glass.

ANNE. He's my brother, mistress; and a curse on you,
If e'er you bless him with that cursed deed!
Hang him, poison him! he held out a rose,
To draw the yielding sense, which, come to hand,
He shifts, and gives a canker.[P]
JANE. You speak well yet.
ANNE. Ay, but, mistress, now I consider it,
Your reputation lies at his mercy,
Your fault dwells in his breast; say he throw't out,
It will be known; how are you then undone!
Think on't, your good name; and they're not to be sold
In every market; a good name is dear,
And indeed more esteemed than our actions,
By which we should deserve it.
JANE. Ay me, most wretched!
ANNE. What? do you shrink at that?
Would you not wear one spot upon your face,
To keep your whole body from a leprosy,
Though it were undiscover'd ever? Hang him!
Fear him not: horseleeches suck out his corrupt blood!
Draw you none from him, 'less it be pure and good.
JANE. Do you speak your soul?
ANNE. By my soul do I!
JANE. Then yet I have a friend: but thus exhort me,
And I have still a column to support me.
ANNE. One fault
Heaven soon forgives, and 'tis on earth forgot;
The moon herself is not without one spot.
[*Exeunt.*

[P] *canker*] i. e. wild rose, or dog-rose.

SCENE III.

A Room in LADY AGER'S *House.*

Enter LADY AGER, *meeting a Servant.*

LADY AGER. Now, sir, where is he? speak, why comes he not?
I sent you for him.—Bless this fellow's senses!
What has he seen? a soul nine hours entranc'd,
Hovering 'twixt hell and heaven, could not wake ghastlier.
Not yet return an answer?—

Enter a second Servant.

What say you, sir?
Where is he?

SEC. SERV. Gone.

LADY AGER. What say'st thou?

SEC. SERV. He is gone, madam;
But, as we heard, unwillingly he went
As ever blood enforc'd.

LADY AGER. Went? whither went he?

SEC. SERV. Madam, I fear I ha' said too much already.

LADY AGER. These men are both agreed.—Speak, whither went he?

SEC. SERV. Why, to—I would you'd think the rest yourself, madam.

LADY AGER. Meek patience bless me!

SEC. SERV. To the field.

FIRST SERV. To fight, madam.

LADY AGER. To fight?

FIRST SERV. There came two urging gentlemen,
That call'd themselves his seconds; both so powerful,
As 'tis reported, they prevail'd with him
With little labour.

LADY AGER. O, he's lost, he's gone!
For all my pains, he's gone! two meeting torrents
Are not so merciless as their two rages:
He never comes again. Wretched affection!
Have I belied my faith, injur'd my goodness,
Slander'd my honour for his preservation,
Having but only him, and yet no happier?
'Tis then a judgment plain; truth's angry with me,
In that I would abuse her sacred whiteness
For any worldly temporal respect:
Forgive me then, thou glorious woman's virtue,
Admir'd where'er thy habitation is,
Especially in us weak ones! O, forgive me,
For 'tis thy vengeance this! To belie truth,
Which is so hardly ours, with such pain purchas'd,
Fastings and prayers, continence and care,
Misery must needs ensue. Let him not die
In that unchaste belief of his false birth,
And my disgrace! whatever angel guides him,
May this request be with my tears obtain'd,
Let his soul know my honour is unstain'd!—
[*Aside.*
Run, seek, away! if there be any hope,
Let me not lose him yet. [*Exeunt servants.*] When I think on him,
His dearness, and his worth, it earns[q] me more:
They that know riches tremble to be poor.
My passion is not every woman's sorrow:
She must be truly honest feels my grief,
And only known to one; if such there be,
They know the sorrow that oppresseth me. [*Exit.*

[q] *earns*] i. e. *yearns*, grieves. So Lilly;

"Their sad depart would make my hart to *earne*."
The Woman in the Moone, sig. c ii. 1597.

So Spenser also writes the word.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Roaring-School.[r]

Enter the Colonel's Friend,[s] CHOUGH, TRIMTRAM, *Usher, and several Roarers.*

COL.'s FR. Truth, sir, I must needs blame you for a truant, having but one lesson read to you, and neglect so soon; fie, I must see you once a-day at least.

CHOUGH. Would I were whipt, tutor, if it were not 'long of my man Trimtram here!

TRIM. Who, of me?

CHOUGH. Take't upon thee, Trim; I'll give thee five shillings, as I am a gentleman.

TRIM. I'll see you whipt first:—well, I will too. —Faith, sir, I saw he was not perfect, and I was loath he should come before to shame himself.

COL.'s FR. How? shame, sir? is it a shame for scholars to learn? Sir, there are great scholars that are but slenderly read in our profession: sir, first it must be economical, then ecumenical: shame not to practise in the house how to perform in the field: the nail that is driven takes a little hold at the first stroke, but more at the second, and more at the third, but when 'tis home to the head, then 'tis firm.

CHOUGH. Faith, I have been driving it home to the head this two days.

[r] *The Roaring School*] See note, p. 485.

[s] *the Colonel's Friend*] Old eds. "*the Colonels* Second"—i. e. one of the gentlemen who attended the Colonel in the duel with Captain Ager; and who (if I rightly understand the last lines of this scene) has set up for a teacher of "roaring" during peace-time.

TRIM. I helped to hammer it in as well as I could too, sir.

COL.'s FR. Well, sir, I will hear you rehearse anon: meantime peruse the exemplary of my bills, and tell me in what language I shall roar a lecture to you; or I'll read to you the mathematical science of roaring.

CHOUGH. Is it mathematical?

COL.'s FR. O, sir, do[u] not the winds roar, the sea roar, the welkin[v] roar?—indeed most things do roar by nature—and is not the knowledge of these things mathematical?

CHOUGH. Pray proceed, sir.

COL.'s FR. [*reads*] *The names of the languages, the Sclavonian, Parthamenian, Barmeothian, Tyburnian, Wappinganian, or the modern Londonian: any man or woman that is desirous to roar in any of these languages, in a week they shall be perfect if they will take pains; so let 'em repair into Holborn to the sign of the Cheat-Loaf.*

CHOUGH. Now your bill speaks of that I was wondering a good while at, your sign; the loaf looks very like bread, i'faith, but why is it called the Cheat-Loaf?

COL.'s FR. This house was sometimes a baker's, sir, that served the court, where the bread is called cheat.[w]

TRIM. Ay, ay, 'twas a baker that cheated the court with bread.

COL.'s FR. Well, sir, choose your languages; and your lectures shall be read, between my usher and

[u] *do*] Old eds. "does." [v] *welkin*] i. e. sky.

[w] *cheat*] Was certainly wheaten bread of the second sort; but qy., is the word used here for a fine sort of bread—as it seems also to be in a passage quoted by Nares, *Gloss.* in v.?

myself, for your better instruction, provided your conditions be performed in the premises beforesaid.

Chough. Look you, sir, there's twenty pound in hand, and twenty more I am to pay when I am allowed a sufficient roarer. [*Gives money.*

Col.'s Fr. You speak in good earnest, sir?

Chough. Yes, faith do I: Trimtram shall be my witness.

Trim. Yes, indeed, sir, twenty pound is very good earnest.

Ush. Sir, one thing I must tell you belongs to my place: you are the youngest scholar; and till another comes under you, there is a certain garnish belongs to the school; for in our practice we grow to a quarrel; then there must be wine ready to make all friends, for that's the end of roaring, 'tis valiant, but harmless; and this charge is yours.

Chough. With all my heart, i'faith, and I like it the better because no blood comes on it: who shall fetch?

First Roar.[y] I'll be your spaniel, sir.

Col.'s Fr. Bid Vapour bring some tobacco too.

Chough. Do, and here's money for't.

Ush. No, you shall not; let me see the money: so [*takes the money*], I'll keep it, and discharge him after the combat. [*Exit First Roarer.*] For your practice sake, you and your man shall roar him out on't—for indeed you must pay your debts so, for that's one of the main ends of roaring—and when you have left him in a chafe, then I'll qualify the rascal.

Chough. Content.—I'faith, Trim, we'll roar the rusty rascal out of his tobacco.

[y] *First Roar.*] Old eds. "2. Roar."—but he is *second* only with reference to the person who spoke last.

TRIM. Ay, and[1] he had the best craccus in London.

COL.'s FR. Observe, sir, we could now roar in the Sclavonian language, but this practice hath been a little sublime, some hairsbreadth or so above your caput; I take it, for your use and understanding both, it were fitter for you to taste the modern assault, only the Londonian roar.

CHOUGH. I'faith, sir, that's for my purpose, for I shall use all my roaring here in London; in Cornwall we are all for wrestling, and I do not mean to travel over sea to roar there.

COL.'s FR. Observe then, sir;—but it were necessary you took forth your tables[2] to note the most difficult points for the better assistance of your memory.

CHOUGH. Nay, sir, my man and I keep two tables.

TRIM. Ay, sir, and as many trenchers, cats' meat and dogs' meat enough.

COL.'s FR. Note, sir.—Dost thou confront my cyclops?

USH. With a Briarean brousted.

CHOUGH. Cyclops. [*Writes.*

TRIM. Briarean. [*Writes.*

COL.'s FR. I know thee and thy lineal pedigree.

USH. It is collateral, as Brutus and Posthumus.

TRIM. Brutus. [*Writes.*

CHOUGH. Posthumus. [*Writes.*

COL.'s FR. False as the face of Hecate! thy sister is a——

USH. What is my sister, centaur?

[1] *and*] i. e. if.

[2] *tables*] i. e. tablets, memorandum-books.

Col.'s Fa. I say thy sister is a bronstrops.[e]

Usr. A bronstrops!

Chough. Tutor, tutor, ere you go any further, tell me the English of that; what is a bronstrops, pray?

Col.'s Fa. A bronstrops is in English a hippocrene.

Chough. A hippocrene; note it, Trim: I love to understand the English as I go. [*Writes.*

Trim. What's the English of hippocrene?

Chough. Why, bronstrops.

Usr. Thou dost obtrect[d] my flesh and blood.

Col.'s Fa. Again I denounce, thy sister is a fructifer.

Chough. What's that, tutor?

Col.'s Fa. That is in English a fucus[e] or a minotaur.

Chough. A minotaur. [*Writes.*

Trim.[f] A fucus. [*Writes.*

Usr. I say thy mother is a callicut, a panagron, a duplar, and a sindicus.

[e] *bronstrops*] In *A Cure for a Cuckold*, by Webster and W. Rowley (first printed in 1661), is the following passage, which appears to contain an allusion to *A Fair Quarrel*:

"*Pettifog*. . . This informer comes into Turnbull street to a victualling-house, and there falls in league with a wench.

Compass. A tweak or bronstrops? *I learned that name in a play.*"

See my ed. of Webster's *Works*, iii. 327.

Both *tweak* and *bronstrops* (the former being a word of more frequent occurrence than the latter) seem to be equivalent to punk; but in act iv. sc. 4 of the present play, a distinction is made between them: "mayst thou first serve out thy time as a *tweak* [harlot], and then become a *bronstrops* [bawd] as she is."

[d] *obtrect*] i. e. slander.

[e] *fucus*] Equivalent, perhaps, to painted jade: our early writers repeatedly use this Latin term to signify the colours with which ladies improved their complexions.

[f] *Trim.*] First ed. "Chau." Sec. ed. "Sec."

COL.'s FR. Dislocate thy bladud![g]

USH. Bladud shall conjure, if his demons once appear.

Re-enter First Roarer with wine, followed by VAPOUR *with tobacco.*

COL.'s FR. Advance thy respondency.

CHOUGH. Nay, good gentlemen,[h] do not fall out. —A cup of wine quickly, Trimtram!

USH. See, my steel hath a glister!

CHOUGH. Pray wipe him, and put him up again, good usher.

USH. Sir, at your request I pull down the flag of defiance.

COL.'s FR. Give me a bowl of wine, my fury shall be quenched: here, usher! [*Drinks.*

USH. I pledge thee in good friendship. [*Drinks.*

CHOUGH. I like the conclusion of roaring very well, i'faith.

TRIM. It has an excellent conclusion indeed, if the wine be good, always provided.

COL.'s FR. O, the wine must be always provided, be sure of that.

USH. Else you spoil the conclusion, and that you know crowns all.

CHOUGH. 'Tis much like wrestling, i'faith, for we shake hands ere we begin; now that's to avoid the law, for then if he throw him a furlong into the ground, he cannot recover himself upon him, because 'twas done in cold friendship.

[g] *Dislocate thy bladud*] i. e., I suppose, draw thy sword. The reply of the Usher, "Bladud shall conjure," &c., seems to allude to the story of King Bladud, who was famous for "his craft of nygromancy:" see *Mirror for Magistrates*, i. 106. ed. Haslewood, and note there.

[h] *gentlemen*] Old eds. "gentleman."

Col.'s Fr. I believe you, sir.

Chough. And then we drink afterwards, just in this fashion: wrestling and roaring are as like as can be, i'faith, even like long sword and half pike.

Col.'s Fr. Nay, they are reciprocal, if you mark it, for as there is a great roaring at wrestling, so there is a kind of wrestling and contention at roaring.

Chough. True, i'faith, for I have heard 'em roar from the six windmills to Islington: those have been great falls then.

Col.'s Fr. Come now, a brief rehearsal of your other day's lesson, betwixt your man and you, and then for to-day we break up school.

Chough. Come, Trimtram.—If I be out, tutor, I'll be bold to look in my tables, because I doubt I am scarce perfect.

Col.'s Fr. Well, well, I will not see small faults.

Chough. The wall!

Trim. The wall of me? to thy kennel, spaniel!

Chough. Wilt thou not yield precedency?

Trim. To thee? I know thee and thy brood.

Chough. Knowest thou my brood? I know thy brood too, thou art a rook.

Trim. The nearer akin to the choughs?[h]

Chough. The rooks akin to the choughs?

Col.'s Fr. Very well maintained!

Chough. Dungcoer, thou liest!

Trim. Lie? enucleate the kernel of thy scabbard.

Chough. Now if I durst draw my sword, 'twere valiant, i'faith.

Col.'s Fr. Draw, draw, howsoever!

[h] *choughs*] See note, p. 481.

CHOUGH. Have some wine ready to make us friends, I pray you.

TRIM. Chough, I will make thee fly and roar.

CHOUGH. I will roar if thou strikest me.

COL.'s FR. So, 'tis enough; now conclude in wine: I see you will prove an excellent practitioner: wondrous well performed on both sides!

CHOUGH. Here, Trimtram, I drink to thee.

[*Drinks.*

TRIM. I'll pledge you in good friendship.

[*Drinks.*

Enter Servant.

SERV. Is there not one master Chough here?

USH. This is the gentleman, sir.

SERV. My master, sir, your elected father-in-law, desires speedily to speak with you.

CHOUGH. Friend, I will follow thee: I would thou hadst come a little sooner! thou shouldst have seen roaring sport, i'faith.

SERV. Sir, I'll return that you are following.

CHOUGH. Do so [*exit Servant*].—I'll tell thee, tutor, I am to marry shortly; but I will defer it a while till I can roar perfectly, that I may get the upper hand of my wife on the wedding-day; 'tmust be done at first or never.

COL.'s FR. 'Twill serve you to good use in that, sir.

CHOUGH. How likest thou this, whiffler?[1]

VAP. Very valiantly, i'faith, sir.

CHOUGH. Tush, thou shalt see more by and by.

[1] *whiffler*] i. e. whiffer, puffer—of tobacco, which Vapour sold. "Taking the *whiff*" (an expression of which the meaning is uncertain) was one of the accomplishments of a smoker: see B. Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour—Works*, ii. 9, 97. ed. Gifford.

Vap. I can stay no longer indeed, sir: who pays me for my tobacco?

Chough. How? pay for tobacco? away, ye sooty-mouthed piper! you rusty piece of Martlemas bacon, away!

Trim. Let me give him a mark[k] for't.

Chough. No, Trimtram, do not strike him; we'll only roar out a curse upon him.

Trim. Well, do you begin then.

Chough. May thy roll[l] rot, and thy pudding drop in pieces, being sophisticated with filthy urine!

Trim. May sergeants dwell on either side of thee, to fright away thy twopenny customers!

Chough. And for thy penny ones, let them suck thee dry!

Trim. When thou art dead, mayest thou have no other sheets to be buried in but mouldy tobacco-leaves!

Chough. And no strawings to stick thy carcass but the bitter stalks!

Trim. Thy mourners all greasy tapsters!

Chough. With foul tobacco-pipes in their hats, instead of rotten rosemary;[m] and last of all, may my man and I live to see all this performed, and to piss reeking even upon thy grave!

Trim. And last of all for me, let this epitaph be remembered over thee:

Here coldly now within is laid to rot
A man that yesterday was piping hot:
Some say he died by pudding, some by prick,
Others by roll and ball, some leaf; all stick

[k] *mark*] A play on the word—a *mark* was 13*s.* 4*d.*

[l] *roll . . . pudding*] Tobacco made up in particular forms; so were *ball*, *leaf*, &c., mentioned presently in the epitaph.

[m] *rosemary*] Used at funerals: see note, vol. i. p. 231.

Fast in censure,[n] *yet think it strange and rare,*
He liv'd by smoke, yet died for want of air:
But then the surgeon said, when he beheld him,
It was the burning of his pipe that kill'd him.

CHOUGH. So, are you paid now, whiffler?

VAP. All this is but smoke out of a stinking pipe.

CHOUGH. So, so, pay him now, usher.

[VAPOUR *is paid by the Usher, and exit.*

COL.'s FR. Do not henceforth neglect your schooling, master Chough.

CHOUGH. Call me rook, if I do, tutor.

TRIM. And me raven, though my name be Trimtram.

CHOUGH. Farewell, tutor.

TRIM. Farewell, usher.

[*Exeunt* CHOUGH *and* TRIMTRAM.

COL.'s FR. Thus when the drum's unbrac'd, and trumpet[s] cease,
Soldiers must get pay for to live in peace.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Chamber in the Colonel's House.

The Colonel discovered lying on a couch, several of his friends watching him: as the Surgeon is going out, the Colonel's Sister enters.[o]

COL.'s SIST. O my most worthy brother, thy hard fate 'twas!—
Come hither, honest surgeon, and deal faithfully
With a distressed virgin: what hope is there?

[n] *censure*] i. e. opinion.

[o] *enters*] The only stage-direction in old eds. is "*Enter the Colonels Sister, meeting the Surgeon.*"

Surg. Hope? chilis[o] was 'scap'd miraculously, lady.

Col.'s Sist. What's that, sir?

Surg. Cava vena: I care but little for his wound i' th' œsophag.[p] not thus much, trust me; but when they come to diaphragma once, the small intestines, or the spinal medul, or i' th' roots of the emunctories of the noble parts, then straight I fear a syncope;[q] the flanks retiring towards the back, the urine bloody, the excrements purulent, and the dolour pricking or pungent.

Col.'s Sist. Alas, I'm ne'er the better for this answer!

Surg. Now I must tell you his principal dolour lies i' th' region of the liver, and there's both inflammation and tumefaction[r] feared; marry, I made him a quadra[n]gular plumation, where I used sanguis draconis, by my faith, with powders incarnative, which I tempered with oil of hypericon, and other liquors mundificative.

Col.'s Sist. Pox a' your mundies figatives! I would they were all fired!

Surg. But I purpose, lady, to make another experiment at next dressing with a sarcotic[s] medicament made of iris of Florence; thus, mastic, calaphena, opoponax,[t] sarcocolla[u] ——

Col.'s Sist. Sacro-halter! what comfort is i' this

[o] *chilis*] Old eds. "Chillis." "Also out of the gibbosyte or bounch of the liuer there issueth a veyne called concaua or *chilis*," &c. Vigon's *Workes of Chirurgerie*, 1571, fol. ix.

[p] *œsophag*] Old eds. "orsophag."

[q] *syncope*] Old eds. "syncops."

[r] *tumefaction*] Old eds. "turmafaction."

[s] *sarcotic*] Old eds. "sarcotricke."

[t] *opoponax*] Old eds. "apopanax."

[u] *sarcocolla*] Old eds. "sacrocolla," which, perhaps (see the lady's reply), was an error of the author, not of the printer.

to a poor gentlewoman? pray tell me in plain terms what you think of him.

Surg. Marry, in plain terms I know not what to say to him: the wound, I can assure you, inclines to paralism, and I find his body cacochymic: being then in fear of fever and inflammation, I nourish him altogether with viands refrigerative, and give for potion the juice of savicola dissolved with water cerefolium: I could do no more, lady, if his best ginglymus[v] were dissevered. [*Exit.*

Col.'s Sist. What thankless pains does the tongue often take
To make the whole man most ridiculous!
I come to him for comfort, and he tires me
Worse than my sorrow: what a precious good
May be deliver'd sweetly in few words!
And what a mount of nothing has he cast forth!
Alas, his strength decays! [*Aside.*]—How cheer you, sir,
My honour'd brother?

Col. In soul never better:
I feel an excellent health there, such a stoutness
My invisible enemies fly[w] me; seeing me arm'd
With penitence and forgiveness, they fall backward,
Whether through admiration, not imagining
There were such armoury in a soldier's soul
As pardon and repentance, or through power
Of ghostly valour. But I have been lord
Of a more happy conquest in nine hours now
Than in nine years before.—O kind lieutenants,
This is the only war we should provide for!
Where he that forgives largest, and sighs strongest,
Is a tried soldier, a true man indeed,
And wins the best field, makes his own heart bleed.
Read the last part of that will, sir.

[v] *ginglymus*] Old eds. "Guiguimos."
[w] *enemies fly*] Old eds. "enemy flies."

First Fr. of Col. [reads][z] *I also require at the hands of my most beloved sister, whom I make full executrix, the disposure of my body in burial at Saint Martin's i' th' Field: and to cause to be distributed to the poor of the same parish forty mark,*[y] *and to the hospital of maimed soldiers a hundred: lastly, I give and bequeath to my kind, dear, and virtuous sister the full possession of my present estate in riches, whether it be in lands, leases, money, goods, plate, jewels, or what kind soever, upon this condition following, that she forthwith tender both herself and all these infeoffments to that noble captain, my late enemy, captain Ager.*

Col.'s Sist. How, sir?

Col. Read it again, sir: let her hear it plain.

Col.'s Sist. Pray, spare your pains, sir; 'tis too plain already.—

Good sir, how do you? is your memory perfect?
This will makes question of you: I bestow'd
So much grief and compassion a' your wound,
I never look'd into your senses' epilepsy:
The sickness and infirmity of your judgment
Is to be doubted now more than your body's.
Why, is your love no dearer to me, sir,
Than to dispose me so upon the man

[z] *First Fr. of Col.* [*reads*] Old eds. "1 Liefetenant *reads*" —but the person called here *Lieutenant* is one of the Colonel's two friends who had acted as his seconds in the duel: towards the conclusion of the play we find,

"*Enter Colonel with his two Friends,*"

and presently after,

"Col. O *Lieutenant,*" &c.

The other friend who attended him in the duel, having figured in the preceding scene as a teacher of roaring, is not present, it should seem, in the sick chamber.

[y] *mark*] See note, p. 512.

Whose fury is your body's present torment,
The author of your danger? one I hate
Beyond the bounds of malice. Do you not feel
His wrath upon you? I beseech you, sir,
Alter that cruel article!

Col. Cruel, sister?—
Forgive me, natural love, I must offend thee,
Speaking to this woman.—Am I content,
Having much kindred, yet to give thee all,
Because in thee I'd raise my means to goodness,
And canst thou prove so thankless to my bounty,
To grudge my soul her peace? is my intent
To leave her rich, whose only desire is
To send me poorer into the next world
Than ever usurer went, or politic statist?
Is it so burdensome for thee to love
Where I forgive? O, wretched is the man
That builds the last hopes of his saving comforts
Upon a woman's charity! he's most miserable:
If it were possible, her obstinate will
Will pull him down in his midway to heaven.
I've wrong'd that worthy man past recompense,
And in my anger robb'd him of fair fame;
And thou the fairest restitution art
My life could yield him: if I knew a fairer,
I'd set thee by and thy unwilling goodness,
And never make my sacred peace of thee;
But there's the cruelty of a fate debarr'd,
Thou art the last, and all, and thou art hard!

Col.'s Sist. Let your griev'd heart hold better thoughts of me;
I will not prove so, sir; but since you enforce it
With such a strength of passion, I'll perform
What by your will you have enjoin'd me to,
Though the world never shew me joy again.

Col. O, this may be fair cunning for the time,

To put me off, knowing I hold not long;
And when I look to have my joys accomplish'd,
I shall find no such things; that were vild[a] cozenage,
And not to be repented.
Col.'s Sist. By all the blessedness
Truth and a good life looks for, I will do't, sir!
Col. Comforts reward you for't whene'er you grieve!
I know if you dare swear, I may believe.
[*Exit Colonel's Sister.* *Scene closes.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Lady Ager's *House.*

Enter Captain Ager.

Cap. Ager. No sooner have I entrance i' this house now
But all my joy falls from me, which was wont
To be the sanctuary of my comforts:
Methought I lov'd it with a reverent gladness,
As holy men do consecrated temples
For the saint's sake, which I believ'd my mother;
But prov'd a false faith since, a fearful heresy,
O, who'd erect th' assurance of his joys
Upon a woman's goodness! whose best virtue
Is to commit unseen, and highest secrecy
To hide but her own sin; there's their perfection:
And if she be so good, which many fail of too,
When these are bad, how wondrous ill are they!
What comfort is't to fight, win this day's fame,
When all my after-days are lamps of shame!

[a] *vild*] See note, vol. ii. p. 393.

Enter LADY AGER.

LADY AGER. Blessings be firm to me! he's come,
'tis he!— [*Aside.*
A surgeon speedily!
CAP. AGER. A surgeon? why, madam?
LADY AGER. Perhaps you'll say 'tis but a little wound;
Good to prevent a danger:—quick, a surgeon!
CAP. AGER. Why, madam?
LADY AGER. Ay, ay, that's all the fault of valiant men,
They'll not be known a' their hurts till they're past help,
And then too late they wish for't.
CAP. AGER. Will you hear me?
LADY AGER. 'Tis no disparagement to confess a wound;
I'm glad, sir, 'tis no worse:—a surgeon quickly!
CAP. AGER. Madam ——
LADY AGER. Come, come, sir, a wound's honourable,
And never shames the wearer.
CAP. AGER. By the justice
I owe to honour, I came off untouch'd!
LADY AGER. I'd rather believe that.
CAP. AGER. You believe truth so.
LADY AGER. My tears prevail then. Welcome, welcome, sir,
As peace and mercy to one new departed!
Why would you go though, and deceive me so,
When my abundant love took all the course
That might be to prevent it? I did that
For my affection's sake — goodness forgive me for't!—
That were my own life's safety put upon't,
I'd rather die than do't. Think how you us'd me then;—

[illegible]

Lady Ager. May death come to me
Before repentance then.

Cap. Ager. I heard it plain sure—
[illegible]

Lady Ager. By the reward of truth,
I never knew that deed that claims the name on't!

Cap. Ager. May, then, that glorious reward you [illegible]
Be never-failing to you! all the blessings
That you have given me, since obedient custom
Taught me to kneel and ask 'em, are not valuable
With this immaculate blessing of your truth:
This is the palm to victory,
The crown for all deserts past and to come:
Let 'em be numberless; they are rewarded,
Already they're rewarded. Bless this frame,
I feel it much too weak to bear the joy on't.
[*Kneels.*

Lady Ager. Rise, sir.

Cap. Ager. O, pardon me!
I cannot honour you too much, too long.
I kneel not only to a mother now,

But to a woman that was never false:
Ye're dear, and ye're good too; I think a' that:
What reverence does she merit! 'tis fit such
Should be distinguish'd from the prostrate sex;
And what distinction properer can be shewn,
Than honour done to her that keeps her own?

LADY AGER. Come, sir, I'll have you rise.

CAP. AGER. To do a deed, then, [*Rises.*
That shall for ever raise me. O my glory,
Why, this, this is the quarrel that I look'd for!
The other[a] but a shift to hold time play.
You sacred ministers of preservation,
For heaven's sake send him life,
And with it mighty health, and such a strength
May equal but the cause! I wish no foul things:
If life but glow in him, he shall know instantly
That I'm resolv'd to call him to account for't.

LADY AGER. Why, hark you, sir ——

CAP. AGER. I bind you by your honour, madam,
You speak no hindrance to's; take heed, you ought not.

LADY AGER. What an unhappiness have I in goodness!
'Tis ever my desire to intend well,
But have no fortunate way in't. For all this
Deserve I yet no better of you
But to be griev'd again? Are you not well
With honest gain of fame, with safety purchas'd?
Will you needs tempt a ruin that avoids you? [*Exit.*

CAP. AGER. No, you've prevail'd: things of this nature sprung,
When they use action must use little tongue.—

Enter Servant.

Now, sir, the news?

[a] *the other*] Old eds. "*the* tother."

Ser. Sir, there's a gentlewoman
Desires some conference with you.
Cap. Ager. How, with me?
A gentlewoman? what is she?
Ser. Her attendant
Deliver'd her to be the Colonel's sister.
Cap. Ager. O, for a storm then! [*Exit Servant.*]
'Las, poor, virtuous gentlewoman,
I will endure her violence with much pity!
She comes to ease her heart, good, noble soul;
'Tis e'en a charity to release the burden;
Were not that remedy ordain'd for women,
Their hearts would never hold three years together:
And here she comes; I never mark'd so much of her;

Enter Colonel's Sister.

That face can be the mistress of no anger
But I might very well endure a month, methinks.—
I am the man; speak, lady; I'll stand fair.
Col.'s Sist. And I'm enjoin'd by vow to fall thus low, [*Kneels.*
And from the dying hand of a repentant
Offer, for expiation of wrongs done you,
Myself, and with myself all that was his,
Which upon that condition was made mine,
Being his soul's wish to depart absolute man,
In life a soldier, death a Christian.
Cap. Ager. O, heaven has touch'd him nobly! how it shames
My virtue's slow perfection! Rise, dear brightness—
I forget manners too — up, matchless sweetness!
Col.'s Sist. I must not, sir; there is not in my vow
That liberty; I must be receiv'd first,
Or all denied; if either, I am free.

CAP. AGER. He must be without soul should deny thee;
And with that reverence I receive the gift
As it was sent me. [*Raises her.*] Worthy Colonel,
Has such a conquering way i' th' blest things!
Who ever overcomes, he only wins. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Street: a noise of "hem" within.[a]

Enter CAPTAIN ALBO, MEG, *and* PRISS.

MEG. Hark of these hard-hearted bloodhounds! these butchers are e'en as merciless as their dogs; they knock down a woman's fame e'en as it walks the streets by 'em.

PRISS. And the captain here that should defend us walks by like John of the apple-loft.

CAP. ALBO. What for interjections, Priss, *hem, evax, vah?*[b] let the carnifexes[c] scour their throats! thou knowest there is a curse hangs over their bloody heads; this year there shall be more butchers' pricks burnt than of all trades besides.

MEG. I do wonder how thou camest to be a captain.

CAP. ALBO. As thou camest to be a bawd, Meg, and Priss to be a whore; every one by their deserts.

MEG. Bawd and whore? out, you unprofitable

[a] *a noise of "hem" within*] Compare p. 205, where Bellafront says that during her days of vice, when she appeared in the street, "though with face mask'd," she "could not scape the *hem*."

[b] *hem, evax, vah*] Latin interjections.

[c] *carnifexes*] i. e. scoundrels—Lat. *carnifex*, a hangman, or rogue.

rascal! hast not thou been at the new play yet, to teach thee better manners? truly they say they are the finest players, and good speakers of gentlewomen of our quality; bawd and whore are[c] not mentioned amongst 'em, but the handsomest narrow-mouthed names they have for us, that some of them may serve as well for a lady as for one of our occupation.

Priss. Prithee, patroness, let's go see a piece of that play; if we shall have good words for our money, 'tis as much as we can deserve, i'faith.

Meg. I doubt 'tis too late now; but another time, servant.

Cap. Albo. Let's go now, sweet face; I am acquainted with one of the pantomimics; the bulchins[d] will use the Irish captain with respect, and you two shall be boxed amongst the better sort.

Priss. Sirrah captain Albo, I doubt you are but white-livered; look that you defend us valiantly, you know your penance else.—Patroness, you remember how you used him once?

Meg. Ay, servant, and I shall never forget it till I use him so again.—Do you remember, captain?

Cap. Albo. Mum, Meg; I will not hear on't now.

Meg. How I and my Amazons stript you as naked as an Indian ——

Cap. Albo. Why, Meg ——

Meg. And then how I bound you to the good behaviour in the open fields ——

Priss. And then you strowed oats upon his hoppers ——

Cap. Albo. Prithee, sweet face ——

[c] *are*] Old. edn. "is."
[d] *bulchins*] Or *bulkins*—i. e. bull-calves.

PRISS. And then brought your ducks to nibble upon him.—You remember?

CAP. ALBO. O, the remembrance tortures me again! no more, good sweet face.

MEG. Well, lead on, sir; but hark a little.

Enter CHOUGH *and* TRIMTRAM.

CHOUGH. Didst thou bargain for the bladders with the butcher, Trim?

TRIM. Ay, sir, I have 'em here; I'll practise to swim too, sir, and then I may roar with the water at London Bridge: he that roars by land and by water both is the perfect roarer.

CHOUGH. Well, I'll venture to swim too: if my father-in-law gives me a good dowry with his daughter, I shall hold up my head well enough.

TRIM. Peace, sir; here's practice for our roaring, here's a centaur and two hippocrenes.

CHOUGH. Offer the jostle, Trim.

[TRIMTRAM *jostles* CAPTAIN ALBO.

CAP. ALBO. Ha! what meanest thou by that?

TRIM. I mean to confront thee, cyclops.

CHOUGH. I'll tell thee what 'a means—is this thy sister?

CAP. ALBO. How then, sir?

CHOUGH. Why, then, I say she is a bronstrops; and this is a fucus.[f]

PRISS. No, indeed, sir; we are both fucusses.

CAP. ALBO. Art thou military? art thou a soldier?

CHOUGH. A soldier? no, I scorn to be so poor; I am a roarer.

CAP. ALBO. A roarer?

TRIM. Ay, sir, two roarers.

[f] *bronstrops . . . fucus*] See notes, p. 508.

Cap. Albo. Know, then, my fresh-water friends, that I am a captain.

Chough. What, and have but two to serve under you?

Cap. Albo. I am now retiring the field.

Trim. You may see that by his bag and baggage.

Chough. Deliver up thy panagron to me.

Trim. And give me thy sindicus.

Cap. Albo. Deliver?

Meg. I pray you, captain, be contented; the gentlemen seem to give us very good words.

Chough. Good words? ay, if you could understand 'em; the words cost twenty pound.

Meg. What is your pleasure, gentlemen?

Chough. I would enucleate my fructifer.

Priss. What says he, patroness?

Meg. He would enoculate: I understand the gentleman very pithily.

Cap. Albo. Speak, are you gentle or plebeian? can you give arms?

Chough. Arms? ay, sir; you shall feel our arms presently.

Trim. 'Sault you the women; I'll pepper him till he stinks again: I perceive what countryman he is; let me alone with him.

Cap. Albo. Darest thou charge a captain?

Trim. Yes, and discharge upon him too.

Cap. Albo. Foh, 'tis poison to my country, the slave has eaten pippins! O, shoot no more! turn both thy broadsides rather than thy poop; 'tis foul play; my country breeds no poison.[g] I yield; the great O Toole[h] shall yield on these conditions.

[g] *my country breeds no poison*] The captain's country was Ireland: see note, p. 177.

[h] *O Toole*] Was a person notorious for his romantic bravery, vanity, and eccentricity. There is a rare print of him—

CHOUGH. I have given one of 'em a fair fall, Trim.

TRIM. Then thus far we bring home conquest.—Follow me, captain; the cyclops doth command.

CHOUGH. Follow me, tweaks,[1] the centaur doth command.

MEG. Any thing, sweet gentlemen: will't please you to lead to the tavern, where we'll make all friends?

TRIM. Why, now you come to the conclusion.

CHOUGH. Stay, Trim; I have heard your tweaks are like your mermaids, they have sweet voices to

Arthurus Severus O Toole None-such, Æt. 80—representing an old man in armour, carrying in his hand a sword ornamented with crowns, and having at bottom verses,

"Great Moguls landlord, both Indies king," &c.

It was prefixed to the first edition of a poem by Taylor, 1622, *To the Honour of the Noble Captaine O Toole*, which is reprinted in the water-poet's *Works*, 1630. In this ironical panegyric his exploits against the Irish rebels are celebrated;

"Thou shewdst thy selfe a doughty wight at Dublin:
When Irish Rebells madly brought the trouble in,
At Baltimore, Kinsale, at Corke and Yoghall," &c.

But his own country was not the only one in which O Toole figured; he served as a volunteer, and displayed his courage and absurdities in various parts of Europe. The *Argument* to the poem just quoted informs us, that his "Youth was Dedicated to Mars and his Age to Westminster, which ancient Cittie is now honour'd with his beloued Residance."

[1] *tweaks*] Equivalent to punks:

"A rare sense-seazing *Tweake.*"
Brathwait's *Honest Ghost*, 1658, p. 95,

in which work the word also occurs at pp. 110, 111, 173, 262. Brome uses it in a very different sense: "O they are a brace of subtle dry Tweakes" [i. e. whoremongers], says Careless, speaking of Thrivewell and Saveall,—*A Mad Couple well matched*, sig. E 2, (*Five New Playes*,) 1653.

entice the passengers: let's have a song, and then we'll set 'em at liberty.

Trim. In the commendation of roaring, not else, sir.

Chough. Ay, in the commendation of roaring.

Meg. The best we can, gentlemen.

[*Sings*, Priss *joining in chorus.*

Then here thou shalt resign
Both captain and commander;
That name was never thine,
But apple-squire[j] *and pander;*
And henceforth will we grant,
In pillage or in monies,
In clothing or provant,[k]
Whate'er we get by conies:
With a hone, a hone, a hone,
No cheaters nor decoys
Shall have a share, but alone
The bravest roaring boys.

Whate'er we get by gulls
Of country or of city,
Old flat-caps[l] *or young heirs,*
Or lawyers' clerks so witty;
By sailors newly landed,
To put in for fresh waters;
By wandering gander-mooners,[m]
Or muffled late night-walkers.
With a hone, &c.

[j] *apple-squire*] See note, p. 232.

[k] *provant*] i. e. provender, provision.

[l] *flat-caps*] See note, p. 58.

[m] *gander-mooners*] i. e. married gallants—"*Gander-month*, that month in which a man's wife lies in," &c. &c. Grose's *Clas. Dict. of the Vulgar Tongue.*

"I'le keep her at the least this *Gander-moneth*,
While my fair wife lies in," &c.

Brome's *English-Moor*, p. 40—*Five New Playes*, 1659.

Whate'er we get by strangers,
The Scotch, the Dutch, or Irish,
Or, to come nearer home,
By masters of the parish;
It is concluded thus,
By all and every wench,
To take of all their coins,
And pay 'em back in French.
With a hone, &c.

CHOUGH. Melodious minotaur!

TRIM. Harmonious hippocrene!

CHOUGH. Sweet-breasted[m] bronstrops!

TRIM. Most tunable tweak!

CHOUGH. Delicious duplar!

TRIM. Putrefactious panagron!

CHOUGH. Calumnious calicut!

TRIM. And most singular sindicus!

MEG. We shall never be able to deserve these good words at your hands, gentlemen.

CAP. ALBO. Shake golls[n] with the captain; he shall be thy valiant friend.

CHOUGH. Not yet, captain; we must make an end of our roaring first.

TRIM. We'll serve 'em as we did the tobacco-man, lay a curse upon 'em; marry, we'll lay it on gently, because they have used us so kindly, and then we'll shake golls[n] together.

PRISS. As gently as you can, sweet gentlemen.

CHOUGH. For thee, O pander, mayst thou trudge till the damned soles of thy boots fleet into dirt, but never rise into air!

TRIM. Next, mayst thou fleet so long from place to place, till thou be'st kicked out of Fleet Street!

[m] *sweet-breasted*] i. e. sweet-voiced.
[n] *golls*] See note, p. 23.

CHOUGH. As thou hast lived by bad flesh, so rotten mutton be thy bane!

TRIM. When thou art dead, may twenty whores follow thee, that thou mayst go a squire[o] to thy grave!

CAP. ALBO. Enough for me, sweet faces; let me sleep in my grave.

CHOUGH. For thee, old sindicus, may I see thee[p] ride in a caroch with two wheels, and drawn with one horse!

TRIM. Ten beadles running by, instead of footmen!

CHOUGH. With every one a whip, 'stead of an Irish dart![q]

TRIM. Forty barbers' basins[r] sounding before, instead of trumpets!

MEG. This will be comely indeed, sweet gentlemen roarers.

TRIM. Thy ruff starched yellow[s] with rotten eggs!

CHOUGH. And mayst thou then be drawn from Holborn to Hounslow Heath!

[o] *squire*] See note, p. 232.

[p] *may I see*, &c.] i. e. may I see thee carted: vide note, p. 238.

[q] *footmen . . . Irish dart*] See note, p. 131. An allusion to the darts carried by the Irish running footmen occurs at p. 176. In Field's *Amends for Ladies*, 1618 (reprinted by Mr. Collier in a supplementary volume to Dodsley's *Old Plays*), is a stage-direction, "Enter Maid, like *an Irish foot-boy with a dart*," act ii. sc. 3, where the editor observes, "the dart . . . was perhaps intended as an indication of the country from which they came, as being part of the accoutrements of the native Irish: thus, in the description of the dumb-shew preceding act ii. of *The Misfortunes of Arthur*, we find the following passage; 'after which there came a man bare-headed, with long black shagged hair down to his shoulders, apparelled with an Irish jacket and shirt, having an Irish dagger by his side, and a dart in his hand.'"

[r] *barber's basins*] See note, p. 238.

[s] *ruff starched yellow*] See note, p. 422.

Trim. And then be burnt to Colebrook, for destroying of Maidenhead!

Meg. I will study to deserve this kindness at your hands, gentlemen.

Chough. Now for thee, little fucus; mayst thou first serve out thy time as a tweak, and then become a bronstrops,[t] as she is!

Trim. Mayst thou have a reasonable good spring, for thou art like to have many dangerous foul falls!

Chough. Mayst thou have two ruffs torn in one week!

Trim. May spiders only weave thy cobweb-lawn!

Chough. Mayst thou set up in Rogue-lane —

Trim. Live till thou stinkest in Garden-alleys —

Chough. And die sweetly in Tower-ditch!

Priss. I thank you for that, good sir roarer.

Chough. Come, shall we go now, Trim? my father-in-law stays for me all this while.

Trim. Nay, I'll serve 'em as we did the tobacco-man; I'll bury 'em altogether, and give 'em an epitaph.

Chough. All together, Trim? why, then, the epitaph will be accessary to the sin.

Trim. Alas, he has kept the door all his life-time! for pity, let 'em lie together in their graves.[u]

Cap. Albo. E'en as thou wilt, Trim, and I thank you too, sir.

Trim. *He that the reason would know, let him hark,*
Why these three[v] *were buried near Marybone Park;*
These three were a pander, a bawd, and a whore,
That suck'd many dry to the bones before.

[t] *tweak . . . bronstrops*] See notes, pp. 508, 527.

[u] *Alas, he has . . . their graves*] Forms part of Chough's speech in old eds.—*kept the door*, i. e. been a pander.

[v] *three*] Old eds. "two."

Will you know how they liv'd? here't may be read;
The Low Countries did ever find 'em bread;
They liv'd by Flushing, by Sluys, and the Groyne,
Sicken'd in France, and died under the Line.
Three letters at last commended 'em hither,
But the hangman broke one in putting together:
P was the first, who cries out for a pardon,
O craves his book, yet could not read such a hard one,
An X was the last, which in conjunction
Was broke by Brandon;[v] *and here's the conclusion:*
By three trees, three letters, these three, pander, band, whore,
Now stink below ground, stunk long above before.

CHOUGH. So, now we have done with you; remember roaring boys.

TRIM. Farewell, centaur!

CHOUGH. Farewell, bronstrops!

TRIM. Farewell, fucus!

[*Exeunt* CHOUGH *and* TRIMTRAM.

CAP. ALBO. Well, Meg, I will learn to roar, and still maintain the name of captain over these lance-presadoes.[w]

MEG. If thou dost not, mayst thou be buried under the roaring curse! [*Exeunt.*

[v] *Brandon*] From a tract dated 1649, and entitled *The Last Will and Testament of Richard Brandon*, &c. (the executioner who is supposed to have beheaded King Charles the First: see Ellis's *Letters Ill. of Engl. Hist.* vol. iii. p. 341, Second Series), we learn that "he was the only son of Gregory Brandon, and claimed the Gallows by inheritance," p. 7. The Brandon mentioned in the text was probably Gregory.

[w] *lancepresadoes*] i. e. the lowest officers of foot, under the corporals: see Nares's *Gloss.* in v. *Lancepesado* (for the word is variously written), and my note on Webster's *Works*, vol. ii. p. 269.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room in RUSSELL'S *House.*

Enter Physician, and JANE *dressed as a bride.*

PHY. Will you be obstinate?
JANE. Torment me not,
Thou lingering executioner to death,
Greatest disease to nature, that striv'st by art
To make men long a-dying! your practice is
Upon men's bodies; as men pull roses
For their own relish, but to kill the flower,
So you maintain your lives by others' deaths:
What eat you then but[w] carrion?
PHY. Fie, bitterness!
Ye'd need to candy o'er your tongue a little,
Your words will hardly be digested else.
JANE. You can give yourself a vomit to return 'em,
If they offend your stomach.
PHY. Hear my vow;
You are[x] to be married to-day ——
JANE. A second torment,
Worse than the first, 'cause unavoidable!
I would I could as soon annihilate
My father's will in that as forbid thy lust!
PHY. If you then tender an unwilling hand,
Meet it with revenge, marry a cuckold.
JANE. If thou wilt marry me, I'll make that vow,
And give my body for satisfaction
To him that should enjoy me for his wife.
PHY. Go to; I'll mar your marriage.
JANE. Do; plague me so:
I'll rather bear the brand of all that's past,

[w] *but*] Old eds. "by."
[x] *You are*, &c.] Ed. 1622 has "*You* that *are*," &c.

In capital characters upon my brow,
Than think to be thy whore or marry him.
PHY. I will defame thee ever ——
JANE. Spare me not.
PHY. I will produce thy bastard,
Bring thee to public penance ——
JANE. No matter, I care not;
I shall then have a clean sheet; I'll wear twenty,
Rather than one defil'd with thee.
PHY. Look for revenge!
JANE. Pursue it fully then.—Out of his hate
I shall escape,[y] I hope, a loathed fate.
[*Aside, and exit.*
PHY. Am I rejected, all my baits nibbled off,
And not the fish caught? I'll trouble the whole stream,
And choke it in the mud: since hooks not take,
I'll throw in nets that shall or kill or break.

Enter TRIMTRAM *with rosemary.*[z]

This is the bridegroom's man.—Hark, sir, a word.
TRIM. 'Tis a busy day, sir, nor I need no physic;
You see I scour about my business.
PHY. Pray you, a word, sir: your master is to be married to-day?
TRIM. Else all this rosemary's lost.
PHY. I would speak with your master, sir.
TRIM. My master, sir, is to be married this morning, and cannot be within while[a] soon at night.
PHY. If you will do your master the best service
That e'er you did him; if he shall not curse
Your negligence hereafter slacking it;
If he shall bless me for the dearest friend

[y] *escape*] First ed. "pursue," the compositor's eye having caught the word immediately above. The line is wanting in ed. 1622.
[z] *rosemary*] Used at weddings. See note, vol. i. p. 231.
[a] *while*] i. e. until.

That ever his acquaintance met withal;
Let me speak with him ere he go to church.

TRIM. A right physician! you would have none go to the church nor churchyard till you send them thither: well, if death do not spare you yourselves, he deals hardly with you, for you are better benefactors and send more to him than all diseases besides.

CHOUGH [*within*]. What, Trimtram, Trimtram!

TRIM. I come, sir.—Hark you, you may hear him! he's upon the spur, and would fain mount the saddle of matrimony; but, if I can, I'll persuade him to come to you.

PHY. Pray you, do, sir. [*Exit* TRIMTRAM.]—I'll teach all peevish niceness[b]
To beware the strong advantage of revenge.

Enter CHOUGH.

CHOUGH. Who's that would speak with me?

PHY. None but a friend, sir; I would speak with you.

CHOUGH. Why, sir, and I dare speak with any man under the universe. Can you roar, sir?

PHY. No, in faith, sir;
I come to tell you mildly for your good,
If you please to hear me: you are upon marriage?

CHOUGH. No, sir; I am towards it, but not upon it yet.

PHY. Do you know what you do?

CHOUGH. Yes, sir, I have practised what to do before now; I would be ashamed to be married else; I have seen a bronstrops in my time, and a hippocrene, and a tweak too.

PHY. Take fair heed, sir; the wife that you would marry
Is not fit for you.

[b] *peevish niceness*] i. e. foolish scrupulousness.

Chough. Why, sir, have you tried her?

Phy. Not I, believe it, sir; but believe withal
She has been tried.

Chough. Why, sir, is she a fructifer or a fucus?

Phy. All that I speak, sir, is in love to you:
Your bride, that may be, has not that portion
That a bride should have.

Chough. Why, sir, she has a thousand and a better penny.

Phy. I do not speak of rubbish, dross, and ore,
But the refinèd metal, honour, sir.

Chough. What she wants in honour shall be made up in worship, sir; money will purchase both.

Phy. To be plain with you, she's naught.

Chough. If thou canst not roar, thou'rt a dead man! my bride naught? [*Drawing his sword.*

Phy. Sir, I do not fear you that way; what I speak [*Drawing his sword.*
My life shall maintain; I say she is naught.

Chough. Dost thou not fear me?

Phy. Indeed I do not, sir.

Chough. I'll never draw upon thee while I live for that trick; put up and speak freely.

Phy. Your intended bride is a whore; that's freely, sir.

Chough. Yes, faith, a whore's free enough, and[b] she hath a conscience: is she a whore? foot, I warrant she has the pox then.

Phy. Worse, the plague; 'tis more incurable.

Chough. A plaguy whore? a pox on her, I'll none of her!

Phy. Mine accusation shall have firm evidence;
I will produce an unavoided witness,
A bastard of her bearing.

Chough. A bastard? 'snails, there's great sus-

[b] *and*] i. e. if.

picion she's a whore then! I'll wrestle a fall with her father for putting this trick upon me, as I am a gentleman.

PHY. Good sir, mistake me not; I do not speak
To break the contract of united hearts;
I will not pull that curse upon my head,
To separate the husband and the wife;
But this, in love, I thought fit to reveal,
As the due office betwixt man and man,
That you might not be ignorant of your ills.
Consider now of my premonishment
As yourself shall please.

CHOUGH. I'll burn all the rosemary to sweeten the house, for, in my conscience, 'tis infected: has she drunk bastard?[c] if she would piss me wine-vinegar now nine times a-day, I'd never have her, and I thank you too.

Re-enter TRIMTRAM.

TRIM. Come, will you come away, sir? they have all rosemary, and stay for you to lead the way.

CHOUGH. I'll not be married to-day, Trimtram: hast e'er an almanac about thee? this is the nineteenth of August, look what day of the month 'tis.

TRIM. 'Tis tenty-nine[d] indeed, sir.

[*Looks in an almanac.*

CHOUGH. What's the word?[e] what says Bretnor?[f]

[c] *bastard*] See note, p. 45.

[d] *tenty-nine*] i. e. ten and nine.—Perhaps it is unnecessary to remark, that what Chough has just said, "this is the nineteenth of August, look what day of the month 'tis," is intended to exhibit the confusion of his ideas.

[e] *the word*] i. e. the motto, or short sentence, annexed to each day.

[f] *Bretnor*] This person was a celebrated pretender to soothsaying and an almanac-maker: see Gifford's note on B. Jonson's *Devil is an Ass—Works*, vol. v. p. 17. He is again mentioned in our author's *Inner Temple Masque*.

TRIM. The word is, sir. There's a hole in her coat.

CHOUGH. I thought so; the physician agrees with him. I'll not marry to-day.

TRIM. I pray you, sir, there will be charges for new rosemary else; this will be withered by tomorrow.

CHOUGH. Make a bonfire on't, to sweeten Rosemary-lane; prithee, Trim, entreat my father-in-law that might have been, to come and speak with me.

TRIM. The bride cries already and looks t'other way; and you be so backward too, we shall have a fine arsewart wending on't. [Exit.

CHOUGH. You'll stand to your words, sir?

PHY. I'll not fly the house, sir;
When you have need, call me to evidence.

CHOUGH. If you'll prove she has borne a bastard, I'll stand to't she's a whore. [Exit Physician.

Enter RUSSELL *and* TRIMTRAM.

RUS. Why, how now, son? what causeth these delays?
All stay for your leading.

CHOUGH. Came I from the Mount[g] to be confronted?

RUS. How's that, sir?

CHOUGH. Canst thou roar, old man?

RUS. Roar? how mean you, sir?

CHOUGH. Why, then, I'll tell thee plainly, thy daughter is a bronstrops.

RUS. A bronstrops? what's that, sir?

TRIM. Sir, if she be so, she is a hippocrene.

CHOUGH. Nay, worse, she is a fructifer.

TRIM. Nay, then, she is a fucus, a minotaur, and a tweak.

[f] *and*] i. e. if.
[g] *the Mount*] See note, p. 482.

Rus. Pray you, speak to my understanding, sir.

Chough. If thou wilt have it in plain terms, she is a callicut and a panagron.

Trim. Nay, then, she is a duplar and a sindicus.

Rus. Good sir, speak English to me.

Chough. All this is Cornish to thee; I say thy daughter has drunk bastard[h] in her time.

Rus. Bastard? you do not mean to make her a whore?

Chough. Yes, but I do, if she make a fool of me; I'll ne'er make her my wife till she have her maidenhead again.

Rus. A whore? I do defy this calumny.

Chough. Dost thou? I defy thee then.

Trim. Do you, sir? then I defy thee too: fight with us both at once in this quarrel, if thou darest!

Chough. I could have had a whore at Plymouth.

Trim. Ay, or at Pe'ryn.[i]

Chough. Ay, or under the Mount.

Trim. Or as you came, at Ivel.[j]

Chough. Or at Wookey-Hole[k] in Somersetshire.

Trim. Or at the Hanging-stones in Wiltshire.

Chough. Or at Maidenhead in Berkshire: and did I come in by Maidenhead, to go out by Staines? O, that man, woman, or child, would wrestle with me for a pound of patience!

Rus. Some thief has put in poison at your ears,
To steal the good name of my child from me;
Or if it be a malice of your own,
Be sure I will enforce a proof from you.

Chough. He's a goose and a woodcock that says I will not prove any word that I speak.

[h] *bastard*] See note, p. 45.
[i] *Pe'ryn*] i. e. Penryn.
[j] *Ivel*] Or Yeovil. Old eds. "Euill."
[k] *Wookey-Hole*] Old eds. "Hoc-kye *hole*."

TRIM. Ay, either goose or woodcock; he shall, sir, with any man.

CHOUGH. Phy-si-ci-an! mauz avez physician!)

RUS. Is he the author?

Re-enter Physician.

PHY. Sir, with much sorrow for your sorrow's sake,
I must deliver this most certain truth;
Your daughter is an honour-stained bride,
Indeed she is the mother to a child
Before the lawful wife unto a husband.

CHOUGH. La, that's worse than I told thee; I said she had borne a bastard, and he says she was the mother on't too.

RUS. I'm yet an infidel against all this,
And will believe the sun is made of brass,
The stars of amber ——

CHOUGH. And the moon of a Holland cheese.

RUS. Rather than this impossibility.
O, here she comes.

Re-enter JANE *with* ANNE.

Nay come, daughter, stand at the bar of shame;
Either now quit thyself, or kill me ever:
Your marriage-day is spoil'd, if all be true.

JANE. A happy misery! who's my accuser?

PHY. I am, that knows it true I speak.

CHOUGH. Yes, and I'm his witness.

TRIM. And I.

CHOUGH. And I again.

TRIM. And I again too; there's four, that's enough I hope.

RUS. How can you witness, sir, that nothing know
But what you have receiv'd from his report?

) *Mauz avez*] Is this Cornish?

mock-Cornish, perhaps

CHOUGH. Must we not believe our physicians? pray you, think I know as much as every fool does.

TRIM. Let me be Trimtram, I pray you too, sir.

JANE. Sir, if this bad man have laid a blemish
On my white name, he is a most false one,
Defaming me for the just denial
Of his foul lust.—Nay, now you shall be known, sir.

ANNE. Sir, I'm his sister, and do better know him
Than all of you: give not too much belief
To his wild words; he's oftentimes mad, sir.

PHY. I thank you, good sister!

ANNE. Are you not mad
To do this office? fie upon your malice!

PHY. I'll presently produce both nurse and child,
Whose very eyes shall call her mother before it speaks. [*Exit.*

CHOUGH. Ha, ha, ha, ha! by my troth, I'd spend a shilling on that condition to hear that: I think in my conscience I shall take the physician in a lie; if the child call her mother before it can speak, I'll never wrestle while I live again.

TRIM. It must be a she child if it do, sir; and those speak the soonest of any living creatures, they say.

CHOUGH. Baw, waw! a dog will bark a month sooner; he's a very puppy else.

RUS. Come, tell truth 'twixt ourselves; here's none but friends:
One spot a father's love will soon wipe off;
The truth, and the[reb]y try my love abundant;
I'll cover it with all the care I have,
And yet, perhaps, make up a marriage-day.

JANE. Then it's true, sir, I have a] child.

RUS. Hast thou?

] *a*] So ed. 1622. Not in first ed.

Well, wipe thine eyes; I'm a grandfather then.
If all bastards were banish'd, the city would be thin
In the thickest term-time. Well, now let me alone,
I'll try my wits for thee.—Richard, Francis, Andrew!
None of my knaves within?

Enter Servant.

Ser. Here's one of 'em, sir: the guests come in apace.

Rus. Do they, Dick? let 'em have wine and sugar;[j] we'll be for 'em presently; but hark, Dick. [*Whispers Servant.*

Chough. I long to hear this child speak, i'faith, Trim; I would this foolish physician would come once.

Trim. If it calls her mother, I hope it shall never call you father.

Chough. No; and[k] it do, I'll whip it, i'faith, and give thee leave to whip me.

Rus. Run on thy best legs, Dick.

Ser. I'll be here in a twinkling, sir. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Physician, with Dutch Nurse and child.

Phy. Now, gentlemen, believe your eyes, if not My tongue.—Do not you call this your child?

Chough. Phew, that's not the point! you promised us the child should call her mother; if it does this month, I'll ne'er go to the roaring-school again.

Rus. Whose child is this, nurse?

Nurse. Dis gentleman's, so he to me readen.
[*Points to the physician.*

Chough. 'Snails, she's the physician's bronstrops, Trim!

[j] *wine and sugar*] Formerly sugar was almost always mixed with wine.

[k] *and*] i. e. if.

TRIM. His fucus, his very tweak, i'faith.

CHOUGH. A glister in his teeth! let him take her, with a purgation to him!

RUS. 'Tis as your sister said, you are stark mad, sir,
This much confirms it; you have defamèd
Mine honest daughter; I'll have you punish'd for't,
Besides the civil penance of your sin,
And keeping of your bastard.

PHY. This is fine!
All your wit and wealth must not thus carry it.

RUS. Sir Chough, a word with you.

CHOUGH. I'll not have her, i'faith, sir; if Trim-tram will have her, and[1] he will, let him.

TRIM. Who, I, sir? I scorn it: if you'll have her, I'll have her too; I'll do as you do, and no otherwise.

RUS. I do not mean't to either; this only, sir,
That whatsoe'er you've seen, you would be silent;
Hinder not my child of another husband,
Though you forsake her.

CHOUGH. I'll not speak a word, i'faith.

RUS. As you are a gentleman?

CHOUGH. By these basket-hilts, as I am a youth, a gentleman, a roarer.

RUS. Charm[m] your man, I beseech you, too.

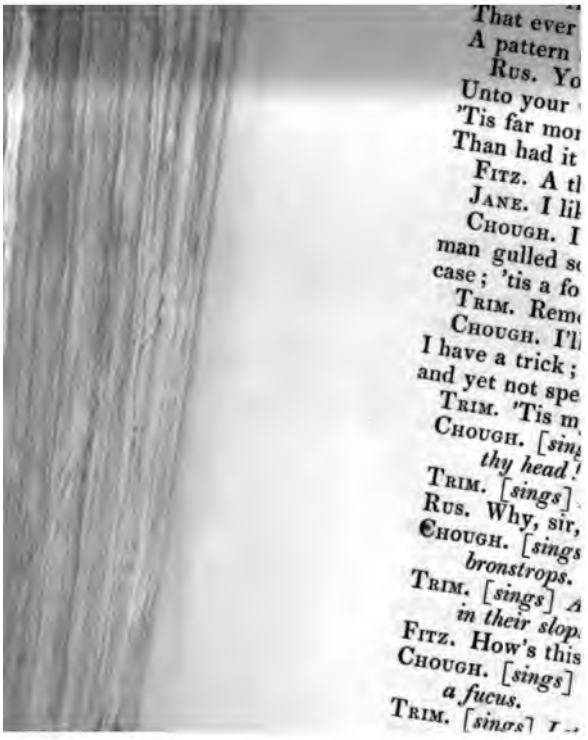
CHOUGH. I warrant you, sir, he shall do nothing but what I do before him.

RUS. I shall most dearly thank you.—

Re-enter Servant with FITZALLEN.

O, are you come?
Welcome, son-in-law! this was beyond your hope:
We old men have pretty conceits sometimes;

[1] *and*] i. e. if.
[m] *charm*] i. e. make silent (as if by a strong charm).



That ever
A pattern
Rus. Yo
Unto your
'Tis far mo
Than had it
Fitz. A t
Jane. I li
Chough. I
man gulled s
case; 'tis a fo
Trim. Rem
Chough. I'l
I have a trick;
and yet not spe
Trim. 'Tis m
Chough. [*sin*
thy head
Trim. [*sings*]
Rus. Why, sir,
Chough. [*sings*
bronstrops.
Trim. [*sings*] *A*
in their slop
Fitz. How's this
Chough. [*sings*]
a fucus.
Trim. [*sings*]

Rus. Good sir ——

Chough. [*sings*] *Behold a baby of this maid's begetting.*

Trim. [*sings*] *A deed of darkness after the sun-setting.*

Rus. Your oath, sir!

Chough. [*sings*] *I swear and sing thy bride has taken physic.*

Trim. [*sings*] *This was the doctor cur'd her of that phthisic.*

Chough. [*sings*] *If you'll believe me, I will say no more.*

Trim. [*sings*] *Thy bride's a tweak, as we do say that roar.*

Chough. Bear witness, gentlemen, I have not spoke a word; my hilts are whole still.

Fitz. This is a sweet epithalamium
Unto the marriage-bed, a musical,
Harmonious Iö! Sir, you have wrong'd me,
And basely wrong'd me! was this your cunning fetch,
To fetch me out of prison, for ever to marry me
Unto a strumpet?

Rus. None of those words, good sir;
'Tis but a fault, and 'tis a sweet one too.
Come, sir, your means is short; lengthen your fortunes
With a fair proffer: I'll put a thousand pieces
Into the scale, to help her to weigh it up,
Above the first dowry.

Fitz. Ha? you say well;
Shame may be bought out at a dear rate;
A thousand pieces added to her dowry!

Rus. There's five hundred of 'em to make the bargain; [*Gives money.*

I've worthy guests coming, and would not delude 'em;
Say, speak like a son to me.

Fitz. Your blessing, sir;
We are both yours:—witness, gentlemen,
These must be made up a thousand pieces,
Added to a first thousand for her dowry,
To father that child.

Phy. O, is it out now?

Chough. For t'other thousand I'll do't myself yet.

Trim. Or I, if my master will.

Fitz. The bargain's made, sir; I have the tender
And possession both, and will keep my purchase.

Chough. Take her e'en to you with all her moveables; I'll wear my bachelor's buttons still.

Trim. So will I, i'faith; they are the best flowers in any man's garden, next to heart's-ease.

Fitz. This is as welcome as the other, sir,
And both as the best bliss that e'er on earth
I shall enjoy. Sir, this is mine own child;
You could not have found out a fitter father;
Nor is it basely bred, as you imagine,
For we were wedded by the hand of heaven
Ere this work was begun.

Chough. At Pancridge,[o] I'll lay my life on't.

Trim. I'll lay my life on't too, 'twas there.

Fitz. Somewhere it was, sir.

Rus. Was't so, i'faith, son?

Jane. And that I must have reveal'd to you, sir,
Ere I had gone to church with this fair groom;
But, thank this gentleman, he prevented[p] me.—
I am much bound unto your malice, sir.

[o] *Pancridge*] A corruption of *Pancras*: "Otherwise they must keepe aloofe at *Pancredge*, and cannot come neare *the liberties*," &c. Nash's *Pierce Pennilesse*, sig. E 4, ed. 1595.

[p] *prevented*] i. e. anticipated.

PHY. I am asham'd.

JANE. Shame to amendment then.

RUS. Now get you together for a couple of cunning ones!

But, son, a word; the latter thousand pieces
Is now more than bargain.

FITZ. No, by my faith, sir,
Here's witness enough on it; it must serve
To pay my fees, imprisonment is costly.

CHOUGH. By my troth, the old man has gulled himself finely! Well, sir, I'll bid myself a guest, though not a groom; I'll dine, and dance, and roar at the wedding for all this.

TRIM. So will I, sir, if my master does.

RUS. Well, sir, you're welcome: but now, no more words on't

Till we be set at dinner, for there will mirth
Be the most useful for digestion:
See, my best guests are coming.

Enter LADY AGER, *Colonel's Sister*, CAPTAIN AGER, *his two Friends, and Surgeon.*

CAP. AGER. Recover'd, sayst thou?

SURG. May I be excluded quite out of Surgeons' Hall else! marry, I must tell you the wound was fain to be twice corroded; 'twas a plain gastrolophe,[q] and a deep one; but I closed the lips on't with bandages and sutures,[r] which is a kind[s] conjunction of the parts separated against the course of nature.

CAP. AGER. Well, sir, he is well.

[q] *gastrolophe*] Probably a misprint for "gastroraphe:" see the quotation from Sharp's *Surgery* in Todd's Johnson's *Dict.* v. *Gastroraphy.*"

[r] *sutures*] Old eds. "surteures."

[s] *kind*] Ed. 1622 "*kind* of"—wrongly, I believe.

Surg. I feared him, I assure you, captain; before the suture in the belly, it grew almost to a convulsion, and there was like to be a bloody issue from the hollow vessels of the kidneys.

Cap. Ager. There's that, to thank thy news and thy art together. [*Gives him money.*

Surg. And if your worship at any time stand in need of incision, if it be your fortune to light into my hands, I'll give you the best.

Cap. Ager. Uncle, the noble Colonel's recover'd.

Rus. Recover'd!

Then honour is not dead in all parts, coz.

Enter Colonel and two Friends.

First Fr. of Cap. Behold him yonder, sir.

Cap. Ager. My much unworthiness
Is now found out; thou'st not a face to fit it.

First Fr. of Col. Sir, yonder's captain Ager.

Col. O lieutenant,
The wrong I've done his fame puts me to silence;
Shame so confounds me, that I dare not see him.

Cap. Ager. I never knew how poor my deserts were
Till he appear'd; no way to give requital!
Here shame me lastingly, do't with his own:
Return this to him; tell him I have riches
In that abundance in his sister's love,
These come but to oppress me, and confound
All my deservings everlastingly;
I never shall requite my wealth in her, say.
[*Giving will to his friend, who delivers it to the Colonel.*
How soon from virtue and an honour'd spirit
May man receive what he may never merit!

Col. This comes most happily, to express me better;

For since this will was made, there fell to me
The manor of Fitzdale; give him that too;
[*Returning will with other papers.*
He's like to have charge,
There's fair hope of my sister's fruitfulness:
For me, I never mean to change my mistress,
And war is able to maintain her servant.
FIRST FR. OF CAP. Read there; a fair increase, sir, by my faith;
He hath sent it back, sir, with new additions.
CAP. AGER. How miserable he makes me! this enforces me
To break through all the passages of shame,
And headlong fall ——
COL. Into my arms, dear worthy!
CAP. AGER. You have a goodness
Has put me past my answers; you may speak
What you please now, I must be silent ever.
COL. This day has shewn me joy's unvalu'd[t] treasure;
I would not change this brotherhood with a monarch;
Into which blest alliance sacred heaven
Has plac'd my kinsman, and given him his ends:
Fair be that quarrel makes such happy friends!
[*Exeunt omnes.*

[t] *unvalu'd*] i. e. invaluable.

MORE DISSEMBLERS

BESIDES

WOMEN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord Cardinal of Milan.
LACTANTIO, *his nephew.*
ANDRUGIO, *general of Milan.*
Father to Aurelia.
Governor of the fort.
DONDOLO, *servant to Lactantio.*
CROTCHET, *a singing-master.*
SINQUAPACE, *a dancing-master.*
NICHOLAO, *his usher.*
Captain of the Gipsies.
Lords, Gipsies, Servants, and Guards.

Duchess of Milan.
CELIA, *her waiting-woman.*
AURELIA.
Page, Lactantio's mistress in disguise.

Scene, MILAN and the neighbourhood.

MORE DISSEMBLERS

BESIDES

WOMEN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter LACTANTIO, AURELIA, *and Servant.*

Song within.

To be chaste is woman's glory,
'Tis her fame and honour's story:
Here sits she in funeral weeds,
Only bright in virtuous deeds;
Come and read her life and praise,
That singing weeps, and sighing plays.

LAC. Welcome, soul's music! I've been listening here
To melancholy strains from the duchess' lodgings;
That strange great widow, that has vow'd so stiffly
Ne'er to know love's heat in a second husband:
And she has kept the fort most valiantly,
To th' wonder of her sex, this seven year's day,
And that's no sorry trial. A month's constancy
Is held a virtue in a city-widow;
And are they excell'd by so much more i' th' court?
My faith, a rare example for our wives!

Heaven's blessing of[a] her heart for it! poor soul,
She had need have somewhat to comfort her.
What wouldst thou do, faith, now,
If I were dead, suppose I were thy husband,
As shortly I will be, and that's as good?
Speak freely, and[b] thou lov'st me.

AUR. Alas, sir,
I should not have the leisure to make vows;
For dying presently, I should be dead
Before you were laid out!

LAC. Now fie upon thee for a hasty dier!
Wouldst thou not see me buried?

AUR. Talk not on't, sir,
These many years, unless you take delight
To see me swoon, or make a ghost of me.

LAC. Alas, poor soul! I'll kiss thee into colour:
Canst thou paint pale so quickly? I perceive then
Thou'dst go beyond the duchess in her vow,
Thou'dst die indeed. What's he?

AUR. Be settled, sir;
Spend neither doubt nor fear upon that fellow:
Health cannot be more trusty to man's life
Than he to my necessities in love.

LAC. I take him of thy word, and praise his face,
Though he look scurvily; I'll think hereafter
That honesty may walk with fire in's nose,
As well as brave desert in broken clothes:
But for thy further safety, I've provided
A shape, that at first sight will start thy modesty,
And make thee blush perhaps, but 'twill away
After a qualm or two. Virginity
Has been put often to those shifts before thee
Upon extremities; a little boldness
Cannot be call'd immodesty, especially

[a] *of*] i. e. on: so a little after, "I take him *of* thy word."
[b] *and*] i. e. if.

When there's no means without it for our safeties.
Thou know'st my uncle, the lord cardinal,
Wears so severe an eye, so strict and holy,
It not endures the sight of womankind
About his lodgings:
Hardly a matron of fourscore's admitted;
Though she be worn to gums, she comes not there
To mumble matins; all his admiration
Is plac'd upon the duchess; he likes her,
Because she keeps her vow and likes not any;
So does he love that man above his book
That loves no woman: for my fortune's sake then,
For I am like to be his only heir,
I must dissemble, and appear as fair
To his opinion as the brow of piety;
As void of all impureness as an altar:
Thine ear [*whispers*]; that, and we're safe.

AUR. You make me blush, sir.

LAC. 'Tis but a star shot from a beauteous cheek,
It blazes beauty's bounty, and hurts nothing.

AUR. The power of love commands me.

LAC. I shall wither
In comforts, till I see thee. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

The Cardinal's Closet.

Enter Cardinal and Lords.

CAR. My lords, I've work for you: when you have hours
Free from the cares of state, bestow your eyes
Upon those abstracts of the duchess' virtues,
My study's ornaments. I make her constancy
The holy mistress of my contemplation;

Whole volumes have I writ in zealous praise
Of her eternal vow: I have no power
To suffer virtue to go thinly clad.
I that have ever been in youth an old man
To pleasures and to women, and could never
Love, but pity 'em,
And all their momentary frantic follies,
Here I stand up in admiration,
And bow to the chaste health of our great duchess,
Kissing her constant name. O my fair lords,
When we find grace confirm'd, especially
In a creature that's so doubtful as a woman,
We're spirit-ravish'd; men of our probation
Feel the sphere's music playing in their souls.
So long, unto th' eternising of her sex,
Sh'as kept her vow so strictly, and as chaste
As everlasting life is kept for virtue,
Even from the sight of men: to make her oath
As uncorrupt as th' honour of a virgin,
That must be strict in thought, or else that title,
Like one of frailty's ruins, shrinks to dust:
No longer she's a virgin than she's just.

FIRST LORD. Chaste, sir? the truth and justice of her vow
To her deceas'd lord's able to make poor
Man's treasury of praises. But, methinks,
She that has no temptation set before her,
Her virtue has no conquest: then would her constancy
Shine in the brightest goodness of her glory,
If she would give admittance, see and be seen,
And yet resist, and conquer: there were argument
For angels: 'twould outreach the life of praise
Set in mortality's shortness. I speak this
Not for religion, but for love of her,
Whom I wish less religious, and more loving:

But I fear she's too constant, that's her fault;
But 'tis so rare, few of her sex are took with't,
And that makes some amends.

CAR. You've put my zeal into a way, my lord,
I shall not be at peace till I make perfect:
I'll make her victory harder; 'tis my crown
When I bring grace to great'st perfection;
And I dare trust that daughter with a world,
None but her vow and she. I know she wears
A constancy will not deceive my praises,
A faith so noble; she that once knows heaven
Need put in no security for her truth;
I dare believe her. Face,[b] use all the art,
Temptation, witcheries, slights,[c] and subtleties,
You temporal lords and all your means can practise ——

SEC. LORD. My lord, not any we.

CAR. Her resolute goodness
Shall as a rock stand firm, and send the sin
That beat[s] against it
Into the bosom of the owners weeping.

THIRD LORD. We wish[d] her virtues so.

CAR. O, give me pardon!
I've lost myself in her upon my friends.
Your charitable censures[e] I beseech:
So dear her white fame is to my soul's love,
'Tis an affliction but to hear it question'd;
She's my religious triumph:
If you desire a belief rightly to her,
Think she can never waver, then you're sure:

[b] *I dare believe her. Face*] Was altered by the editor of 1816 to "*I dare believe her* faith." Compare Shakespeare, *First P. of Henry VI.*, act v. sc. 3;

"That Suffolk doth not flatter, *face*, or feign."

[c] *slights*] i. e. artifices.

[d] *wish*] Old ed. "with."

[e] *censures*] i. e. judgments.

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Car.
In other

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He does excel
Which gift of
Draws my affec
The company o
As death to guil
When but a maic
Heaven be not a
In disposition to
In life-time, but i
There

Enter LACTANTIO *with a book.*

What, at thy meditation? half in heaven?

LAC. The better half, my lord, my mind's there still;
And when the heart's above, the body walks here
But like an idle serving-man below,
Gaping and waiting for his master's coming.

CAR. What man in age could bring forth graver thoughts?

LAC. He that lives fourscore years is but like one
That stays here for a friend; when death comes, then
Away he goes, and is ne'er seen agen.[f]
I wonder at the young men of our days,
That they can doat on pleasure, or what 'tis
They give that title to, unless in mockage:
There's nothing I can find upon the earth
Worthy the name of pleasure, unless 't be
To laugh at folly, which indeed good charity
Should rather pity; but of all the frenzies
That follow flesh and blood, O reverend uncle,
The most ridiculous is to fawn on women;
There's no excuse for that; 'tis such a madness,
There is no cure set down for't; no physician
Ever spent hour about it, for they guess'd
'Twas all in vain when they first lov'd themselves,
And never since durst practise; cry *Hei mihi*,[g]
That's all the help they've for't. I had rather meet
A witch far north, than a fine fool in love,
The sight would less afflict me: but for modesty,
And your grave presence that learns men respect,

[f] *agen*] See note, p. 182.

[g] *Hei mihi*] "The young hypocrite alludes here to a well-known line in Ovid. [*Met.* i. 523]" Editor of 1816.—Old ed. "Heu *mihi*."

I should fall foul in words upon fond[h] man,
That can forget his excellence and honour,
His serious meditations, being the end
Of his creation to learn well to die,
And live a prisoner to a woman's eye:
Can there be greater thraldom, greater folly?
CAR. In making him my heir, I make good works,
And they give wealth a blessing; where,[i] on the contrary,
What curses does he heap upon his soul
That leaves his riches to a riotous young man,
To be consum'd on surfeits, pride, and harlots!
Peace be upon that spirit, whose life provides
A quiet rest for mine! [*Aside.*

Enter Page.[j]

LAC. How now? the news?
PAGE. A letter, sir [*gives letter to* LACTANTIO], brought by a gentleman
That lately came from Rome.
LAC. That's she; she's come;
I fear not to admit her in his presence,
There is the like already: I'm writ chaste
In my grave uncle's thoughts, and honest meanings
Think all men's like their own. [*Aside.*]—Thou look'st so pale!
What ail'st thou here a' late?
PAGE. I doubt I've cause, sir.
LAC. Why, what's the news?
PAGE. I fear, sir, I'm with child.
LAC. With child? peace, peace; speak low.
PAGE. 'Twill prove, I fear, so.

[h] *fond*] i. e. foolish. [i] *where*] i. e. whereas.
[j] *Page*] As the name of the lady who is thus disguised is not given, I have followed the old ed. in designating her *Page*.

LAC. Beshrew my heart for that!—Desire the gentleman
To walk a turn or two.
CAR. What gentleman?
LAC. One lately come from Rome, my lord, in credit
With Lord Vincentio; so the letter speaks him.
CAR. Admit him, my kind boy. [*Exit Page.*]—The prettiest servant
That ever man was bless'd with! 'tis so meek,
So good and gentle; 'twas the best alm's-deed
That e'er you did to keep him: I've oft took him
Weeping alone, poor boy, at the remembrance
Of his lost friends, which, as he says, the sea
Swallow'd, with all their substance.
LAC. 'Tis a truth, sir,
Has cost the poor boy many a feeling tear,
And me some too, for company: in such pity
I always spend my part. Here comes the gentleman.

Enter AURELIA *disguised as a man.*

CAR. Welcome to Milan, sir: how is the health
Of Lord Vincentio?
AUR. May it please your grace,
I left it well and happy, and I hope
The same bless'd fortune keeps it.
CAR. I hear you're near him.
AUR. One of his chamber, my lord.
LAC. I'd ne'er wish one of her condition nearer
Than to be one of mine. [*Aside.*
CAR. Your news is pleasing:
Whilst you remain in Milan, I request you
To know the welcome of no house but ours.
AUR. Thanks to your grace.
CAR. I'll leave you to confer;
I'll to the duchess, and labour her perfection. [*Exit.*

LAC. Then thus begins our conference: I arrest thee
In Cupid's name; deliver up your weapon,
[*Takes her sword.*
It is not for your wearing, Venus knows it:
Here's a fit thing indeed! nay, hangers[k] and all;
Away with 'em, out upon 'em! things of trouble,
And out of use with you. Now you're my prisoner;
And till you swear you love me, all and only,
You part not from mine arms.

AUR. I swear it willingly.

LAC. And that you do renounce the general's love,
That heretofore laid claim to you.

AUR. My heart bids me,
You need not teach me that; my eye ne'er knew
A perfect choice till it stood bless'd with you.
There's yet a rival whom you little dream of,
Tax me with him, and I'll swear too I hate him;
I'll thrust 'em both together in one oath,
And send 'em to some pair of waiting-women,
To solder up their credits.

LAC. Prithee, what's he?
Another yet? for laughter' sake, discover him.

AUR. The governor of the fort.

LAC. That old dried neat's tongue!

AUR. A gentleman after my father's relish.

Enter AURELIA's *Father and Governor.*

FATH. By your kind favours, gentlemen.

AUR. O, my father!
We're both betray'd.

LAC. Peace; you may prove too fearful.—
To whom your business, sir?

FATH. To the lord cardinal,

[k] *hangers*] See note, vol. ii. p. 227.

If it would please yourself, or that young gentleman,
To grace me with admittance.
LAC. I will see, sir;
The gentleman's a stranger, new come o'er;
He understands you not.—
Loff tro veen, tantumbro, hoff tufftee locumber shaw.
AUR. *Quisquimken, sapadlaman, fool-urchin old astrata.*
FATH. Nay, and[1] that be the language, we can speak it too:
Strumpettikin, bold harlottum, queaninisma, whoremongeria!
Shame to thy sex, and sorrow to thy father!
Is this a shape for reputation
And modesty to masque in? Thou too cunning
For credulous goodness,
Did not a reverent respect and honour,
That's due unto the sanctimonious peace
Of this lord's house, restrain my voice and anger,
And teach it soft humility, I would lift
Both your disgraces to the height of grief
That you have rais'd in me; but to shame you
I will not cast a blemish upon virtue:
Call that your happiness, and the dearest too
That such a bold attempt could ever boast of.
We'll see if a strong fort can hold you now.—
Take her, sir, to you.
GOV. How have I deserv'd
The strangeness of this hour?
FATH. Talk not so tamely.—
For you, sir, thank the reverence of this place,
Or your hypocrisy I'd put out of grace,
I had, i'faith; if ever I can fit you,
Expect to hear from me.
[*Exeunt Father, Governor, and* AURELIA.

[1] *and*] i. e. if.

LAC. I thank you, sir;
The cough o' th' lungs requite you! I could curse him
Into diseases by whole dozens now;
But one's enough to beggar him, if he light
Upon a wise physician. 'Tis a labour
To keep those little wits I have about me.
Still did I dream that villain would betray her:
I'll never trust slave with a parboil'd nose again.
I must devise some trick t' excuse her absence
Now to my uncle too; there is no mischief
But brings one villan[y] or other still
Even close at heels on't. I am pain'd at heart;
If ever there were hope of me to die
For love, 'tis now; I never felt such gripings:
If I can 'scape this climacterical year,
Women ne'er trust me, though you hear me swear.
Kept with him in the fort? why, there's no hope
Of ever meeting now, my way's not thither;
Love bless us with some means to get together,
And I'll pay all the old reckonings. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Street before the Duchess's House.

Enter on a balcony[m] *Duchess and* CELIA.

DUCH. What a contented rest rewards my mind
For faithfulness! I give it constancy,
And it returns me peace. How happily
Might woman live, methinks, confin'd within
The knowledge of one husband!
What comes of more rather proclaims desire

[m] *on a balcony*] Old ed. "above," which meant on the upper stage: see note, vol. ii. p. 125.

Prince of affections than religious love,
Brings frailty and our weakness into question
'Mongst our male enemies, makes widows' tears
Rather the cup of laughter than of pity:
What credit can our sorrows have with men,
When in some months' space they turn light agen,[n]
Feast, dance, and go in colours? If my vow
Were yet to make, I would not sleep without it,
Or make a faith as perfect to myself
In resolution, as a vow would come to,
And do as much right so to constancy
As strictness could require; for 'tis our goodness
And not our strength that does it. I am arm'd now
'Gainst all deserts in man, be't valour, wisdom,
Courtesy, comeliness, nay, truth itself,
Which seldom keeps him company. I commend
The virtues highly, as I do an instrument
When the case hangs by th' wall; but man himself
Never comes near my heart.

Enter Cardinal above.

CAR. The blessing of perfection to your thoughts, lady!
For I'm resolv'd[o] they're good ones.

DUCH. Honour of greatness,
Friend to my vow, and father to my fame,
Welcome as peace to temples!

CAR. I bring war.

DUCH. How, sir?

CAR. A harder fight: if now you conquer,
You crown my praises double.

DUCH. What's your aim, sir?

CAR. T' astonish sin and all her tempting evils,
And make your goodness shine more glorious.

[n] *agen*] See note, p. 182.
[o] *resolv'd*] i. e. satisfied.

When your fair noble vow shew'd you the way
To excellence in virtue, to keep back
The fears that might discourage you at first,
Pitying your strength, it shew'd you not the worst:
'Tis not enough for tapers to burn bright,
But to be seen, so to lend others light,
Yet not impair themselves, their flame as pure
As when it shin'd in secret; so, t' abide
Temptations is the soul's flame truly tried.
I've an ambition, but a virtuous one;
I'd have nothing want to your perfection.

DUCH. Is there a doubt found yet? is it so hard
For woman to recover, with all diligence,
And a true fasting faith from sensual pleasure,
What many of her sex have[p] so long lost?
Can you believe that any sight of man,
Held he the worth of millions in one spirit,
Had power to alter me?

CAR. No; there's my hope,
My credit, and my triumph.

DUCH. I'll no more
Keep strictly private, since the glory on't
Is but a virtue question'd; I'll come forth
And shew myself to all; the world shall witness,
That, like the sun, my constancy can look
On earth's corruptions, and shine clear itself.

CAR. Hold conquest now, and I have all my wishes. [*Cornets, and a shout within.*

DUCH. The meaning of that sudden shout, my lord?

CAR. Signor Andrugio, general of the field,
Successful in his fortunes, is arriv'd,
And met by all the gallant hopes of Milan,
Welcom'd with laurel-wreaths and hymns of praises:

[p] *have*] Old ed. "has."

Vouchsafe but you to give him the first grace, madam,
Of your so long-hid presence, he has then
All honours that can bless victorious man.

DUCH. You shall prevail, grave sir.

[*Exit Cardinal above.*

Enter ANDRUGIO, *attended by the nobility, senators, and masquers.*

Song.

Laurel is a victor's due,
I give it you,
I give it you;
Thy name with praise,
Thy brow with bays
We circle round:
All men rejoice
With cheerful voice,
To see thee like a conqueror crown'd.

[*A Cupid descending, sings:*

I am a little conqueror too;
For wreaths of bays
There's arms of cross,[q]
And that's my due:
I give the flaming heart,
It is my crest;
And by the mother's side,
The weeping eye,
The sighing breast.
It is not power in you, fair beauties;
If I command love, 'tis your duties. [*Ascends.*

[*During the preceding songs* ANDRUGIO *peruses a letter delivered to him by a Lord: the masque then closes with the following*

[q] *of cross*] "*Across*, I presume." Ed. of 1816.

Song.

Welcome, welcome, son of fame,
Honour triumphs in thy name!

[*Exeunt all except Lord.*

LORD. Alas, poor gentleman! I brought him news
That like a cloud spread over all his glories:
When he miss'd her whom his eye greedily sought for,
His welcome seem'd so poor, he took no joy in't;
But when he found her by her father fore'd
To the old governor's love, and kept so strictly,
A coldness strook his heart. There is no state
So firmly happy but feels envy's might.
I know Lactantio, nephew to the cardinal,
Hates him as deeply as a rich man death;
And yet his welcome shew'd as fair and friendly
As his that wore the truest love to him;
When in his wishes he could drink his blood,
And make his heart the sweetness of his food.

[*Exit.*

CELIA. Madam! madam!

DUCH. Beshrew thy heart, dost thou not see me busy?
You shew your manners!

CELIA. In the name of goodness,
What ails my lady?

DUCH. I confess I'm mortal;
There's no defending on't; 'tis cruel flattery
To make a lady believe otherwise.
Is not this flesh? can you drive heat from fire?
So may you love from this; for love and death
Are brothers in this kingdom, only death
Comes by the mother's side, and that's the surest.
That general is wondrous fortunate,
Has won another field since, and a victory

That credits all the rest; he may more boast on't
Than of a thousand conquests. I am lost,
Utterly lost! where are my women now?
Alas, what help's in them, what strength have they?
I call to a weak guard when I call them;
In rescuing me they'd be themselves o'ercome:
When I, that profess'd war, am overthrown,
What hope's in them, then, that ne'er stirr'd from home?
My faith is gone for ever;
My reputation with the cardinal,
My fame, my praise, my liberty, my peace,
Chang'd for a restless passion: O hard spite,
To lose my seven years' victory at one sight!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

LACTANTIO'S *lodging in the Cardinal's mansion.*

Enter DONDOLO, *and Page*[r] *carrying a shirt.*

PAGE. I prithee, Dondolo, take this shirt and air it a little against my master rises; I had rather do any thing than do't, i'faith.

DON. O monstrous, horrible, terrible, intolerable! are not you big enough to air a shirt? were it a smock now, you liquorish page, you'd be hanged ere you'd part from't. If thou dost not prove as arrant a smell-smock as any the town affords in a term-time, I'll lose my judgment in wenching.

PAGE. Pish; here, Dondolo, prithee, take it.

DON. It's no more but up and ride with you then! all my generation were beadles and officers, and do you think I'm so easily entreated? you shall find a harder piece of work, boy, than you imagine, to get any thing from my hands; I will not

[r] *Page*] See note, p. 562.

degenerate so much from the nature of my kindred; you must bribe me one way or other, if you look to have any thing done, or else you may do't yourself: 'twas just my father's humour when he bore office. You know my mind, page; the song! the song! I must either have the song you sung to my master last night when he went to bed, or I'll not do a stitch of service for you from one week's end to the other. As I am a gentleman, you shall brush cloaks, make clean spurs, nay, pull off strait boots, although in the tugging you chance to fall and hazard the breaking of your little buttocks; I'll take no more pity of your marrow-bones than a butcher's dog of a rump of beef; nay, ka me, ka thee:[s] if you will ease the melancholy of my mind with singing, I will deliver you from the calamity of boots-haling.

PAGE. Alas, you know I cannot sing!

DON. Take heed; you may speak at such an hour that your voice may be clean taken away from you: I have known many a good gentlewoman say so much as you say now, and have presently gone to bed and lay speechless: 'tis not good to jest, as old Chaucer was wont to say, that broad famous English poet. Cannot you sing, say you? O that a boy should so keep cut with[t] his mother, and be given to dissembling!

PAGE. Faith, to your knowledge in't, ill may seem well;
But as I hope in comforts, I've no skill.

[s] *ka me, ka thee*] i. e. "if you'll do me one favour, I'll do you another. Mr. Gifford believes it to be a Scotch proverb." Editor of 1816. See Jamieson's *Et. Dict. of Scott. Lang.* (*Suppl.*) in v. *Kae.*

[t] *keep cut with*] "i. e. follow the example of. The word is used by Sterne, in the same sense, in the 5th vol. of his *Tristram Shandy.*" Editor of 1816.

Don. A pox of skill! give me plain simple cunning: why should not singing be as well got without skill as the getting of children? You shall have the arrantest fool do as much there as the wisest coxcomb of 'em all, let 'em have all the help of doctors put to 'em, both the directions of physicians, and the erections of pothecaries; you shall have a plain hobnailed country fellow, marrying some dairy-wench, tumble out two of a year, and sometimes three, byrlady,[u] as the crop falls out; and your nice paling physicking gentlefolks some one in nine years, and hardly then a whole one as it should be; the wanting of some apricock or something loses a member on him, or quite spoils it. Come, will you sing, that I may warm the shirt? by this light, he shall put it on cold for me else.

Page. A song or two I learnt with hearing gentlewomen practise themselves.

Don. Come, you are so modest now, 'tis pity that thou wast ever bred to be thrust through a pair of canions;[v] thou wouldst have made a pretty foolish waiting-woman but for one thing. Wilt sing?

Page. As well as I can, Dondolo.

Don. Give me the shirt then, I'll warm't as well['s] I can too.
Why, look, you whoreson coxcomb, this is a smock!

Page. No, 'tis my master's shirt.

Don. Why, that's true too;

[u] *byrlady*] See note, p. 9.

[v] *canions*] Or *cannions*—equivalent here to breeches. "*Cannions* of breeches," says Minsheu, so called "because they are like cannons of Artillery, or Cans or pots." *Guide into the Tongues*, 1617.—"*Cannions*, boot-hose tops." Kersey's *Dict.*—According to Strutt, "ornamental tubes or tags at the ends of the ribbands and laces, which were attached to the extremities of the breeches." *Dress and Habits*, &c. vol. ii. p. 263. See also my note on Webster's *Works*, vol. iii. p. 165.

Who knows not that? why, 'tis the fashion, fool; all your young gallants[a] here of late wear smocks, those without beards especially.

Page. Why, what's the reason, sir?

Don. Marry, very great reason in't: a young gallant lying a-bed with his wench, if the constable should chance to come up and search, being both in smocks, they'd be taken for sisters, and I hope a constable dare go no further; and as for the knowing of their heads, that's well enough too, for I know many young gentlemen wear longer hair than their mistresses.

Page. 'Tis a hot world the whilst.

Don. Nay, that's most certain; and a most witty age of a bald one, for all languages; you've many daughters so well brought up, they speak French naturally at fifteen, and they are turned to the Spanish and Italian half a year after.

Page. That's like learning the grammar first, and the accidence after, they go backward so.

Don. The fitter for th' Italian: thou'st no wit, boy;
Hadst had a tutor, he'd have taught thee that.
Come, come, that I may be gone, boy!

Page [*sings*].

Cupid is Venus'[b] *only joy,*
But he is a wanton boy,
A very, very wanton boy;
He shoots at ladies' naked breasts,
He is the cause of most men's crests,
I mean upon the forehead,
Invisible, but horrid;

[a] *All your young gallants*, &c.] Compare p. 394.

[b] *Cupid is Venus'*] Forms part of a song in our author's *Chaste Maid in Cheapside*, act iv. sc. 1, where, however, the 8th and 9th lines are not found.

Of the short velvet mask he was deviser,
That wives may kiss, the husbands ne'er the wiser;
'Twas he first thought upon the way
To keep a lady's lips in play.

Don. O rich, ravishing, rare, and enticing! Well, go thy ways for as sweet a breasted page[7] as ever lay at his master's feet in a truckle-bed.

Page. You'll hie you in straight, Dondolo?

Don. I'll not miss you. [*Exit Page.*

This smockified shirt, or shirted smock,
I will go toast. Let me see what's a'clock:
I must to th' castle straight to see his love,
Either by hook or crook: my master storming
Sent me last night, but I'll be gone this morning.
[*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the House of the Duchess.

Enter Duchess *and* Celia.

Duch. Seek out the lightest colours can be got,
The youthfull'st dressings; tawny is too sad,
I am not thirty yet; I've wrong'd my time
To go so long in black, like a petitioner:
See that the powder that I use about me
Be rich in cassia.

Celia. Here's a sudden change! [*Aside.*

Duch. O, I'm undone in faith! Stay, art thou certain
Lactantio, nephew to the cardinal, was present
In the late entertainment of the general?

[7] *sweet a breasted*] i. e. sweet a voiced.

CELIA. Upon my reputation with your excellence,
These eyes beheld him: he came foremost, madam;
'Twas he in black and yellow.
DUCH. Nay, 'tis no matter, either for himself
Or for the affectation of his colours,
So you be sure he was there.
CELIA. As sure as sight
Can discern man from man, madam.
DUCH. It suffices. [*Exit* CELIA.
O, an ill cause had need of many helps,
Much art, and many friends, ay, and those mighty,
Or else it sets in shame! A faith once lost
Requires great cunning ere't be entertain'd
Into the breast of a belief again;
There's no condition so unfortunate,
Poor, miserable, to any creature given,
As hers that breaks in vow; she breaks with heaven.

Enter Cardinal.

CAR. Increase of health and a redoubled courage
To chastity's great soldier! what, so sad, madam?—
The memory of her seven-years-deceas'd lord
Springs yet into her eyes as fresh and full
As at the seventh hour after his departure:
What a perpetual fountain is her virtue!— [*Aside.*
Too much t' afflict yourself with ancient sorrow
Is not so strictly for your strength requir'd;
Your vow is charge enough, believe me 'tis, madam,
You need no weightier task.
DUCH. Religious sir,
You heard the last words of my dying lord.
CAR. Which I shall ne'er forget.
DUCH. May I entreat
Your goodness but to speak 'em over to me,
As near as memory can befriend your utterance,

That I may think awhile I stand in presence
Of my departing husband.
CAR. What's your meaning
In this, most virtuous madam?
DUCH. 'Tis a courtesy
I stand in need of, sir, at this time specially;
Urge it no further yet; as it proves to me,
You shall hear from me; only I desire it
Effectually from you, sir, that's my request.
CAR. I wonder, yet I'll spare to question farther.— [*Aside.*
You shall have your desire.
DUCH. I thank you, sir;
A blessing come along with't!
CAR. *You see, my lords, what all earth's glory is,*
Rightly defin'd in me, uncertain breath;
A dream of threescore years to the long sleeper,
To most not half the time: beware ambition;
Heaven is not reach'd with pride, but with submission.
And you, lord cardinal, labour to perfect
Good purposes begun; be what you seem,
Stedfast and uncorrupt; your actions noble,
Your goodness simple, without gain[y] *or art,*
And not in vesture holier than in heart.
But 'tis a pain, more than the pangs of death,
To think that we must part, fellow[z] *of life,*
Thou richness of my joys, kind and dear princess;
Death had no sting but for our separation;
It would come more calm than an evening's peace
That brings on rest to labours: thou'rt so precious,
I should depart in everlasting envy
Unto the man that ever should enjoy thee:
O, a new torment strikes his force into me

[y] *gain*] Qy. "guile?"
[z] *fellow*] Old ed. "fellows."

When I but think on't! I am rack'd and torn;
Pity me in thy virtues.
DUCH. *My lov'd lord,*
Let your confirm'd opinion of my life,
My love, my faithful love, seal an assurance
Of quiet to your spirit, that no forgetfulness
Can cast a sleep so deadly on my senses,
To draw my affections to a second liking.
CAR. *'Tis ever been the*[1] *promise, and the spring*
Of my great love to thee. For once to marry
Is honourable in woman, and her ignorance
Stands for a virtue, coming new and fresh;
But second marriage shews desires in flesh;
Thence lust, and heat, and common custom grows;
But she's part virgin who but one man knows.
I here expect a work of thy great faith
At my last parting; I can crave no more,
And with thy vow I rest myself for ever;
My soul and it shall fly to heaven together:
Seal to my spirit that quiet satisfaction,
And I go hence in peace.
DUCH. *Then here I vow never* ——
CAR. Why, madam!
DUCH. I can go no further.
CAR. What,
Have you forgot your vow?
DUCH. I have, too certainly.
CAR. Your vow? that cannot be; it follows now
Just where I left.
DUCH. My frailty gets before it;
Nothing prevails but ill.
CAR. What ail you, madam?
DUCH. Sir, I'm in love.
CAR. O, all you powers of chastity,

[1] *the*] Altered by editor of 1816 to "thy"—perhaps rightly.

Look to this woman! let her not faint now,
For honour of yourselves! If she be lost,
I know not where to seek my hope in woman.
Madam, O madam!
DUCH. My desires are sicken'd
Beyond recovery of good counsel, sir.
CAR. What mischief ow'd a malice to the sex,
To work this spiteful ill! better the man
Had never known creation, than to live
Th' unlucky ruin of so fair a temple.
Yet think upon your vow, revive in faith;
Those are eternal things: what are all pleasures,
Flatteries of men, and follies upon earth,
To your most excellent goodness? O she's dead,
Stark cold to any virtuous claim within her!
What now is heat is sin's. Have I approv'd
Your constancy for this, call'd your faith noble,
Writ volumes of your victories and virtues?
I have undone my judgment, lost my praises,
Blemish'd the truth of my opinion.
Give me the man, that I may pour him out
To all contempt and curses.
DUCH. The man's innocent,
Full of desert and grace; his name Lactantio.
CAR. How?
DUCH. Your nephew.
CAR. My nephew?
DUCH. Beshrew the sight of him! he lives not, sir,
That could have conquer'd me, himself excepted.
CAR. He that I lov'd so dearly, does he wear
Such killing poison in his eye to sanctity?
He has undone himself for ever by't;
Has lost a friend of me, and a more sure one.
Farewell all natural pity! though my affection
Could hardly spare him from my sight an hour,
I'll lose him now eternally, and strive
To live without him; he shall straight to Rome.

DUCH. Not if you love my health or life, my lord.
CAR. This day he shall set forth.
DUCH. Despatch me rather.
CAR. I'll send him far enough.
DUCH. Send me to death first.
CAR. No basilisk, that strikes dead pure affection
With venomous eye, lives under my protection.
[*Exit.*
DUCH. Now my condition's worse than e'er 'twas yet;
My cunning takes not with him; has broke through
The net that with all art was set for him,
And left the snarer here herself entangled
With her own toils. O, what are we poor souls,
When our dissembling fails us? surely creatures
As full of want as any nation can be,
That scarce have food to keep bare life about 'em.
Had this but took effect, what a fair way
Had I made for my love to th' general,
And cut off all suspect, all reprehension!
My hopes are kill'd i' th' blossom. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Cardinal's closet.

Enter Cardinal.

CAR. Let me think upon't;
Set holy anger by awhile. There's time
Allow'd for natural argument: 'tis she
That loves my nephew; she that loves, loves first;
What cause have I to lay a blame on him then?
He's in no fault in this: say 'twas his fortune,
At the free entertainment of the general,
'Mongst others the deserts and hopes of Milan,
To come into her sight, where's the offence yet?

What sin was that in him? Man's sight and presence
Are free to public view: she might as well
Have fix'd her heart's love then upon some other;
I would 't had lighted any where but there!
Yet I may err to wish't, since it appears
The hand of heaven, that only pick'd him out
To reward virtue in him by this fortune;
And through affection I'm half conquer'd now;
I love his good as dearly as her vow,
Yet there my credit lives in works and praises:
I never found a harder fight within me,
Since zeal first taught me war; say I should labour
To quench this love, and so quench life and all,
As by all likelihood it would prove her death,
For it must needs be granted she affects him
As dearly as the power of love can force,
Since her vow awes her not, that was her saint;
What right could that be to religion,
To be her end, and dispossess my kinsman?
No, I will bear in pity to her heart,
The rest commend to fortune and my art. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

An apartment in the Castle.

Enter AURELIA's *Father, Governor,* AURELIA, *and* ANDRUGIO *disguised.*

Gov. I like him passing well.
FATH. He's a tall fellow.
AND. A couple of tall[1] wits. [*Aside.*]—I've seen some service, sir.

[1] *tall*] i. e. fine, great.

Gov. Nay, as it seems by thy discourse, good fellow.

Aud. Good fellow![a] calls me thief familiarly.— [*Aside.*

I could shew many marks of resolution,
But modesty could wish 'em rather hidden:
I fetch'd home three-and-twenty wounds together
In one set battle, where I was defeated
At the same time of the third part of my nose;
But meeting with a skilful surgeon,
Took order for my swelling.

Gov. And a sore
Well heal'd is counted a good cure in these days:
It saves many a man's honesty, which else
Is quickly drawn into suspicion.
This night shall bring you acquainted with your charge;
In the meantime you and your valour's welcome:
Would w'had more store of you, although they come
With fewer marks about 'em!

Fath. So wish I, sir.

[*Exeunt Father and Governor.*

And. I was about to call her, and she stays
Of her own gift, as if she knew my mind;
Certain she knows me not, not possible. [*Aside.*

Aud. What if I left my token and my letter
With this strange fellow, so to be convey'd
Without suspicion to Lactantio's servant?
Not so, I'll trust no freshman with such secrets;
His ignorance may mistake, and give't to one
That may belong to th' general, for I know
He sets some spies about me; but all he gets
Shall not be worth his pains. I would Lactantio
Would seek some means to free me from this place;

[a] *Good fellow, &c.*] Compare vol. ii. p. 21, and note.

'Tis prisonment enough to be a maid,
But to be mew'd up too, that case is hard,
As if a toy were kept by a double guard.
[*Aside, and going.*
AND. Away she steals again, not minding me:
'Twas not at me she offer'd. [*Aside.*]—Hark you, gentlewoman.
AUR. With me, sir?
AND. I could call you by your name,
But gentle's the best attribute to woman.
AUR. Andrugio?—O, as welcome to my lips
As morning-dew to roses! my first love!
AND. Why, have you more then?
AUR. What a word was there!
More than thyself what woman could desire,
If reason had a part of her creation?
For loving you, you see, sir, I'm a prisoner,
There's all the cause they have against me, sir;
A happy persecution I so count on't:
If any thing be done to me for your sake,
'Tis pleasing to me.
AND. Are you not abus'd,
Either through force or by your own consent?
Hold you your honour perfect and unstain'd?
Are you the same still that at my departure
My honest thoughts maintain'd you to my heart?
AUR. The same most just.
AND. Swear't.
AUR. By my hope of fruitfulness,
Love, and agreement, the three joys of marriage!
AND. I am confirm'd; and in requital on't,
Ere long expect your freedom.
AUR. O, you flatter me!
It is a wrong to make a wretch too happy,
So suddenly upon affliction;
Beshrew me, if I be not sick upon't!

Aur.
More p
Here's s
And.
'Twere n
Aur.
And.
Aur.
And.
Spoke like
Will you e
With all th
Aur. Sir
You cannot
And. Fie,
You drive sl
Aur. Blan
You know no
And. Will
There are a se
The vulgar ton
Aur. True,
I saw the like t
I apprehend you
And. What, y
Aur. No? ha
And. Now by
Sure if you prove
You'll be an excel
Aur. I should

AND. That's not to do now, sweet, the man stands near thee.

AUR. Long may he stand most fortunately, sir,
Whom her kind goodness has appointed for me.

AND. Awhile I'll take my leave t' avoid suspicion.

AUR. I do commend your course: good sir, forget me not.

AND. All comforts sooner.

AUR. Liberty is sweet, sir.

AND. I know there's nothing sweeter, next to love,
But health itself, which is the prince of life.

AUR. Your knowledge raise you, sir!

AND. Farewell till evening. [*Exit.*

AUR. And after that, farewell, sweet sir, for ever.
A good kind gentleman to serve our turn with,
But not for lasting; I have chose a stuff
Will wear out two of him, and one finer too:
I like not him that has two mistresses,
War and his sweetheart; he can ne'er please both:
And war's a soaker, she's no friend to us;
Turns a man home sometimes to his mistress
Some forty ounces poorer than he went;
All his discourse out of the Book of Surgery,
Cere-cloth and salve, and lies you all in tents,[c]
Like your camp-vict'lers: out upon't! I smile
To think how I have fitted him with an office:
His love takes pains to bring our loves together,
Much like your man that labours to get treasure,
To keep his wife high for another's pleasure.
[*Exit.*

[c] *tents*] A play on the word.—*Tent*, say the dictionaries, is "a roll of lint put into a sore:" but according to the old books of surgery, *tents* were also made of various other materials: see Vigon's *Workes of Chirurgerie*, &c., 1571, fol. cxiii.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Lactantio's lodgings in the Cardinal's mansion.

Enter Lactantio *and Page.*[a]

Page. Think of your shame and mine.
Lac. I prithee, peace:
Thou art th' unfortunat'st piece of taking business
That ever man repented when day peep'd;
I'll ne'er keep such a piece of touchwood again,
And[e] I were rid of thee once. Well fare those
That never sham'd their master! I've had such,
And I may live to see the time again;
I do not doubt on't.
Page. If my too much kindness
Receive your anger only for reward,
The harder is my fortune: I must tell you, sir,
To stir your care up to prevention,
(Misfortunes must be told as well as blessings,)
When I left all my friends in Mantua,
For your love's sake alone, then, with strange oaths,
You promis'd present marriage.
Lac. With strange oaths, quoth 'a?
They're not so strange to me; I've sworn the same things
I'm sure forty times over, not so little;
I may be perfect in 'em, for my standing.
Page. You see 'tis high time now, sir.
Lac. Yes, yes, yes,
Marriage is nothing with you; a toy[f] till death.
If I should marry all those I have promis'd,
'Twould make one vicar hoarse ere he could despatch us.—

[a] *Page*] See note, p. 562.
[e] *and*] i. e. if.
[f] *toy*] i. e. trifle.

I must devise some shift when she grows big,
Those masculine hose[g] will shortly prove too little:
What if she were convey'd to nurse's house?
A good sure old wench; and she'd love the child well,
Because she suckled the father: no ill course,
By my mortality; I may hit worse.— [*Aside.*

Enter DONDOLO.

Now, Dondolo, the news?

DON. The news?

LAC. How does she?

DON. Soft, soft, sir; you think 'tis nothing to get news
Out o' th' castle: I was there.

LAC. Well, sir.

DON. As you know,
A merry fellow may pass any where.

LAC. So, sir.

DON. Never in better fooling in my life.

LAC. What's this to th' purpose?

DON. Nay, 'twas nothing to th' purpose, that's certain.

LAC. How wretched this slave makes me! Didst not see her?

DON. I saw her.

LAC. Well, what said she then?

DON. Not a word, sir.

LAC. How, not a word?

DON. Proves her the better maid,
For virgins should be seen more than they're heard.

LAC. Exceeding good, sir; you are no sweet villain![h]

DON. No, faith, sir, for you keep me in foul linen.

[g] *hose*] i. e. breeches.

[h] *no sweet villain*] See note, vol. i. p. 169.

Lac. Turn'd scurvy rhymer, are you?
Don. Not scurvy neither,
Though I be somewhat itchy in the professium:
If you could hear me out with patience, I know
Her mind as well as if I were in her belly.
Lac. Thou saidst even now she never spake a word.
Don. But she gave certain signs, and that's as good.
Lac. Canst thou conceive by signs?
Don. O, passing well, sir,
Even from an infant! did you ne'er know that?
I was the happiest child in all our country;
I was born of a dumb woman.
Lac. How?
Don. Stark dumb, sir.
My father had a rare bargain of her, a rich penny-worth;
There would have been but too much money given for her:
A justice of peace was about her; but my father,
Being then constable, carried her before him.
Lac. Well, since we're enter'd into these dumb shows,
What were the signs she gave you?
Don. Many and good, sir.
Imprimis, she first gap'd, but that I guess'd
Was done for want of air, 'cause she's kept close;
But had she been abroad and gap'd as much,
'T had been another case: then cast she up
Her pretty eye and wink'd; the word methought was then,
Come not till twitterlight:[1]
Next, thus her fingers went, as who should say,

[1] *twitterlight*] i. e. twilight: compare vol. ii. p. 309, and note.

I'd fain have a hole broke to 'scape away:
Then look'd upon her watch, and twice she nodded,
As who should say, the hour will come, sweetheart,
That I shall make two noddies of my keepers.
LAC. A third of thee. Is this your mother-tongue?
My hopes are much the wiser for this language:
There's no such curse in love to[j] an arrant ass!
DON. O yes, sir, yes, an arrant whore's far worse.
You never lin[k]
Railing on me from one week's end to another;
But you can keep a little tit-mouse page there,
That's good for nothing but to carry toothpicks,
Put up your pipe or so, that's all he's good for:
He cannot make him ready[l] as he should do;
I am fain to truss his points[m] every morning;
Yet the proud, scornful ape, when all the lodgings
Were taken up with strangers th' other night,
He would not suffer me to come to bed to him,
But kick'd, and prick'd, and pinch'd me like an urchin;[n]
There's no good quality in him: o' my conscience,
I think he scarce knows how to stride a horse;
I saw him with a little hunting nag
But thus high t'other day, and he was fain
To lead him to a high rail, and get up like a butter-wench:

[j] *to*] i. e. in comparison with—altered by the editor of 1816 to "as."

[k] *lin*] i. e. cease.

[l] *make him ready*] i. e. dress himself: compare pp. 35, 396.

[m] *truss his points*] See note, p. 319.

[n] *urchin*] Signified both a hedgehog and a particular kind of fairy or spirit. In the present passage, "prick'd" would seem to refer to the former, "pinch'd" to the latter—the two significations being perhaps confounded in the author's mind.

There's no good fellowship in this dandiprat,[o]
This dive-dapper,[p] as is in other pages;
They'd go a-swimming with me familiarly
I' th' heat of summer, and clap what-you-call-'ems;
But I could never get that little monkey yet
To put off his breeches:
A tender, puling, nice, chitty-fac'd squall[q] 'tis.

Lac. Is this the good you do me? his love's wretched,
And most distress'd, that must make use of fools.

Don. Fool to my face still! that's unreasonable;
I will be a knave one day for this trick,
Or't shall cost me a fall, though it be from a gibbet;
It has been many a proper man's last leap.
Nay, sure I'll be quite out of the precincts
Of a fool if I live but two days to an end;
I will turn gipsy presently,
And that's the highway to the daintiest knave
That ever mother's son took journey to.
O those dear gipsies!
They live the merriest lives, eat sweet stoln hens,
Pluck'd over pales or hedges by a twitch;
They're ne'er without a plump and lovely goose,
Or beautiful sow-pig;
Those things I saw with mine own eyes to-day:
They call those vanities and trifling pilfries;
But if a privy search were made amongst 'em,
They should find other manner of ware about 'em,
Cups, rings, and silver spoons, byrlady![r] bracelets,

[o] *dandiprat*] "This term is, in all probability, derived from a small coin of that name." Editor of 1816.—*Dandiprat*, a dwarf, a little man, a word of uncertain origin, evidently gave the name to the coin: see note, vol. i. p. 246.

[p] *dive-dapper*] Or *didapper*—i. e. dab-chick.

[q] *squall*] Seems to mean here—effeminate thing: see note, p. 55.

[r] *byrlady*] See note, p. 9.

Pearl necklaces, and chains of gold sometimes:
They are the wittiest thieves! I'll stay no longer,
But even go look what I can steal now presently,
And so begin to bring myself acquainted with 'em.
[*Aside, and exit.*

LAC. Nothing I fear so much, as in this time
Of my dull absence, her first love, the general,
Will wind himself into her affection
By secret gifts and letters; there's the mischief!
I have no enemy like him; though my policy
Dissembled him a welcome, no man's hate
Can stick more close unto a loath'd disease
Than mine to him.

Enter Cardinal.

CAR. What ails this pretty boy to weep so often?—
Tell me the cause, child;—how his eyes stand full!—
Beshrew you, nephew, you're too bitter to him!
He is so soft, th' unkindness of a word
Melts him into a woman.—'Las, poor boy,
Thou shalt not serve him longer; 'twere great pity
That thou shouldst wait upon an angry master:
I've promis'd thee to one will make much of thee,
And hold thy weak youth in most dear respect.

PAGE. O, I beseech your grace that I may serve
No master else!

CAR. Thou shalt not: mine's a mistress,
The greatest mistress in all Milan, boy,
The duchess' self.

PAGE. Nor her, nor any.

CAR. Cease, boy!
Thou know'st not thine own happiness, through fondness,[s]
And therefore must be learnt: go, dry thine eyes.

[s] *fondness*] i. e. foolishness.

PAGE. This rather is the way to make 'em moister.
[*Aside, and exit.*

CAR. Now, nephew! nephew!

LAC. O, you've snatch'd my spirit, sir,
From the divinest meditation
That ever made soul happy!

CAR. I'm afraid
I shall have as much toil to bring him on now,
As I had pains to keep her off from him. [*Aside.*
I've thought it fit, nephew, considering
The present barrenness of our name and house,
The only famine of succeeding honour,
To move the ripeness of your time to marriage.

LAC. How, sir, to marriage?

CAR. Yes, to a fruitful life:
We must not all be strict; so generation
Would lose her right: thou'rt young; 'tis my desire
To see thee bestow'd happily in my lifetime.

LAC. Does your grace well remember who I am,
When you speak this?

CAR. Yes, very perfectly;
You're a young man, full in the grace of life,
And made to do love credit; proper, handsome,
And for affection pregnant.

LAC. I beseech you, sir,
Take off your praises rather than bestow 'em
Upon so frail a use. Alas, you know, sir,
I know not what love is, or what you speak of!
If woman be amongst it, I shall swoon;
Take her away, for contemplation's sake:
Most serious uncle, name no such thing to me.

CAR. Come, come, you're fond:[t]
Prove but so strict and obstinate in age,
And you are well to pass. There's honest love

[t] *fond*] i. e. foolish.

Allow'd you now for recreation;
The years will come when all delights must leave you,
Stick close to virtue then; in the meantime
There's honourable joys to keep youth company;
And if death take you there, dying no adulterer,
You're out of his eternal reach; defy him.
List hither; come to me, and with great thankfulness
Welcome thy fortunes; 'tis the duchess loves thee!

LAC. The duchess?

CAR. Doats on thee; will die for thee,
Unless she may enjoy thee.

LAC. She must die then.

CAR. How?

LAC. 'Las, do you think she ever means to do't, sir?
I'll sooner believe all a woman speaks
Than that she'll die for love: she has a vow, my lord,
That will keep life in her.

CAR. Believe me, then,
That should have bounteous interest in thy faith,
She's thine, and not her vow's.

LAC. The more my sorrow,
My toil, and my destruction.—My blood dances![a] [*Aside.*

CAR. And though that bashful maiden virtue in thee,
That never held familiar league with woman,
Binds fast all pity to her heart that loves thee,
Let me prevail, my counsel stands up to thee,
Embrace it as the fulness of thy fortunes,

[a] *My blood dances*] "Is the only part of the speech in the original given to Lactantio; the first part is there the conclusion of the cardinal's." Editor of 1816.

As if all blessings upon earth were clos'd
Within one happiness, for such another
Whole life could never meet with: go and present
Your service and your love: but, on your hopes,
Do it religiously. What need I doubt him
Whom chastity locks up?

Lac. O envy,
Hadst thou no other means to come by virtue
But by such treachery? the duchess' love!
Thou wouldst be sure to aim it high enough,
Thou knew'st full well 'twas no prevailing else.—
[*Aside.*
Sir, what your will commands, mine shall fulfil;
I'll teach my heart in all t' obey your will.

Car. A thing you shall not lose by. Here come the lords:

Enter Lords.

Go, follow you the course that I advis'd you;
The comfort of thy presence is expected:
Away with speed to court; she languishes
For one dear sight of thee: for life's sake, haste;
You lose my favour if you let her perish.

Lac. And art thou come, brave fortune, the reward
Of neat'st hypocrisy that ever book'd it,[u]
Or turn'd up transitory white o' th' eye
After the feminine rapture? Duchess and I
Were a fit match, can be denied of no man;
The best dissembler lights on the best woman;
'Twere sin to part us. [*Aside, and exit.*

Car. You lights of state, truth's friends, much-honour'd lords,

[u] *book'd it*] i. e. pretended to be devoted to books. Compare p. 561.

Faithful admirers of our duchess' virtues,
And firm believers, it appears as plain
As knowledge to the eyes of industry,
That neither private motion, which holds counsel
Often with woman's frailty and her blood,
Nor public sight, the lightning of temptations,
Which from the eye strikes sparks into the bosom,
And sets whole hearts on fire, hath power to raise
A heat in her 'bove that which feeds chaste life,
And gives that cherishing means; she's the same still,
And seems so seriously employ'd in soul,
As if she could not 'tend to cast an eye
Upon deserts so low as those in man.
It merits famous memory I confess;
Yet many times when I behold her youth,
And think upon the lost hopes of posterity,
Succession, and the royal fruits of beauty,
All by the rashness of one vow made desperate,
It goes so near my heart, I feel it painful,
And wakes me into pity oftentimes,
When others sleep unmov'd.

FIRST LORD. I speak it faithfully,
For 'tis poor fame to boast of a disease,
Your grace has not endur'd that pain alone,
'T has been a grief of mine; but where's the remedy?

CAR. True, there your lordship spake enough in little:
There's nothing to be hop'd for but repulses;
She's not to seek[v] for armour against love
That has bid battle to his powers so long;
He that should try her now had need come strong,
And with more force than his own arguments,
Or he may part disgrac'd, being put to flight;

[v] *to seek*] i. e. at a loss.

That soldier's tough has been in seven years' fight.
Her vow's invincible; for you must grant this,
If those desires, train'd up in flesh and blood
To war continually 'gainst good intents,
Prove all too weak for her, having advantage
Both of her sex and her unskilfulness
At a spiritual weapon, wanting knowledge
To manage resolution, and yet win,
What force can a poor argument bring in?
The books that I have publish'd in her praise
Commend her constancy, and that's fame-worthy;
But if you read me o'er with eyes of enemies,
You cannot justly and with honour tax me
That I dissuade her life from marriage there:
Now heaven and fruitfulness forbid, not I!
She may be constant there, and the hard war
Of chastity is held a virtuous strife,
As rare in marriage as in single life;
Nay, by some writers rarer; hear their reasons,
And you'll approve 'em fairly. She that's single,
Either in maid or widow, oftentimes
The fear of shame, more than the fear of heaven,
Keeps chaste and constant; when the tempest comes,
She knows she has no shelter for her sin,
It must endure the weathers of all censure;
Nothing but sea and air that poor bark feels:
When she in wedlock is like a safe vessel
That lies at anchor; come what weathers can,
She has her harbour; at her great unlading,
Much may be stoln, and little waste;[w] the master
Thinks himself rich enough with what he has,
And holds content by that. How think you now,
lords?

[w] *waste*] Was altered to "*miss'd*" by the editor of 1816, who thinks "there can be no doubt of the propriety of the alteration."

If she that might offend safe does not err,
What's chaste in others is most rare in her.
SEC. LORD. What wisdom but approves it?
FIRST LORD. But, my lord,
This should be told to her it concerns most;
Pity such good things should be spoke and lost.
CAR. That were the way to lose 'em utterly;
You quite forget her vow: yet, now I think on't,
What is that vow? 'twas but a thing enforc'd,
Was it not, lords?
FIRST LORD. Merely compell'd indeed.
CAR. Only to please the duke; and forcèd virtue
Fails in her merit, there's no crown prepar'd for't.
What have we done, my lords? I fear we've sinn'd
In too much strictness to uphold her in't,
In cherishing her will; for woman's goodness
Takes counsel of that first, and then determines;
She cannot truly be call'd constant now,
If she persèver, rather obstinate,
The vow appearing forcèd, as it proves,
Tried by our purer thoughts; the grace and triumph
Of all her victories are but idle glories,
She wilful, and we enemies to succession.
I will not take rest till I tell her soul
As freely as I talk to those I keep.
LORDS. And we'll all second you, my lord.
CAR. Agreed:
We'll knit such knots of arguments so fast,
All wit in her shall not undo in haste.
SEC. LORD. Nay, sure, I think all we shall be too hard for her,
Else she's a huge wild creature.
FIRST LORD. If we win,
And she yield marriage, then will I strike in. [*Aside.*
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An apartment in the house of the Duchess.

Enter Duchess and CELIA.

DUCH. Thou tell'st me happy things, if they be certain,
To bring my wishes about wondrous strangely;
Lactantio, nephew to the cardinal,
The general's secret enemy?

CELIA. Most true, madam;
I had it from a gentleman, my kinsman,
That knows the best part of Lactantio's bosom.

DUCH. It happens passing fortunately to save
Employment in another; he will 'come now
A necessary property; he may thank
The need and use we have of him for his welcome.
[*Knocking within.*
Now, who's that knocks?

CELIA [*after going out and re-entering*]. Madam, 'tis he, with speed:
I thought he had brought his horse to th' chamber-door,
He made such haste and noise.

DUCH. Admit him, prithee,
And have a care your heart be true and secret.

CELIA. Take life away from't when it fails you, madam.

DUCH. Enough; I know thee wise.—[*Exit* CELIA.
He comes with haste indeed.

Enter LACTANTIO.

Are you come now, sir?
You should have stay'd yet longer, and have found me
Dead, to requite your haste.

LAC. Love bless you better, madam!

DUCH. Must I bid welcome to the man undoes me,
The cause of my vow's breach, my honour's enemy;
One that does all the mischief to my fame,
And mocks my seven years' conquest with his name?
This is a force of love was never felt;
But I'll not grudge at fortune, I will take
Captivity cheerfully: here, seize upon me,
And if thy heart can be so pitiless
To chain me up for ever in those arms,
I'll take it mildly, ay, and thank my stars,
For we're all subject to the chance of wars.

LAC. We are so; yet take comfort, vanquish'd duchess,
I'll use you like an honourable prisoner,
You shall be [well] entreated; day shall be
Free for all sports to you, the night for me;
That's all I challenge, all the rest is thine;
And for your fare 't shall be no worse than mine.

DUCH. Nay, then, I'm heartily pleasant, and as merry
As one that owes no malice, and that's well, sir:
You cannot say so much for your part, can you?

LAC. Faith, all that I owe is to one man, madam,
And so can few men say: marry, that malice
Wears no dead flesh about it, 'tis a stinger.

DUCH. What is he that shall dare to be your enemy,
Having our friendship, if he be a servant
And subject to our law?

LAC. Yes, trust me, madam,
Of a vild[x] fellow I hold him a true subject;
There's many arrant knaves that are good subjects,

[x] *vild*] See note, vol. ii. p. 393.

Some for their living's sakes, some for their lives,
That will unseen eat men, and drink their wives.
DUCH. They are as much in fault that know such people,
And yet conceal 'em from the whips of justice.
For love's sake give me in your foe betimes,
Before he vex you further; I will order him
To your heart's wishes, load him with disgraces,
That your revenge shall rather pity him
Than wish more weight upon him.
LAC. Say you so, madam?—
Here's a bless'd hour, that feeds both love and hate;
Then take thy time, brave malice. [*Aside.*]—Virtuous princess,
The only enemy that my vengeance points to
Lives in Andrugio.
DUCH. What, the general?
LAC. That's the man, madam.
DUCH. Are you serious, sir?
LAC. As at my prayers.
DUCH. We meet happily then
In both our wishes; he's the only man
My will has had a longing to disgrace,
For divers capital contempts; my memory
Shall call 'em all together now; nay, sir,
I'll bring his faith in war now into question,
And his late conference with the enemy.
LAC. Byrlady,[y] a shrewd business and a dangerous!
Signor, your neck's a-cracking.
DUCH. Stay, stay, sir;
Take pen and ink.
LAC. Here's both, and paper, madam.
DUCH. I'll take him in a fine trap.

[y] *Byrlady*] See note, p. 9.

LAC. That were excellent.
DUCH. A letter so writ would abuse him strangely.
LAC. Good madam, let me understand your mind,
And then take you no care for his abusing;
I serve for nothing else. I can write fast and fair,
Most true orthography, and observe my stops.
DUCH. Stay, stay awhile;
You do not know his hand.
LAC. A bastard Roman,
Much like mine own; I could go near it, madam.
DUCH. Marry, and shall.
LAC. We were once great together,
And writ Spanish epistles one to another,
To exercise the language.
DUCH. Did you so?
It shall be a bold letter of temptation,
With his name to't, as writ and sent to me.
LAC. Can be no better, lady; stick there, madam,
And ne'er seek further.
DUCH. Begin thus: *Fair duchess*, say;
We must use flattery if we imitate man,
'Twill ne'er be thought his pen else.
LAC. *Most fair duchess.* [*Writing.*
DUCH. What need you have put in *most?* yet since 'tis in,
Let 't even go on; few women would find fault with't;
We all love to be best, but seldom mend:
Go on, sir.
LAC. *Most fair duchess!* here's an admiration-point. [*Writing.*
DUCH. *The report of your vow shall not fear me*——
LAC. *Fear me;* two stops at fear me. [*Writing.*
DUCH. *I know you're but a woman* ——
LAC. *But a woman;* a comma at woman. [*Writing.*

DUCH. *And what a woman is, a wise man knows.*
LAC. *Wise man knows;* a full prick there.
[*Writing.*
DUCH. *Perhaps my condition*[z] *may seem blunt to you* ——
LAC. *Blunt to you;* a comma here again.
[*Writing.*
DUCH. *But no man's love can be more sharp set* —
LAC. *Sharp set;* there a colon, for colon[a] is sharp set oftentimes. [*Writing.*
DUCH. *And I know desires in both sexes have skill at that weapon.*
LAC. *Skill at that weapon;* a full prick here at weapon. [*Writing.*
DUCH. So, that will be enough; subscribe it thus now,
One that vows service to your affections; signor such a one.
LAC. *Signor Andrugio, G.;* that stands for general. [*Writing.*
DUCH. And you shall stand for goose-cap. [*Aside.*]
—Give me that: [*Taking letter.*
Betake you to your business speedily, sir;
We give you full authority from our person,
In right of reputation, truth, and honour,
To take a strong guard, and attach his body;
That done, to bring him presently before us;
Then we know what to do.
LAC. My hate finds wings;
Man's spirit flies swift to all revengeful things.
[*Aside, and exit.*
DUCH. Why, here's the happiness of my desires;
The means safe, unsuspected, far from thought;

[z] *condition*] See note, p. 292.
[a] *colon*] i. e. the largest of the human intestines.

s like the world's condition right,
gain, either by fraud or stealth;
st one toils, another gets the wealth.
[*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The rendezvous of the Gipsies,[b] *near Milan.*

Enter ANDRUGIO.

AND. Now, fortune, shew thyself the friend of love,
Take her way plain and safe; cast all their eyes
That guard the castle
Into a thicker blindness than thine own,
Darker than ignorance or idolatry,
That in that shape my love may pass unknown,
And by her freedom set my comforts free.
This is the place appointed for our meeting,
Yet comes she [not]; I'm covetous of her sight;
That gipsy-habit alters her so far
From knowledge, that our purpose cannot err;
She might have been here now by this time largely,
And much to spare: I would not miss her now
In this plight for the loss of a year's joy.
She's ignorant of this house, nor knows she where
Or which way to bestow herself through fear.

Enter LACTANTIO *with a Guard.*

LAC. Close with him, gentlemen.—In the duchess' name
We do attach your body.

[b] *The rendezvous of the Gipsies*] From Andrugio's mention of "this *house*," the scene would seem to be laid within doors; yet the meeting between Aurelia's father, the governor, and the gipsies, appears to be accidental, and to take place in the open air.

And. How, my body?
What means this rudeness?
Lac. You add to your offences,
Calling that rudeness that is fair command,
Immaculate justice, and the duchess' pleasure.
And. Signor Lactantio! O, are you the speaker?
Lac. I am what I am made.
And. Shew me my crime.
Lac. I fear you'll have too many shewn you, sir.
And. The father of untruths possesses thy spirit,
As he commands thy tongue: I defy fear
But in my love, it only settles there.
Lac. Bring him along.
And. Let law's severest brow
Bend at my deeds, my innocence shall rise
A shame to thee and all my enemies.
Lac. You're much the happier man.
And. O, my hard crosses!
Grant me the third part of one hour's stay.
Lac. Sir, not a minute.
And. O, she's lost!
Lac. Away! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Aurelia *disguised as a Gipsy.*

Aur. I'm happily escap'd, not one pursues me;
This shape's too cunning for 'em; all the sport was,
The porter would needs know his fortune of me
As I pass'd by him: 'twas such a plunge[c] to me,
I knew not how to bear myself; at last
I did resolve of somewhat, look'd in's hand,
Then shook my head, bade him make much on's eyes,
He'd lose his sight clean long before he dies;

[c] *plunge*] i. e. strait, difficulty.

And so[c] away went I; he lost the sight of me
quickly:
I told him his fortune truer for nothing than some
Of my complexion that would have cozen'd him of
his money.
This is the place of meeting; where's this man now
That has took all this care and pains for nothing?
The use of him is at the last cast now,
Shall only bring me to my former face again,
And see me somewhat cleanlier at his cost,
And then farewell, Andrugio; when I'm handsome,
I'm for another straight. I wonder, troth,
That he would miss me thus; I could have took
Many occasions besides this to have left him;
I'm not in want, he need not give me any;
A woman's will has still enough to spare
To help her friends, and[d] need be. What, not yet?
What will become of me in this shape then?
If I know where to go, I'm no dissembler;
And I'll not lose my part in woman[e] so
For such a trifle, to forswear myself.
But comes he not indeed?

Enter DONDOLO.

DON. O excellent! by this light here's one of them! I thank my stars: I learnt that phrase in the Half-moon tavern. [*Aside.*]—By your leave, good gipsy;
I pray how far off is your company?

AUR. O happiness! this is the merry fellow
My love, signor Lactantio, takes delight in;

[c] *And so . . . money*] So these three lines stand in old ed.: nor do I see how the metre can be rectified by any arrangement.

[d] *and*] i. e. if.

[e] *woman*] Old ed. "one *woman*."

I'll send him away speedily with the news
Of my so strange and fortunate escape,
And he'll provide my safety at an instant. [*Aside.*
My friend, thou serv'st signor Lactantio?

Don. Who, I serve? gipsy, I scorn your motion;[e] and if the rest of your company give me no better words, I will hinder 'em the stealing of more pullen[f] than fifty poulterers were ever worth, and prove a heavier enemy to all their pig-booties; they shall travel like Jews, that hate swine's flesh, and never get a sow by th' ear all their lifetime. I serve Lactantio! I scorn to serve any body; I am more gipsy-minded than so: though my face look of a Christian colour, if my belly were ripped up, you shall find my heart as black as any patch about you. The truth is, I am as arrant a thief as the proudest of your company; I'll except none: I am run away from my master in the state of a fool, and till I be a perfect knave I never mean to return again.

Aur. I'm ne'er the happier for this fortune now;
It did but mock me. [*Aside.*

Don. Here they come, here they come!

Enter Gipsy Captain with a company of Gipsies, male and female, carrying booties of hens and ducks, &c., and singing.

G. Cap. *Come, my dainty doxies,*
My dells,[g] *my dells most dear;*
We have neither house nor land,
Yet never want good cheer.

Chorus. *We never want good cheer.*

[e] *scorn your motion*] Compare vol. i. p. 172, and note.
[f] *pullen*] i. e. poultry.—Old ed. "pully," which, indeed, may be another form of the word.
[g] *dells*] See note, vol. ii. p. 538.

G. Cap. *We take no care for candle rents.*
Sec. Gip. *We lie.*
Th. Gip. *We snort.*
G. Cap. *We sport*[g] *in tents,*
Then rouse betimes and steal our dinners.
Our store is never taken
Without pigs, hens, or bacon,
And that's good meat for sinners:
At wakes and fairs we cozen
Poor country folks by dozen;
If one have money, he disburses;
Whilst some tell fortunes, some pick purses;
Rather than be out of use,
We'll steal garters, hose, or shoes,
Boots, or spurs with gingling rowels,
Shirts or napkins, smocks or towels.
Come live with us, come live with us,
All you that love your eases;
He that's a gipsy
May be drunk or tipsy
At what hour he pleases.
Chorus. *We laugh, we quaff, we roar, we scuffle;*
We cheat, we drab, we filch, we shuffle.

Don. O sweet! they deserve to be hanged for ravishing of me.

Aur. What will become of me? if I seem fearful now,
Or offer sudden flight, then I betray myself;
I must do neither. [*Aside.*

G. Cap. *Ousabel,*[h] *camcheteroon, puscatelion,*
Hows-drows.

Sec. Gip. *Rumbos stragadelion*
Alla piskitch in sows-clows.
Oh, oh!

[g] *sport*] Qy. "*snort*"—as before.
[h] *Ousabel,* &c.] So this gibberish is divided in old ed., rhymes, perhaps, being intended.

Dox. *Pinkitch in howse-clout!* I shall never keep a good tongue in my head till I get this language.

G. Cap. *Umbra fill kevolliden, magro-pye.*

Dox. He calls her magot-o'-pie.[h]

Ava. I love your language well, but understand it not.

G. Cap. Hah!

Ava. I am but lately turn'd to your profession;
Yet from my youth I ever lov'd it dearly,
But never could attain to't: steal I can,
It was a thing I ever was brought up to;
My father was a miller, and my mother
A tailor's widow.

Dox. She's a thief on both sides.

G. Cap. Give me thy hand; thou art no bastard born,
We have not a more true-bred thief amongst us.

Gipsies. Not any, captain.

Dox. I pray, take me into some grace amongst you too: for though I claim no goodness from my parents to help me forward into your society, I had two uncles that were both hanged for robberies, if that will serve your turn, and a brave cut-purse to my cousin-german: if kindred will be taken, I am as near akin to a thief as any of you that had fathers and mothers.

G. Cap. What is it thou requirest, noble cousin?

Dox. Cousin? nay, and[i] we be so near akin already, now we are sober, we shall be sworn brothers when we are drunk: the naked truth is, sir, I would be made a gipsy as fast as you could devise.

G. Cap. A gipsy?

Dox. Ay, with all the speed you can, sir; the

[h] *magot-o'-pie*] i. e. magpie.
[i] *and*] i. e. if.

very sight of those stolen hens eggs me forward horribly.

G. Cap. Here's dainty ducks too, boy.

Don. I see 'em but too well; I would they were all rotten roasted and stuffed with onions.

G. Cap. Lov'st thou the common food of Egypt, onions?

Don. Ay, and garlic too; I have smelt out many a knave by't; but I could never smell mine own breath yet, and that's many a man's fault; he can smell out a knave in another sometimes three yards off, yet his nose standing so nigh his mouth, he can never smell out himself.

G. Cap. A pregnant gipsy!

Gipsies. A most witty sinner!

G. Cap. Stretch forth thy hand, coz: art thou fortunate?

Don. How? fortunate? nay, I cannot tell that myself; wherefore do I come to you but to learn that? I have sometimes found money[k] in old shoes; but if I had not stolen more than I have found, I had had but a scurvy thin-cheeked fortune on't.

G. Cap. [*taking* Dondolo's *hand*] Here's a fair table.[l]

Don. Ay, so has many a man that has given over housekeeping; a fair table, when there's neither cloth nor meat upon't.

G. Cap. What a brave line of life's here; look you, gipsies.

Don. I have known as brave a line end in a halter.

G. Cap. But thou art born to precious fortune.

[k] *money*, &c.] "This is an allusion to a popular superstition, that the fairies, from their love of cleanliness, used at night to drop money into the shoes of good servants as a reward." Editor of 1816.

[l] *table*] See note, p. 116.

Don. The devil I am!

G. Cap. *Bette bucketto.*

Don. How, to beat bucks?

G. Cap. *Stealee bacono.*

Don. O, to steal bacon; that's the better fortune o' th' two indeed.

G. Cap. Thou wilt be shortly captain of the gipsies.

Don. I would you'd make me corporal i' th' meantime,
Or standard-bearer to the women's regiment.

G. Cap. Much may be done for love.

Don. Nay, here's some money;
I know an office comes not all for love.
[*Feels in his pockets.*
A pox of your lime-twigs! you have't all already.

G. Cap. It lies but here in cash for thine own use, boy.

Don. Nay, an 't lie there once, I shall hardly come to the fingering on't in haste; yet make me an apt scholar, and I care not: teach me but so much gipsy, to steal as much more from another, and the devil do you good of that.

G. Cap. Thou shalt have all thy heart requires:
First, here's a girl for thy desires;
This doxy fresh, this new-come dell,[1]
Shall lie by thy sweet side and swell.
Get me gipsies brave and tawny,
With cheek full plump and hip full brawny;
Look you prove industrious dealers,
To serve the commonwealth with stealers,
That th' unhous'd race of fortune-tellers
May never fail to cheat town-dwellers,
Or, to our universal grief,
Leave country fairs without a thief.

[1] *dell*] See note, vol. ii. p. 538.

This is all you have to do,
Save every hour a filch or two,
Be it money, cloth, or pullen:[m]
When the evening's brow looks sullen,
Lose no time, for then 'tis precious;
Let your slights[n] be fine, facetious:
Which hoping you'll observe, to try thee,
With rusty bacon thus I gipsify thee.
[*Rubs his face with bacon.*

DON. Do you use to do't with bacon?

G. CAP. Evermore.

DON. By this light, the rats will take me now for some hog's cheek, and eat up my face when I am asleep, I shall have never a bit left by to-morrow morning; and lying open mouthed as I use to do, I shall look for all the world like a mouse-trap baited with bacon.

G. CAP. Why, here's a face like thine so done,
Only grain'd in by the sun;
And this, and these.

DON. Faith, then, there's a company of bacon-faces of you, and I am one now to make up the number: we are a kind of conscionable people, and[o] 'twere well thought upon, for to steal bacon, and black our faces with't; 'tis like one that commits sin, and writes his faults in his forehead.

G. CAP. Wit, whither wilt thou?[p]

DON. Marry, to the next pocket I can come at; and if it be a gentleman's, I wish a whole quarter's rent in't. Is this my in dock, out nettle?[q] What's gipsy for her?

[m] *pullen*] i. e. poultry. [n] *slights*] i. e. dexterous tricks.
[o] *and*] i. e. if.
[p] *Wit, whither wilt thou*] A kind of proverbial expression: it occurs in Shakespeare's *As you like it*, act iv. sc. 1; where see Steevens's note.
[q] *in dock, out nettle*] "The words '*in dock, out nettle*,' allude,

[illegible]

Don. [illegible]—[illegible]?

Aur. I'll be thy [illegible] and thy dell,
With thee I'll live, for thee I'll [illegible]:
From fair to fair, from wake to wake,
I'll [illegible] still for thy sweet sake.

Don. [illegible] fine doxy! she speaks the language as familiarly already as if she'd been begot o' a canter.[e] I pray, captain, what's gipsy for the [illegible] matter of a woman?

G. Cap. [illegible].

Don. [illegible]? why, what's gipsy for my [illegible]?

G. Cap. Why, [illegible].

Don. [illegible]? faith, methinks you might have bestowed a sweeter word for't.

Enter Aurelia's *Father, and Governor.*

G. Cap. Stop, stop! fresh booties,—gentlefolks, [illegible],
Calcazaro, fulkadelio.

All. Gip. *La gnambrol a tumbrel.*

Don. How? give me one word amongst you, that I may be doing too.

Aur. Yonder they are again! O guiltiness,

I believe, to a practice still sometimes found among children, of laying the leaf of the butter-dock upon a place that has been stung by a nettle, and repeating, as a kind of charm, the words '*in dock, out nettle,*' as long as the application is continued." Editor of 1816.—Compare Sir Thomas More; "and thus playe in and out, like *in docke out netle* that no man shoulde wytte whan they were in and whan they were oute." *Workes*, 1557, fol. 809. In our text the words are used with some punning allusion.

[d] *sirrah*] See note, p. 44.

[e] *canter*] Compare vol. ii. pp. 536, 539.

Thou putt'st more trembling fear into a maid
Than the first wedding-night. Take courage, wench,
Thy face cannot betray thee with a blush now.
[*Aside.*
FATH. Which way she took her flight, sir, none can guess,
Or how she 'scap'd.
GOV. Out at some window certainly.
FATH. O, 'tis a bold daring baggage!
GOV. See, good fortune, sir,
The gipsies! they're the cunning'st people living.
FATH. They cunning? what a confidence have you, sir!
No wise man's faith was ever set in fortunes.
GOV. You're the wilfull'st man against all learning still:
I will be hang'd now, if I hear not news of her
Amongst this company.
FATH. You are a gentleman of the flatt'ring'st hopes
That e'er lost woman yet.
GOV. Come hither, gipsy.
AUR. Luck now, or I'm undone. [*Aside.*]—What says my master?
Bless me with a silver cross,[r]
And I will tell you all your loss.
GOV. Lo you there, sir! all my loss; at first word too:
There is no cunning in these gipsies now?
FATH. Sure I'll hear more of this.
GOV. Here's silver for you. [*Gives money.*
AUR. Now attend your fortune's story:
You lov'd a maid.
GOV. Right.

[r] *cross*] i. e. silver coin: see note, vol. i. p. 246.

Aub. She ne'er lov'd you:
You shall find my words are true.
Gov. Mass, I am afraid so.
Aub. You were about
To keep her in, but could not do't:
Alas the while, she would not stay,
The cough o' th' lungs[8] blew her away!
And, which is worse, you'll be so crost,
You'll never find the thing that's lost;
Yet oftentimes your sight will fear her,
She'll be near you, and yet you ne'er the nearer:
Let her go, and be the gladder;
She'd but shame you, if you had her:
Ten counsellors could never school her;
She is so wild, you could not rule her.
Gov. In troth I'm of thy mind, yet I'd fain find her.
Aub. Soonest then when you least mind her;
But if you mean to take her tripping,
Make but haste, she's now a-shipping.
Gov. I ever dream'd so much.
Fath. Hie to the key.—
We'll mar your voyage, you shall brook no sea.
[*Exeunt Father and Governor.*
G. Cap. *Cheteroon, high gulleroon.*
Don. *Filcheroon, purse-gulleroon:* I can say somewhat too.
Gipsies. Excellent gipsy! witty, rare doxy!
Don. I would not change my dell[9] for a dozen of black bell-wethers.

Song.

G. Cap. *Our wealth swells high, my boys.*
Don. *Our wealth swells high, my boys.*

[8] *cough o' th' lungs*] i. e. "the symptoms of age and infirmity in the lover proposed by the father." Editor of 1616.
[9] *dell*] See note, vol. ii. p. 538.

G. Cap. *Let every gipsy*
Dance with his doxy,
And then drink, drink for joy.
Don. *Let every gipsy*
Dance with his doxy,
And then drink, drink for joy.
Chorus. *And then drink, drink for joy.*
[*Exeunt with a strange wild-fashioned dance to the hautboys or cornets.*

SCENE II.

An apartment in the house of the Duchess.

Enter Duchess, Cardinal, Lords, and Celia.

Car. That which is merely call'd a will in woman,
I cannot always title it with a virtue.
Duch. O good sir, spare me!
Car. Spare yourself, good madam;
Extremest justice is not so severe
To great offenders, as your own forc'd strictness
To beauty, youth, and time; you'll answer for't.
Duch. Sir, settle your own peace; let me make mine.
Car. But here's a heart must pity it, when it thinks on't;
I find compassion, though the smart be yours.
First Lord. None here but does the like.
Sec. Lord. Believe it, madam,
You have much wrong'd your time.
First Lord. Nay, let your grace
But think upon the barrenness of succession.
Sec. Lord. Nay, more, a vow enforc'd.
Duch. What, do you all
Forsake me then, and take part with yon man?

Not one friend have I left? do they all fight
Under th' inglorious banner of his censure,[1]
Serve under his opinion?
CAR. So will all, madam,
Whose judgments can but taste a rightful cause;
I look for more force yet; nay, your own women
Will shortly rise against you, when they know
The war to be so just and honourable
As marriage is; you cannot name that woman
Will not come ready arm'd for such a cause:
Can chastity be any whit impair'd
By that which makes it perfect? answer, madam;
Do you profess constancy, and yet live alone?
How can that hold? you're constant then to none
That's a dead virtue; goodness must have practice
Or else it ceases; then is woman said
To be love-chaste, knowing but one man's bed;
A mighty virtue! beside, fruitfulness
Is part of the salvation of your sex;
And the true use of wedlock's time and space
Is woman's exercise for faith and grace.
DUCH. O, what have you done, my lord!
CAR. Laid the way plain
To knowledge of yourself and your creation;
Unbound a forcèd vow, that was but knit
By the strange jealousy of your dying lord,
Sinful i' th' fastening.
DUCH. All the powers of constancy
Will curse you for this deed!
CAR. You speak in pain, madam,
And so I take your words, like one in sickness
That rails at his best friend: I know a change
Of disposition has a violent working
In all of us; 'tis fit it should have time

[1] *censure*] i. e. judgment.

And counsel with itself: may you be fruitful, madam,
In all the blessings of an honour'd love!
FIRST LORD. In all your wishes fortunate,—and I
The chief of 'em myself! [*Aside.*
CAR. Peace be at your heart, lady!
FIRST LORD. And love, say I. [*Aside.*
CAR. We'll leave good thoughts now to bring in themselves. [*Exit with Lords.*
DUCH. O, there's no art like a religious cunning;
It carries away all things smooth before it!
How subtlely has his wit dealt with the lords,
To fetch in their persuasions to a business
That stands in need of none, yields of itself,
As most we women do, when we seem farthest.
But little thinks the cardinal he's requited
After the same proportion of deceit
As he sets down for others.

Enter Page.[t]

O, here's the pretty boy he preferr'd to me;
I never saw a meeker, gentler youth,
Yet made for man's beginning: how unfit
Was that poor fool to be Lactantio's page!
He would have spoil'd him quite; in one year utterly;
There had been no hope of him.—Come hither, child;
I have forgot thy name.
PAGE. Antonio, madam.
DUCH. Antonio? so thou toldst me. I must chide thee;
Why didst thou weep when thou cam'st first to serve me?

[t] *Page*] See note, p. 562.

PAGE. At the distrust of mine own merits, madam,
Knowing I was not born to those deserts
To please so great a mistress.
DUCH. 'Las, poor boy,
That's nothing in thee but thy modest fear,
Which makes amends faster than thou canst err.—
It shall be my care to have him well brought up
As a youth apt for good things.—Celia.
CELIA. Madam?
DUCH. Has he bestow'd his hour to-day for music?
CELIA. Yes, he has, madam.
DUCH. How do you find his voice?
CELIA. A pretty, womanish, faint, sprawling[u] voice, madam,
But 'twill grow strong in time, if he take care
To keep it when he has it from fond[v] exercises.
DUCH. Give order too the dancing-schoolmaster
Observe an hour with him.
CELIA. It shall be done, lady:
He is well made for dancing; thick i' th' chest, madam;
He will turn long and strongly.
DUCH. He shall not be behind a quality
That aptness in him or our cost can purchase;
And see he lose no time.
CELIA. I'll take that order, madam.
PAGE. Singing and dancing! 'las, my case is worse!
I rather need a midwife and a nurse.
[*Aside, and exit with* CELIA.
DUCH. Lactantio, my procurer, not return'd yet?
His malice I have fitted with an office

[u] *sprawling*] "As applied to the voice seems devoid of meaning; perhaps we should read *squalling*." Editor of 1816.
[v] *fond*] i. e. foolish.

Which he takes pleasure to discharge with rigour.
He comes, and with him my heart's conqueror;
My pleasing thraldom's near.

Enter LACTANTIO *with* ANDRUGIO *and Guard.*

AND. Not know the cause?

LAC. Yes, you shall soon do that now, to the ruin
Of your neck-part, or some nine years' imprisonment;
You meet with mercy, and[w] you 'scape with that;
Beside your lands all begg'd and seiz'd upon;
That's admirable favour. Here's the duchess.

DUCH. O sir, you're welcome!

LAC. Marry, bless me still
From such a welcome!

DUCH. You are hard to come by,
It seems, sir, by the guilt of your long stay.

AND. My guilt, good madam?

DUCH. Sure y'had much ado
To take him, had you not? speak truth, Lactantio,
And leave all favour; were you not in danger?

LAC. Faith, something near it, madam: he grew headstrong,
Furious and fierce; but 'tis not my condition[x]
To speak the worst things of mine enemy, madam,
Therein I hold mine honour: but had fury
Burst into all the violent storms that ever
Play'd over anger in tempestuous man,
I would have brought him to your grace's presence,
Dead or alive.

DUCH. You would not, sir?

AND. What pride
Of pamper'd blood has mounted up[y] this puck-foist?[z]

[w] *and*] i. e. if.
[x] *condition*] See note, p. 292.
[y] *up*] Old ed. "*up* to."
[z] *puck-foist*] i. e. "a sort of mushroom filled with dust." Editor of 1816.

If any way, uncounsell'd of my judgment,
My ignorance has stept into some error,
Which I could heartily curse, and so brought on me
Your great displeasure, let me feel my sin
In the full weight of justice, virtuous madam,
And let it wake me throughly: but, chaste lady,
Out of the bounty of your grace, permit not
This perfum'd parcel of curl'd powder'd hair
To cast me in the poor relish of his censure.[z]

Duch. It shall not need, good sir; we are ourself
Of power sufficient to judge you; ne'er doubt it, sir.
Withdraw, Lactantio; carefully place your guard
I' the next room.

Lac. You will but fare the worse;
You see your niceness[a] spoils you; you'll go nigh now
To feel your sin indeed.

[*Exit* Lactantio *with Guard.*

And. Hell-mouth be with thee!
Was ever malice seen yet to gape wider
For man's misfortunes?

Duch. First, sir, I should think
You could not be so impudent to deny
What your own knowledge proves to you.

And. That were a sin, madam,
More gross than flattery spent upon a villain.

Duch. Your own confession dooms you, sir.

And. Why, madam?

Duch. Do not you know I made a serious vow
At my lord's death, never to marry more?

And. That's a truth, madam, I'm a witness to.

Duch. Is't so, sir? you'll be taken presently.

[z] *censure*] i. e. opinion.
[a] *niceness*] See note, p. 451.

This man needs no accuser. Knowing so much,
How durst you then attempt so bold a business
As to solicit me, so strictly settled,
With tempting letters and loose lines of love?

AND. Who? I do't, madam?

DUCH. Sure the man will shortly
Deny he lives, although he walks and breath[es.]

AND. Better destruction snatch me quick from sight
Of human eyes, than I should sin so boldly!

DUCH. 'Twas well I kept it then from rage or fire,
For my truth's credit. Look you, sir; read out;
You know the hand and name. [*Gives letter.*

AND. [*reads*] *Andrugio!*

DUCH. And if such things be fit, the world shall judge.

AND. Madam ——

DUCH. Pish, that's not so; it begins otherwise;
Pray, look again, sir; how you'd slight your knowledge!

AND. By all the reputation I late won ——

DUCH. Nay, and[a] you dare not read, sir, I am gone.

AND. Read? [*reads*] *Most fair duchess.*

DUCH. O, have you found it now?
There's a sweet flattering phrase for a beginning!
You thought belike that would overcome me.

AND. I, madam?

DUCH. Nay, on, sir; you are slothful.

AND. [*reads*] *The report of your vow shall not fear me* ——

DUCH. No? are you so resolute? 'tis well for you, sir.

AND. [*reads*] *I know you're but a woman* ——

[a] *and*] i. e. if.

DUCH. Well, what then, sir?

AND. [*reads*] *And what a woman is, a wise man knows.*

DUCH. Let him know what he can, he's glad to get us.

AND. [*reads*] *Perhaps my condition*[b] *may seem blunt to you* ——

DUCH. Well, we find no fault with your bluntness.

AND. [*reads*] *But no man's love can be more sharp set* ——

DUCH. Ay, there's good stuff now!

AND. [*reads*] *And I know desires in both sexes have skill at that weapon.*

DUCH. Weapon?
You begin like a flatterer, and end like a fencer.
Are these fit lines now to be sent to us?

AND. Now, by the honour of a man, his truth, madam,
My name's abus'd!

DUCH. Fie, fie, deny your hand?
I will not deny mine; here, take it freely, sir,
And with it my true constant heart for ever:
I never disgrac'd man that sought my favour.

AND. What mean you, madam?

DUCH. To requite you, sir;
By courtesy I hold my reputation,
And you shall taste it. Sir, in as plain truth
As the old time walk'd in, when love was simple
And knew no art nor guile, I affect you;
My heart has made her choice; I love you, sir,
Above my vow: the frown that met you first
Wore not the livery of anger, sir,
But of deep policy; I made your enemy

[b] *condition*] See note, p. 292.

The instrument for all; there you may praise me,
And 'twill not be ill given.

AND. Here's a strange language!
The constancy of love bless me from learning on't,
Although ambition would soon teach it others!
[*Aside.*
Madam, the service of whole life is yours;
But ——

DUCH. Enough! thou'rt mine for ever.—Within, there!

Re-enter LACTANTIO *with Guard.*

LAC. Madam?

DUCH. Lay hands upon him; bear him hence;
See he be kept close prisoner in our palace.—
The time's not yet ripe for our nuptial solace.
[*Aside, and exit.*

LAC. This you could clear yourself!

AND. There's a voice that wearies me
More than mine own distractions.

LAC. You are innocent!

AND. I've not a time idle enough from passion[c]
To give this devil an answer. O, she's lost!
Curs'd be that love by which a better's crost!
There my heart's settl'd. [*Aside.*

LAC. How is he disgrac'd,
And I advanc'd in love! faith, he that can
Wish more to his enemy is a spiteful man,
And worthy to be punish'd. [*Exeunt.*

[c] *passion*] i. e. grief.

ACT V. SCENE I.

An apartment in the house of the Duchess.

Enter CELIA, *Page*,[c] *and* CROTCHET.

CELIA. Sir, I'm of that opinion; being kept hard to't,
In troth I think he'll take his prick-song well.
CROT. [*sings*] *G, sol, re, ut;* you guess not right, i'faith.
Mistress, you'll find you're in an error straight.—
Come on, sir, lay the books down.—You shall see now.
PAGE. Would I'd an honest caudle next my heart!
Let who[d] would *sol fa*, I'd give them my part.
In troth methinks I've a great longing in me
To bite a piece of the musician's nose off;
But I'll rather
Lose my longing than spoil the poor man's singing:
The very tip will serve my turn, methinks,
If I could get it; that he might well spare,
His nose is of the longest. O, my back! [*Aside.*
CROT. You shall hear that.—Rehearse your gamut, boy.
PAGE. Who'd be thus toil'd for love, and want the joy? [*Aside.*
CROT. Why, when![e] begin, sir: I must stay your leisure?
PAGE. Gamut [*sings*], *a, re, b, me*, &c.
CROT. [*sings*] *Ee la:* aloft! above the clouds, my boy!
PAGE. It must be a better note than *ela*,[f] sir,

[c] *Page*] See note, p. 562. [d] *who*] Old ed. "whose."
[e] *Why, when*] See note, p. 164.
[f] *ela*] i. e. the highest note in the scale of music.

That brings musicians thither; they're too hasty,
The most part of 'em, to take such a journey,
And must needs fall by th' way.

CROT. How many cliffs be there?

PAGE. One cliff, sir.

CROT. O intolerable heretic
To voice and music! do you know but one cliff?

PAGE. No more, indeed, I, sir;—and at this time
I know too much of that. [*Aside.*

CROT. How many notes be there?

PAGE. Eight, sir.—I fear me I shall find nine shortly,
To my great shame and sorrow. O my stomach! [*Aside.*

CROT. Will you repeat your notes then? I must *sol fa* you;
Why, when,[f] sir?

PAGE. A large, a long,[g] a breve, a semibreve,
A minim, a crotchet, a quaver, a semiquaver.

CROT. O, have you found the way?

PAGE. Never trust me
If I've not lost my wind with naming of 'em! [*Aside.*

CROT. Come, boy, your mind's upon some other thing now;
Set to your song.

PAGE. Was ever wench so punish'd? [*Aside.*

[f] *Why, when*] See note, p. 164.

[g] *A large, a long*] Characters in old music—one large contained two longs, one long two breves.—The editor of 1816 observes, that he does not remember to have seen the name of the first note any where else; it is not, however, a very uncommon word;

"But with *a large* and *a longe*,
To kepe iust playne-songe,
Our chaunters shalbe the Cuckoue," &c.
Skelton's *Phyllyp Sparowe*.

CROT. [*sings*] *Ut*,—come, begin.
PAGE. [*sings*] *Ut, mi, re, fa, sol, la.*
CROT. Keep time, you foolish boy.
[*Here they sing prick-song.*[g]
How like you this, madonna?
CELIA. Pretty;
He will do well in time, being kept under.
CROT. I'll make his ears sore and his knuckles ache else.
CELIA. And that's the way to bring a boy to goodness, sir.
CROT. There's many now wax'd proper gentlemen
Whom I have nipp'd i' th' ear, wench; that's my comfort.—
Come, sing me over the last song I taught you;
You're perfect in that sure; look you keep time well,
Or here I'll notch your faults up. *Sol, sol;* [*sings*] begin, boy. [*Song.*[h]
CELIA. So, you've done well, sir.
Here comes the dancing-master now; you're discharg'd.

Enter SINQUAPACE.

SINQ. O, signor Crotchet, O!
CROT. A minim rest,
Two cliffs, and a semibreve. In the name
Of alamire,[i] what's the matter, sir?
SINQ. The horriblest disaster that ever disgraced the lofty cunning of a dancer.
CROT. [*sings*] *B, fa, b, mi*,—heaven forbid, man!

[g] *prick-song*] i. e. music written or *pricked* down, full of flourish and variety, opposed to *plain song*, which was melody without ornament.
[h] *Song*] See note, p. 385.
[i] *alamire*] i. e. "the lowest note but one in Guido Aretino's scale of music." Todd's *John. Dict.* in v.

SING. O—O—the most cruel fortune!

CROT. That semiquaver is no friend to you,
That I must tell you; 'tis not for a dancer
To put his voice so hard to't; every workman
Must use his own tools, sir;—*de, fa, sol,* [*sings*]—man, dilate
The matter to me.

SING. Faith, riding upon my foot-cloth,[j] as I use to do, coming through a crowd, by chance I let fall my fiddle.

CROT. [*sings*] *De, sol, re:*—your fiddle, sir?

SING. O, that such an instrument should be made to betray a poor gentleman! nay, which is more lamentable, whose luck should it be to take up this unfortunate fiddle but a barber's prentice, who cried out presently, according to his nature, *You trim gentleman on horseback, you've lost your fiddle, your worship's fiddle!* seeing me upon my foot-cloth, the mannerly coxcomb could say no less; but away rid I, sir; put my horse to a coranto pace,[k] and left my fiddle behind me.

CROT. [*sings*] *De, la, sol, re.*

SING. Ay, was't not a strange fortune? an excellent treble-viol! by my troth, 'twas my master's when I was but a pumper, that is, a puller-on of gentlemen's pumps.

CROT. [*sings*] *C, c, sol, fa,*—I knew you then, sir.

SING. But I make no question but I shall hear on't shortly at one broker's or another; for I know the barber will scourse[l] it away for some old cittern.[m]

[j] *foot-cloth*] See note, p. 197.

[k] *coranto pace*] i. e. a very swift pace: a *coranto* was a quick and lively dance.

[l] *scourse*] Or *scorce*—i. e. exchange.

[m] *barber . . . cittern*] See note, vol. i. p. 174.

Cast. [*sings*] *Ela, mi,*—my life for your's on that, sir:
I must to my other scholars, my hour calls me away;
I leave you to your practice—*fa, sol, la* [*sings*]—fare you well, sir.

Sinq. The lavoltas[m] of a merry heart be with you, sir [*exit* Castruchet]; and a merry heart makes a good singing-man: a man may love to hear himself talk when he carries pith in's mouth.—Metereza[n] Celia.

Celia. Signor Sinquapace,
The welcom'st gentleman alive of a dancer!
This is the youth; he can do little yet,
His[o] prick-song very poorly; he is one
Must have it put into him; somewhat dull, sir.

Sinq. As you are all at first; you know 'twas long
Ere you could learn your doubles.

Celia. Ay, that's true, sir;
But I can tickle't now. *Fa, la, la,* &c.
[*Sings and dances.*
Lo, you, how like you me now, sir?

Sinq. Marry, pray for the founder, here he stands;
Long may he live to receive quarterages,
Go brave,[p] and pay his mercer wondrous duly,
Ay, and his jealous laundress,
That for the love she bears him starches yellow;[q]
Poor soul! my own flesh knows I wrong her not.
Come, metereza, once more shake your great hips and your little heels, since you begin to fall in of

[m] *lavoltas*] See note, vol. i. p. 261.

[n] *Metereza*] Or *metreza*—is, as Nares observes (*Gloss.* in v.), a sort of Frenchified Italian, found in our old dramatists.

[o] *His*] Old ed. "'Tis." [p] *brave*] i. e. finely dressed.

[q] *starches yellow*] See notes, pp. 134, 422.

yourself, and dance over the end of the coranto[r] I taught you last night.

CELIA. The tune's clear out of my head, sir.

SINQ. A pox of my little usher! how long he stays too with the second part of the former fiddle! Come, I'll *sol fa* it i' th' meantime: *Fa, la, la, la,* &c. [*he sings while* CELIA *dances.*] Perfectly excellent! I will make you fit to dance with the best Christian gentleman in Europe, and keep time with him for his heart, ere I give you over.

CELIA. Nay, I know I shall do well, sir, and I am somewhat proud on't; but 'twas my mother's fault, when she danced with the duke of Florence.

SINQ. Why, you will never dance well while you live,
If you be not proud. I know that by myself;
I may teach my heart out, if you've not the grace
To follow me.

CELIA. I warrant you for that, sir.

SINQ. Gentlewomen that are good scholars
Will come as near their masters as they can;
I've known some lie with 'em for their better understanding:
I speak not this to draw you on, forsooth;
Use your pleasure; if you come, you're welcome;
You shall see a fine lodging, a dish of comfits,
Music, and sweet linen.

CELIA. And trust me, sir,
No woman can wish more in this world,
Unless it be ten pound in th' chamber-window,
Laid ready in good gold against she rises.

SINQ. Those things are got in a morning, wench, with me.

CELIA. Indeed, I hold the morning the best time of getting;

[r] *coranto*] See note, p. 627.

So says my sister; she's a lawyer's wife, sir,
And should know what belongs to cases best.
A fitter time for this; I must not talk
Too long of women's matters before boys.
He's very raw, you must take pains with him,
It is the duchess' mind it should be so;
She loves him well, I tell you. [*Exit.*

Sing. How, love him?
He's too little for any woman's love i' th' town
By three handfulls:[1] I wonder of a great woman
She has no more wit, i'faith; one of my pitch
Were somewhat tolerable.

Enter Nicholao *with a viol.*

O, are you come?
Who would be thus plagu'd with a dandiprat usher!
How many kicks do you deserve in conscience?

Nic. Your horse is safe, sir.

Sing. Now I talk'd of kicking,
'Twas well remember'd; is not the foot-cloth stoln yet?

Nic. More by good hap than any cunning, sir. Would any gentleman but you get a tailor's son to walk his horse, in this dear time of black velvet?

Sing. Troth, thou sayst true; thy care has got thy pardon;
I'll venture so no more.—Come, my young scholar,
I'm ready for you now.

Page. Alas, 'twill kill me!
I'm even as full of qualms as heart can bear:
How shall I do to hold up? [*Aside.*]—Alas, sir,
I can dance nothing but ill-favouredly,
A strain or two of passa-measures galliard![2]

[1] *handfulls*] Altered by editor of 1816 to the more correct form "hands full."

[2] *passa-measures galliard*] A corruption of *passamezzo gal-*

SINQ. Marry, you're forwarder than I conceiv'd you;
A toward stripling.—Enter him, Nicholao;
For the fool's bashful, as they're all at first,
Till they be once well enter'd.

NIC. Passa-measures, sir?

SINQ. Ay, sir, I hope you hear me.—Mark him now, boy.—

[NICHOLAO *dances, while* SINQUAPACE *plays.*

Ha, well done! excellent boy! dainty, fine springal![t]
The glory of Dancers' Hall, if they had any!
And of all professions they'd most need of one,
For room to practise in, yet they have none.
O times! O manners! you have very little:
Why should the leaden-heel'd plumber have his hall,
And the light-footed dancer none at all?
But *fortuna della guerra*,[u] things must be;
We're born to teach in back-houses and nooks,
Garrets sometimes, where't rains upon our books.—
Come on, sir; are you ready? first, your honour.

liard. "The *Passamezzo*," says Sir John Hawkins, "(from *passer*, [*passare?*] to walk, and *mezzo*, the middle or half,) is a slow dance, little differing from the action of walking. As a galliard consists of five paces or bars in the first strain, and is therefore called a cinque-pace, the *passamezzo*, which is a diminutive of the galliard, has just half that number, and from that peculiarity takes its name." *Hist. of Music*, vol. iv. p. 386. In another place of the same work, vol. ii. p. 134, Sir John states that "every *pavan* has its *galliard*, a lighter kind of air made out of the former," which, observes Nares (*Gloss.* in v. *Pavan*), "leads to the suspicion that *passy-measure pavan* and *passy-measure galliard* were correlative terms, and meant the two different measures of one dance."

[t] *boy! dainty, fine springal!*] Old ed. "Boys—*Dainty fine* Springals;" but here Nicholao is the only dancer: and so afterwards (p. 633), when he again dances, Sinquapace exclaims "*dainty* stripling!"—*Springal*, i. e. youth, lad.

[u] *fortuna della guerra*] Old ed. "Fortune de la guardo." Editor of 1816 gives "fortune de la guerre."

PAGE. I'll wish no foe a greater cross upon her.
[*Aside—then makes a curtsy.*

SING. Curtsy, heyday! run to him, Nicholao;
By this light, he'll shame me; he makes curtsy
like a chambermaid.

NIC. Why, what do you mean, page? are you mad? did you ever see a boy begin a dance and make curtsy like a wench before?

PAGE. Troth, I was thinking of another thing,
And quite forgot myself; I pray, forgive me, sir.

SING. Come, make amends then now with a good leg,
And dance it sprightly. [*Plays, while Page dances.*]
What a beastly leg
Has he made there now! it would vex one's heart out.
Now begin, boy.—O, O, O, O! &c.[a] Open thy knees; wider, wider, wider, wider: did you ever see a boy dance clenched up? he needs a pick-lock: out upon thee for an arrant ass! an arrant ass! I shall lose my credit by thee; a pestilence on thee! —Here, boy, hold the viol [*gives the viol to* NICHOLAO, *who plays when Page proceeds to dance*]; let me come to him: I shall get more disgrace by this little monkey now than by all the ladies that ever I taught.—Come on, sir, now; cast thy leg out from thee; lift it up aloft, boy: a pox, his knees are soldered together, they're sewed together: canst not stride? O, I could eat thee up, I could eat thee up, and begin upon thy hinder quarter, thy hinder quarter! I shall never teach this boy without a screw; his knees must be opened with a vice, or there's no good to be done upon him. Who taught you to dance, boy?

PAGE. It is but little, sir, that I can do.

[a] *&c.*] See note, vol. i. p. 252.

SING. No, I'll be sworn for you.
PAGE. And that signor Laurentio taught me, sir.
SING. Signor Laurentio was an arrant coxcomb,
And fit to teach none but white bakers' children
To knead their knees together. You can turn above ground, boy?
PAGE. Not I, sir; my turn 's rather under ground.
SING. We'll see what you can do; I love to try
What's in my scholars the first hour I teach them.
Shew him a close trick now, Nicholao.
[NICHOLAO *dances while* SINQUAPACE *plays.*
Ha, dainty stripling!—Come, boy.
PAGE. 'Las, not I, sir;
I'm not for lofty tricks, indeed I am not, sir.
SING. How? such another word, down goes your hose,[v] boy.
PAGE. Alas, 'tis time for me to do any thing then!
[*Attempts to dance, and falls down.*
SING. Heyday, he's down!—Is this your lofty trick, boy?
NIC. O master, the boy swoons! he's dead, I fear me.
SING. Dead? I ne'er knew one die with a lofty trick before.—
Up, sirrah, up!
PAGE. A midwife! run for a midwife!
SING. A midwife? by this light, the boy's with child!
A miracle! some woman is the father.
The world's turn'd upside down: sure if men breed,
Women must get; one never could do both yet.—
No marvel you danc'd close-knee'd the sinquapace.[w]—
Put up my fiddle, here's a stranger case.
[*Exit* SINQUAPACE, *leading out Page.*

[v] *hose*] i. e. breeches.
[w] *sinquapace*] Properly *cinque-pace:* see note, p. 631.

Nic. That 'tis, I'll swear; 'twill make the duchess wonder:
I fear me 'twill bring dancing out of request,
And hinder our profession for a time.
Your women that are closely got with child
Will put themselves clean out of exercise,
And will not venture now, for fear of meeting
Their shames in a coranto,[w] 'specially
If they be near their time. Well, in my knowledge,
If that should happen, we are sure to lose
Many a good waiting-woman that's now o'er shoes.
Alas the while! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Another apartment in the house of the Duchess.

Enter Duchess and Celia.

Duch. Thou tell'st me things are enemies to reason;
I cannot get my faith to entertain 'em,
And I hope never shall.
Celia. 'Tis too true, madam.
Duch. I say 'tis false: 'twere better th'hadst been dumb
Than spoke a truth so unpleasing; thou shalt get
But little praise by't: he whom we affect
To place his love upon so base a creature!
Celia. Nay, ugliness itself; you'd say so, madam,
If you but saw her once; a strolling gipsy;
No Christian that is born a hind could love her;
She's the sun's masterpiece for tawniness;
Yet have I seen Andrugio's arms about her,
Perceiv'd his hollow whisperings in her ear,
His joys at meeting her.

[w] *coranto*] See note, p. 627.

DUCH. What joy could that be?
CELIA. Such, madam, I have seldom seen it equall'd;
He kiss'd her with that greediness of affection,
As if her[x] lips had been as red as yours;
I look'd still when he would be black in mouth,
Like boys with eating hedge-berries; nay, more, madam,
He brib'd one of his keepers with ten ducats
To find her out amongst a flight of gipsies.
DUCH. I'll have that keeper hang'd, and you for malice;
She cannot be so bad as you report,
Whom he so firmly loves; you're false in much,
And I will have you tried: go, fetch her to us.
[*Exit* CELIA.
He cannot be himself, and appear guilty
Of such gross folly; has an eye of judgment,
And that will overlook him. This wench fails
In understanding service; she must home,
Live at her house i' th' country; she decays
In beauty and discretion.—

Re-enter CELIA, *with* AURELIA *disguised as a gipsy.*

Who hast brought there?
CELIA. This is she, madam.
DUCH. Youth and whiteness bless me!
It is not possible: he talk'd sensibly
Within this hour; this cannot be: how does he?
I fear me my restraint has made him mad.
CELIA. His health is perfect, madam.
DUCH. You are perfect
In falsehood still; he's certainly distracted.
Though I'd be loath to foul my words upon her,

[x] *her*] Old ed. "his."

She looks so beastly, yet I'll ask the question:—
Are you beloved, sweet face, of Andrugio?

AUR. Yes, showrly,[7] mistress; he done love me
'Bove all the girls that shine above me:
Full often has he sweetly kiss'd me,
And wept as often when he miss'd me;
Swore he was to marry none
But me alone.

DUCH. Out on thee! marry thee?—away with her;
Clear mine eyes of her;—
A carate that has got his place by simony
Is not half black enough to marry thee.

[*Exit* AURELIA *with* CELIA, *who presently returns.*

Surely the man's far spent; howe'er he carries it,
He's without question mad; but I ne'er knew
Man bear it better before company.
The love of woman wears so thick a blindness,
It sees no fault, but only man's unkindness,
And that's so gross, it may be felt.—Here, Celia,
Take this [*giving signet-ring*]; with speed command
Andrugio to us,
And his guard from him.

CELIA. It shall straight be done, madam. [*Exit.*

DUCH. I'll look into his carriage more judiciously
When I next get him. A wrong done to beauty
Is greater than an injury done to love,
And we'll less pardon it; for had it been
A creature whose perfection had outshin'd me,
It had been honourable judgment in him,
And to my peace a noble satisfaction;
But as it is, 'tis monstrous above folly.
Look he be mad indeed, and throughly gone,
Or he pays dearly for it; it is not
The ordinary madness of a gentleman

[7] *showrly*] i. e. surely—Aurelia affecting a rustic or gipsy dialect.

That shall excuse him here; had better lose
His wits eternally than lose my grace:
So strange is the condition of his fall,
He's safe in nothing but in loss of all.
He comes:

Enter ANDRUGIO *with* CELIA.

Now by the fruits of all my hopes,
A man that has his wits cannot look better!
It likes[y] me well enough; there's life in's eye,
And civil health in's cheek; he stands with judgment,
And bears his body well. What ails this man?
Sure I durst venture him 'mongst a thousand ladies,
Let 'em shoot all their scoffs, which makes none laugh
But their own waiting-women, and they dare do no otherwise. [*Aside.*
Come nearer, sir:—I pray keep further off,
Now I remember you.

AND. What new trick's in this now? [*Aside.*

DUCH. How long have you been mad, sir?

AND. Mad? a great time, lady;
Since I first knew I should not sin, yet sinn'd;
That's now some thirty years, byrlady,[z] upwards.

DUCH. This man speaks reason wondrous feelingly,
Enough to teach the rudest soul good manners. [*Aside.*
You cannot be excus'd with lightness now,
Or frantic fits; you're able to instruct, sir,
And be a light to men. If you have errors,
They be not ignorant in you, but wilful,
And in that state I seize on 'em. Did I
Bring thee acquainted lately with my heart,

[y] *likes*] i. e. pleases. [z] *byrlady*] See note, p. 9.

And when thou thought'st a storm of anger took thee,
In a moment clear'd up all to love,
To the amazing of thy spiteful enemy,
That sought to fix his malice upon thee:
And canst thou so requite me?

Aur. How, good madam!

Duch. To wrong all worth in man, to deal so basely
Upon contempt itself, disdain and loathsomeness:
A thing whose face, through ugliness, frights children,
A scraping rogue!

Aur. See how you may err, madam,
Through wrongful information: by my hopes
Of truth and mercy, there is no such love
Beneath the moon a creature so unworthy.

Duch. No! then you cannot fly me.—Fetch her back. [*Exit* Celia.
And though the sight of her displease mine eye
Worse than the offensivest object earth and nature
Can present to us, yet for truth's probation
We will endure it contentfully.

Re-enter Celia *with* Aurelia *in her own dress.*

What now?
Art thou return'd without her?

Aur. No, madam; this is she my peace dwells in:
If here be either baseness of descent,
Rudeness of manners, or deformity
In face or fashion, I have lost, I'll yield it;
Tax me severely, madam.

Duch. [*to* Celia] How thou stand'st,
As dumb as the salt-pillar! where's this gipsy?
[Celia *points to* Aurelia.
What, no? I cannot blame thee then for silence;
Now I'm confounded too, and take part with thee.

AUR. Your pardon and your pity, virtuous madam: [*Kneels.*
Cruel restraint, join'd with the power of love,
Taught me that art; in that disguise I 'scap'd
The hardness of my fortunes; you that see
What love's force is, good madam, pity me!
AND. Your grace has ever been the friend of truth,
And here 'tis set before you. [*Kneels.*
DUCH. I confess
I have no wrong at all; she's younger, fairer;
He has not now dishonour'd me in choice;
I much commend his noble care and judgment:
'Twas a just cross led in by a temptation,
For offering but to part from my dear vow,
And I'll embrace it cheerfully. [*Aside.*]—Rise, both;
[ANDRUGIO *and* AURELIA *rise.*
The joys of faithful marriage bless your souls!
I will not part you.
AND. Virtue's crown be yours, madam!

Enter LACTANTIO.

AUR. O, there appears the life of all my wishes!
[*Aside.*
Is your grace pleas'd, out of your bounteous goodness
To a poor virgin's comforts, I shall freely
Enjoy whom my heart loves?
DUCH. Our word is past;
Enjoy without disturbance.
AUR. There, Lactantio,
Spread thy arms open wide, to welcome her
That has wrought all this means to rest in thee.
AND. Death of my joys! how's this?
LAC. Prithee, away, fond fool; hast no shame in thee?
Thou'rt bold and ignorant, whate'er thou art.

Aur. Whate'er I am? do not you know me then?
Lac. Yes, for some waiting-vessel; but the times
Are chang'd with me, if y'had the grace to know 'em:
I look'd for more respect; I am not spoke withal
After this rate, I tell you; learn hereafter
To know what belongs to me; you shall see
All the court teach you shortly. Farewell, manners.
Duch. I'll mark the event of this. [*Aside.*
Aur. I have undone myself
Two ways at once; lost a great deal of time,
And now I'm like to lose more. O my fortune!
I was nineteen yesterday, and partly vow'd
To have a child by twenty, if not twain:
To see how maids are cross'd! but I'm plagu'd justly;
And she that makes a fool of her first love,
Let her ne'er look to prosper. [*Aside.*]—Sir——
[*To* Andrugio.
And. O falsehood!
Aur. Have you forgiveness in you? there's more hope of me
Than of a maid that never yet offended.
And. Make me your property?[a]
Aur. I'll promise you
I'll never make you worse; and, sir, you know
There are worse things for women to make men.
But, by my hope of children, and all lawful,
I'll be as true for ever to your bed
As she in thought or deed that never err'd.

[a] *property*] In Shirley's *Wedding* (*Works*, vol. i. p. 397), "*property* of your lust" is explained by Gifford, "disguise, cloak for it." In the present passage, therefore, it may mean "the cloak for your love to Lactantio;" but I believe it signifies nothing more than—a thing to use at will for your convenience: compare p. 598, l. 14.

AND. I'll once believe a woman, be't but to strengthen
Weak faith in other men: I have a love
That covers all thy faults.

Enter Cardinal and Lords.

CAR. Nephew, prepare thyself
With meekness and thanksgiving to receive
Thy reverend fortune: amongst all the lords,
Her close affection now makes choice of thee.
LAC. Alas, I'm not to learn to know that now!
Where could she make choice here, if I were missing?
'Twould trouble the whole state, and puzzle 'em all,
To find out such another.
CAR. 'Tis high time, madam,
If your grace please, to make election now:
Behold, they're all assembled.
DUCH. What election?
You speak things strange to me, sir.
CAR. How, good madam?
DUCH. Give me your meaning plainly, like a father;
You're too religious, sir, to deal in riddles.
CAR. Is there a plainer way than leads to marriage, madam,
And the man set before you?
DUCH. O blasphèmy
To sanctimonious faith! comes it from you, sir?
An ill example! know you what you speak,
Or who you are? is not my vow in place?
How dare you be so bold, sir? Say a woman
Were tempt with a temptation, must you presently
Take all th' advantage on't?
CAR. Is this in earnest, madam?
DUCH. Heaven pardon you! if you do not think so, sir,

You've much to answer for: but I will leave you;
Return I humbly now from whence I fell.
All you bless'd powers that register the vows
Of virgins and chaste matrons, look on me
With eyes of mercy, seal forgiveness to me
By signs of inward peace! and to be surer
That I will never fail your good hopes of me,
I bind myself more strictly; all my riches
I'll speedily commend to holy uses,
This temple[b] unto some religious sanctuary,
Where all my time to come I will allow
For fruitful thoughts; so knit I up my vow.

Lac. This ['t] is to hawk at eagles: pox of pride!
It lays a man i' th' mire still, like a jade
That has too many tricks, and ne'er a good one.
I must gape high! I'm in a sweet case now!
I was sure of one, and now I've lost her too.
[*Aside.*

Duch. I know, my lord, all that great studious care
Is for your kinsman; he's provided for
According to his merits.

Car. How's that, good madam?

Duch. Upon the firmness of my faith, it's true, sir:

Enter Page[c] *in a female dress.*

See, here's the gentlewoman; the match was made
Near forty weeks ago: he knows the time, sir,
Better than I can tell him, and the poor gentlewoman

[b] *temple*] "By 'this temple' is meant her person: the expression is taken from Scripture, but is rather too solemn for the occasion." Editor of 1816.

[c] *Page*] See note, p. 562: she enters, probably, on some sign given by the duchess. The old ed. has no stage-direction here.

Better than he;
But being religious, sir, and fearing you,
He durst not own her for his wife till now;
Only contracted with her in man's apparel,
For the more modesty, because he was bashful,
And never could endure the sight of woman,
For fear that you should see her: this was he
Chose for my love, this page preferr'd to me.

LAC. I'm paid with mine own money. [*Aside.*

CAR. Dare hypocrisy,
For fear of vengeance, sit so close to virtue?
Steal'st thou a holy vestment from religion
To clothe forbidden lust with? th' open villain[d]
Goes before thee to mercy, and his penitency
Is bless'd with a more sweet and quick return.
I utterly disclaim all blood in thee;
I'll sooner make a parricide my heir
Than such a monster.—O, forgive me, madam!
The apprehension of the wrong to you
Has a sin's weight at it. I forget all charity
When I but think upon him.

DUCH. Nay, my lord,
At our request, since we are pleas'd to pardon,
And send remission to all former errors,
Which conscionable justice now sets right,
From you we expect patience; has had punishment
Enough in his false hopes; trust me he has, sir;
They have requited his dissembling largely:
And to erect your falling goodness to him,
We'll begin first ourself; ten thousand ducats
The gentlewoman shall bring out of our treasure
To make her dowry.

CAR. None has the true way
Of overcoming anger with meek virtue,
Like your compassionate grace.

[d] *villain*] Old ed. "villainy."

LAC. Curse of this fortune! this 'tis to meddle with taking stuff, whose belly cannot be confined in a waistband. [*Aside.*]—Pray, what have you done with the breeches? we shall have need of 'em shortly, and[e] we get children so fast; they are too good to be cast away. My son and heir need not scorn to wear what his mother has left off. I had my fortune told me by a gipsy seven years ago; she said then I should be the spoil of many a maid, and at seven years' end marry a quean for my labour, which falls out wicked and true.

DUCH. We all have faults; look not so much on his:
Who lives i' th' world that never did amiss?—
For you, Aurelia, I commend your choice,
You've one after our heart; and though your father
Be not in presence, we'll assure his voice;
Doubt not his liking, his o'erjoying rather.—
You, sir, embrace your own, 'tis your full due;
No page serves me more that once dwells with you.
O, they that search out man's intents shall find
There's more dissemblers than of womankind.[f]

[*Exeunt omnes.*

[e] *and*] i. e. if.
[f] *womankind*] Old ed. "women*kind*."

END OF VOL. III.

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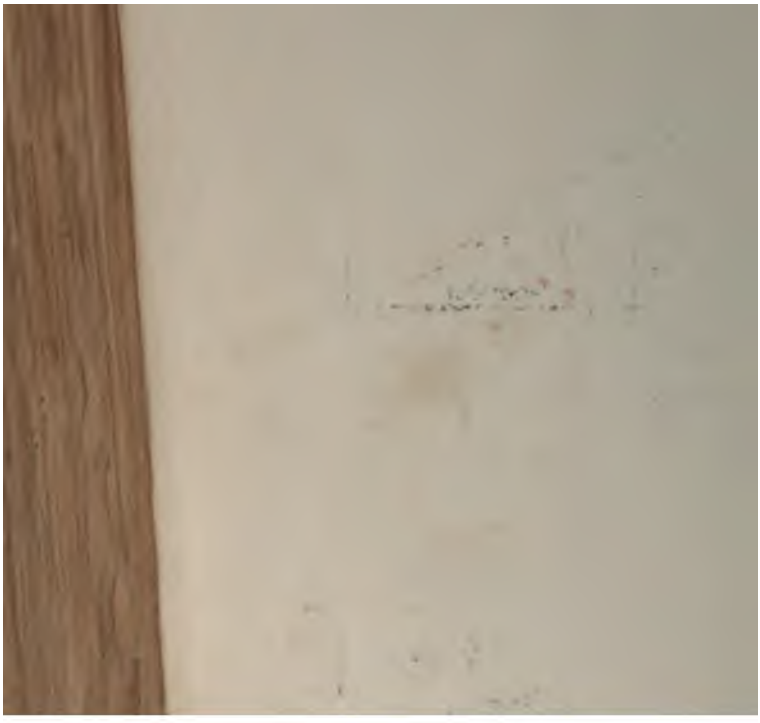

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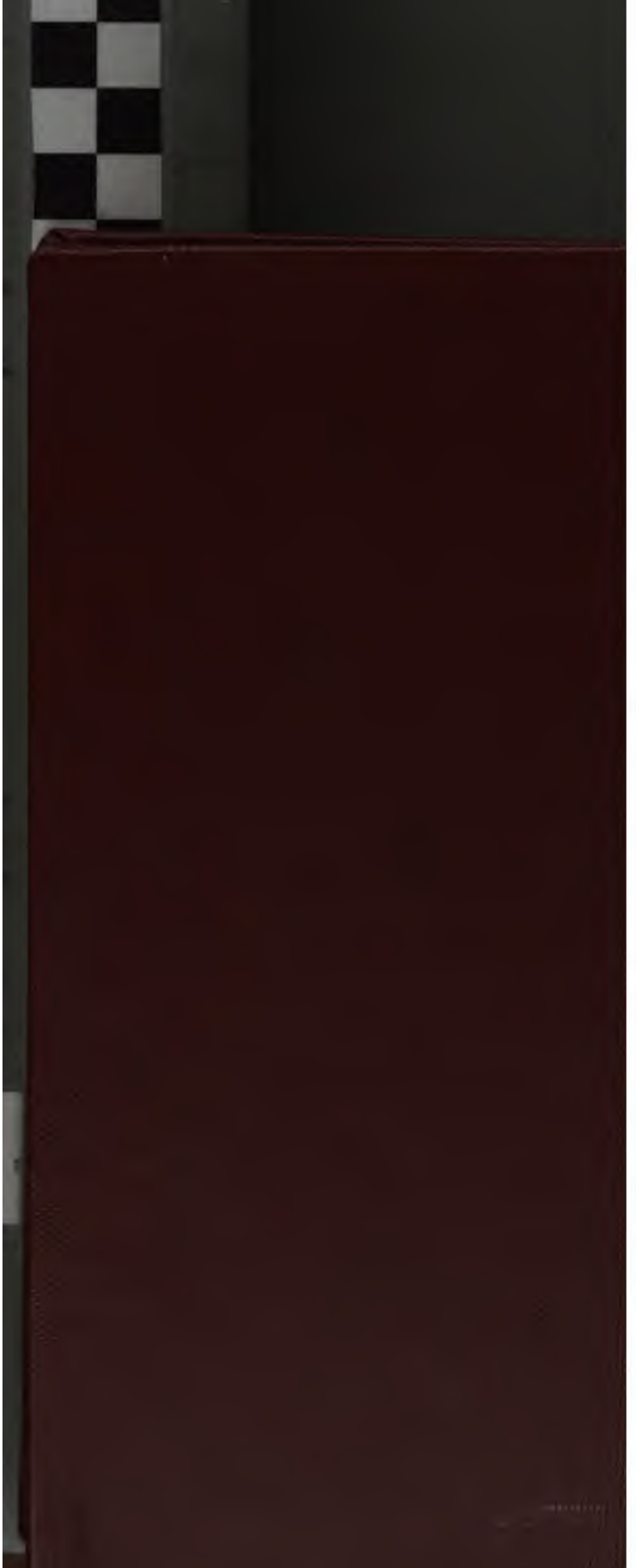
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